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# THE NEW YORKER

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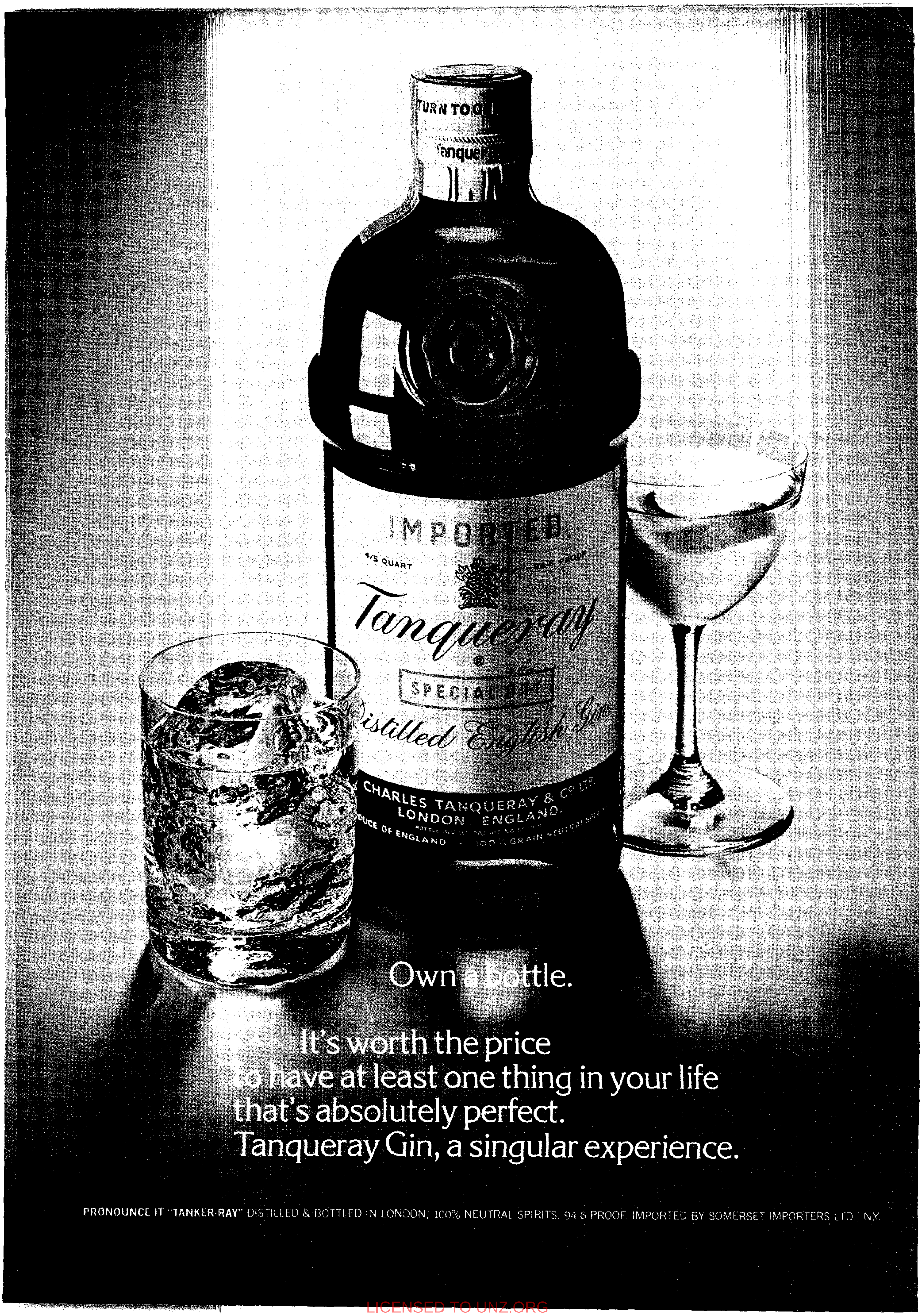
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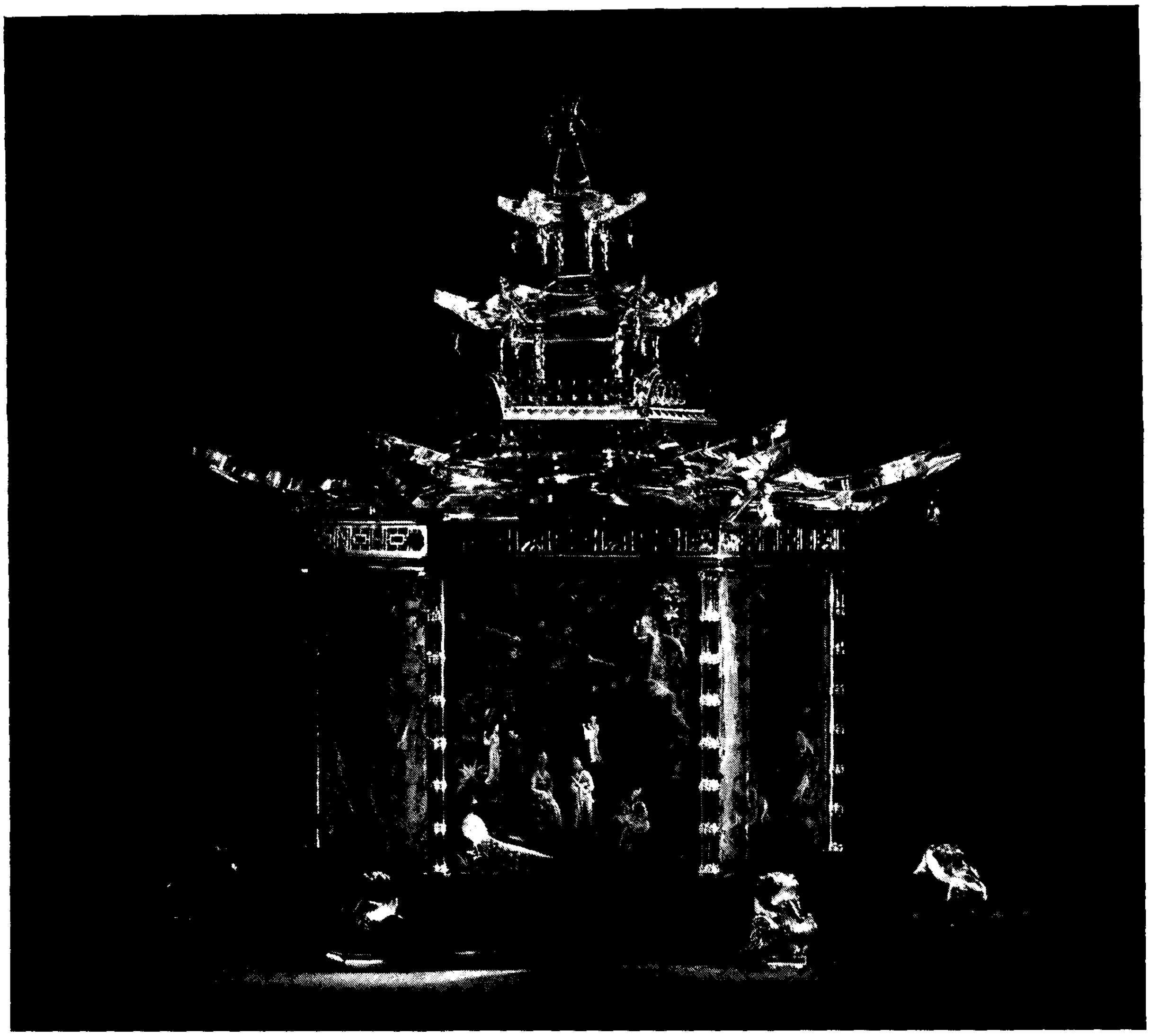

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |

## THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Memorial Day holiday, which will be observed on Monday, May 31. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**The Belle of Amherst**—Julie Harris as Emily Dickinson, in a one-woman show. A few more actors onstage might have turned this into a play instead of a charming, insubstantial stunt. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays, except June 1, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 3.)

**Boy Meets Boy**—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Bubbling Brown Sugar**—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Eden**—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias, who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast headed by Graham Brown is very good, indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of the musical **FOLLIES** is the last in this season's series of productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**I'm Laughin' But I Ain't Tickled**—An all-black, all-talented revue that is musical and witty and stirring. Vinnette Carroll (conception and direction) and Micki Grant (score and lyrics)—the magical combination of "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope"—are in charge. This show uses, in addition to songs and dances, a selection of poems by a selection of black poets, some of them spoken and some sung. The company, headed by the extraordinary Clinton Derricks, is first-rate. Admirable, too, are the choreography, by Mabel Robinson; the setting, by Marty Kappell; the costumes, by William Schroder; and the musical direction, by George Broderick. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 6.)

**Knock Knock**—Lynn Redgrave, Charles Durning, John Heffernan, and Leonard Frey in a new production directed by José Quintero. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Wednesday, June 2, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Me and Bessie**—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

**Mondongo**—A musical by Ramiro Ramirez. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 30. Free.)

**My Fair Lady**—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Norman Conquests**—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and superior acting by Estelle Parsons. The schedule is complicated—**ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, May 26, at 2; Friday, May 28, at 8; Monday, May 31, at 3; Wednesday, June 2, at 8; and Saturday, June 5, at 2. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Wednesday, May 26, at 8; Saturday, May 29, at 2; and Tuesday, June 1, as well as Thursday, June 3, and Saturday, June 5, at 8. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Thursday, May 27, and Saturday, May 29, at 8; Wednesday, June 2, at 2; and Friday, June 4, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

**Pacific Overtures**—A musical curiosity, based on Commodore Perry's bullying visit to Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, and direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Rex**—A musical with Nicol Williamson as Henry VIII, a noisy king bent upon gaining a male heir to his throne. The music is by Richard Rodgers, the lyrics are by Sheldon Harnick, and the book is by Sherman Yellen. The best things in the show are the sets and costumes, by John Conklin. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except

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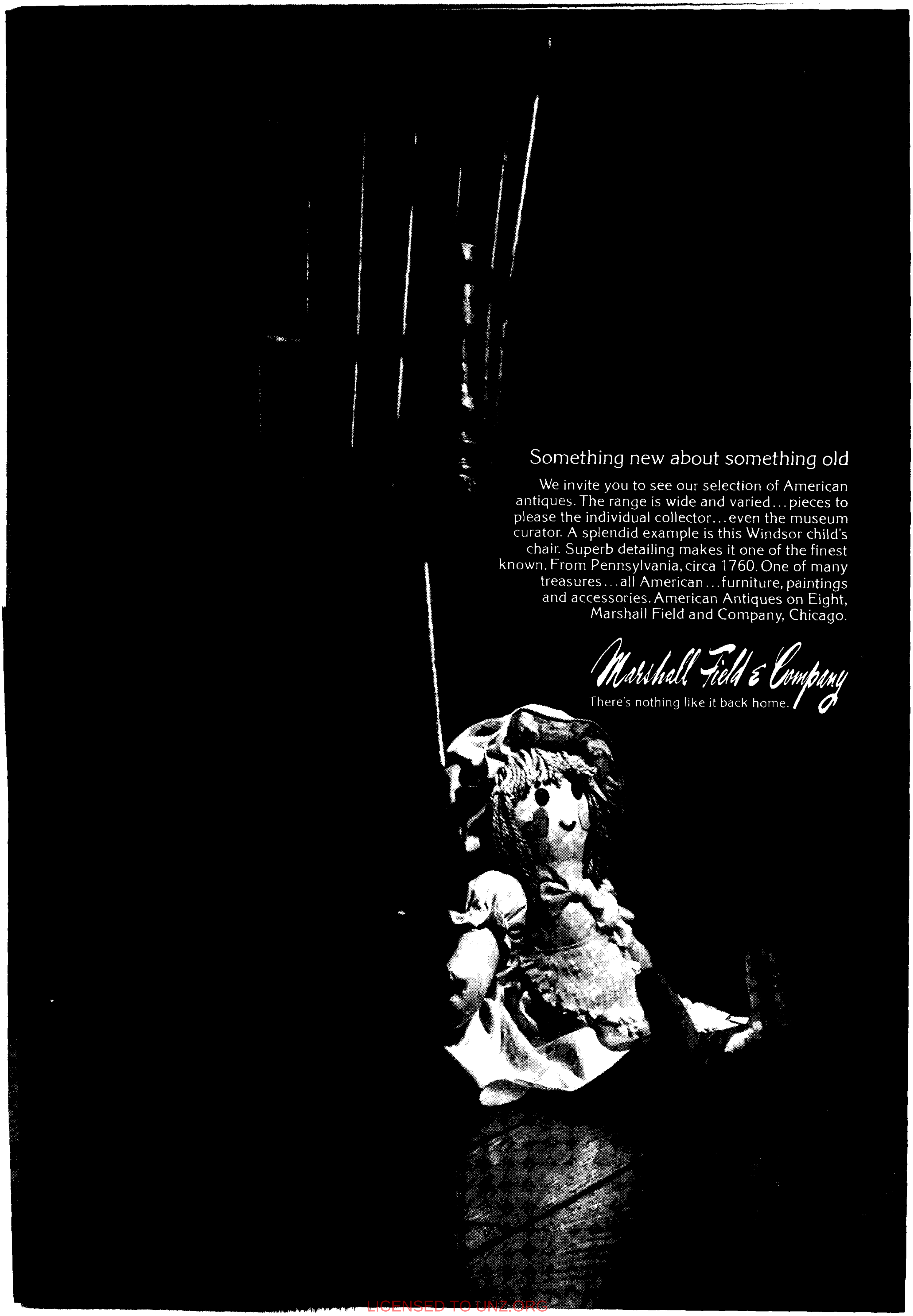

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Royal Family**—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as *Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among* others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Runner Stumbles**—A first-rate play by an American newcomer, Milan Stitt. A priest and a nun fall in love in rural Michigan in 1911, and there is literally hell to pay. With Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohoe, directed by Austin Pendleton. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Serenading Louie**—This play by Lanford Wilson about a pair of Yale alumni whose marriages are falling apart is very frail indeed. It is almost saved by the performance, under Marshall W. Mason's *direction, but not quite.* (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

**Something's Afoot**—A musical starring British comedienne Tessie O'Shea, with book, music, and lyrics by James McDonald, David Vos, and Robert Gerlach. Tony Tanner directed. Previews Wednesday, May 26. Opens officially on Thursday, May 27. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**So Nice, They Named It Twice**—A play by and with Neil Harris. Opens Wednesday, May 26. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

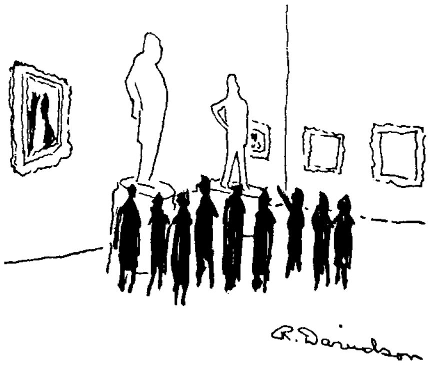
**Streamers**—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, Paul Rudd, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. *362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays,* at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**The Threepenny Opera**—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate *translation of the harsh-voiced original.* Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!**—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Ted Pritchard, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

**Vanities**—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but *identical* "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.* Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Very Good Eddie**—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except June 1, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 3.)



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**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**—Edward Albee's play is as fresh and biting as ever. With Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara as the well-matched married adversaries in a night-long drunken donnybrook. Directed by Mr. Albee. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Women Behind Bars**—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

**Long Runs**—**CHICAGO**: Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS**: Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays, except June 1, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 31, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,697 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; *Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays* at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 6, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN**: A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH**: A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 31, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 31.) . . . **THE WIZ**: A black musical version *of that well-remembered movie* "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—Final performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's salute to two hundred years of circus in America. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday at *10:30, 3, and 8; and Sunday and Monday at* 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

## DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 26, at 8: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Tzigane," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "Four Temperaments," and "Chaconne.". . . ¶ Friday, May 28, at 8: "Serenade," "Ivesiana," "Tzigane," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 2: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 8: "Chaconne," "Daphnis and Chloe," and "Four Temperaments.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 30, at 1: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 30, at 7: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Tuesday, June 1, at 8: "Fanfare," "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Wednesday, June 2, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "The Cage," and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday, June 4, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Ivesiana," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 8: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. *TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)*

**Royal Danish Ballet**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 26: "Etudes," "Carmen," and Act III of "Napoli.". . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday evenings, May 27-29, and Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 31-June 1: Two premières—"Four Seasons" and "Triumph of Death.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 29: "La Sylphide" and "Carmen.". . . ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, June 2: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 3-4: "Guards of Amager" (première) and "La Sylphide.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 5: "Four Seasons," "Carmen," and Act III of "Napoli." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**Rudy Perez Dance Theatre**—"System," "Update," "New Annual," and "Colorado Ramble." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, May 26-29, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

**Ritha Devi**—In a program of the classical dances of India. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, May 29, at 2:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

**Bar None**, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work

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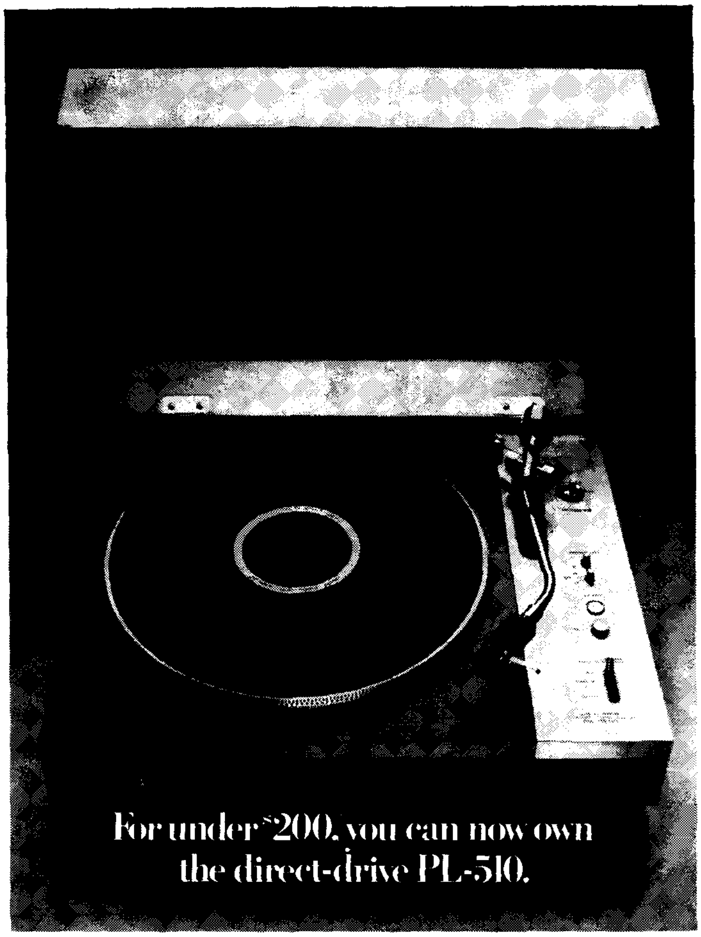

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

**Boomer's,** 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Saxophonist Robin Kenyatta leads a quintet through Saturday, May 29. On Monday and Tuesday, May 31-June 1, trumpeter John McNeil, saxophonist Eddie Daniels, bassist Victor Gaskin, pianist Mike Abene, and drummer Ed Soph will get together for some lively sets. On Wednesday, June 2, bassist Walter Booker will bring in a quintet. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, May 26, British rockers Sailor and guitarist Tommy Bolin and his band trade sets. Thursday through Saturday, May 27-29, Chuck Mangione, a composer and flugelhorn player who passes off simplistic, stagy lyricism as jazz to his middle-of-the-road followers, will bring in his quartet and his vocalist, Esther Satterfield. Sunday and Monday, May 30-31, JOHN HARTFORD, a tall, deep-voiced singer, banjo player, guitarist, and fiddler, will perform rural-rooted numbers. Tuesday through Thursday, June 1-3, the Savoy Brown blues band will be here. And on Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, actor and folksinger Theodore Bikel will alternate with harmonica virtuoso LARRY ADLER. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. CEDAR WALTON and SAM JONES compete with the conversationalists through Saturday, May 29. On Monday, May 31, pianist Norman Simmons and his bassist will take on the musical chores. The Sunday pianist is BARRY HARRIS. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—BOBBY SHORT, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Short and his sidemen, Gene Gammage and Beverly Peer, appear twice Tuesdays through Thursdays and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, except May 28-29. . . . MARIAN MC PARTLAND, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it. Beginning Tuesday, June 1, BARBARA CARROLL, a strong piano soloist who occasionally seems to take a wild delight in her work, will fill in for two weeks.

**C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G.,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive (if any) record-company backing, no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. The regulars who perform here have names like Television, Milk 'n' Cookies (whose members don't look much older than twelve, and whose lead singer sounds as if his voice were changing), Orchestra Luna, and Talking Heads. Talking Heads, one of the more interesting (but not necessarily recommended) bands, is a conceptual-rock trio from the Rhode Island School of Design; their music—off-beat, repetitive, harpsichord-like melody lines; simple, limited rhythms; and near-falsetto, chant-like vocals—has some way to go before its inclusion on the WABC playlist. Monday is showcase night. Music from about nine-thirty.

**Churchill's,** 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—DUKE JORDAN, not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is a fleet and immaculate player. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The forthright HELEN HUMES delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs with backing from Jerry Wiggins and Major Holley; Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, SAMMY PRICE, a polished performer and boogie-woogie specialist, has taken over for Dick Hyman. Music from eight to one. Dining.

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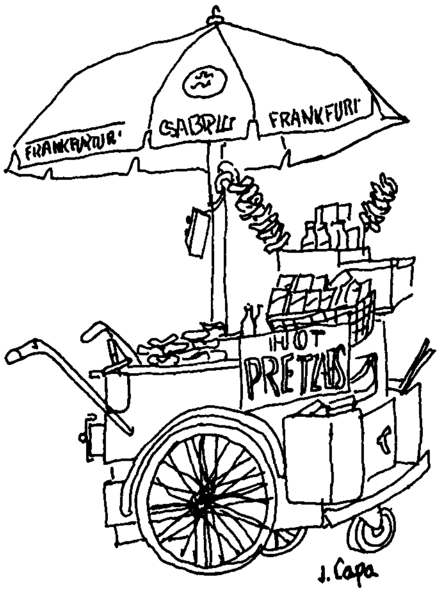
**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, June 1, Ruby Braff will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, May 30, will be set aside for Jackie Paris, Anne Marie Moss, and their band, beginning at eight. Dinner.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing twosome, pianist BROOKS KERR and drummer SONNY GREER, are joined by a different trumpeter each night of their weekly Sunday-through-Tuesday sessions. Wednesdays through Saturdays accommodate vibraharpist WARREN CHIASSON, guitarist CHUCK WAYNE, and bassist WILBUR LITTLE. Music from ten to three. Chiasson and Little will be back again on Sunday, May 30, to take up with pianist Richard Wyands from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Wayne Wright, and Morris Edwards collaborate from six to nine.

**Hopper's,** 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, it's presenting bluesy organist Richard (Groove) Holmes and his trio, who alternate with pianist JIMMY ROWLES. Through Wednesday, June 2. Two sets Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—ROY ELDRIDGE is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—CLAUDE HOPKINS on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. JIMMY MC PARTLAND substitutes for Eldridge on Wednesday, May 26. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Jim Smith's Village Corner,** 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, who performs every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts is the relief man. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.



**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The great jazz violinist JOE VENUTI is here, getting support from JOHN BUNCH, BOBBY ROSENGARDEN, AL HALL, and AL CAIOLA. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble on the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Sundays through Wednesdays, Phyllis Hyman, a promising, smoky-voiced singer, works with a backup combo. On Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, ART BLAKEY and his latest group of Jazz Messengers will deliver some mainstream missiles. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT, who looks more like an aging beatnik than a ranch hand—his persona ever since he left Brooklyn, years ago—ambles in (on Wednesday, May 26), delivers sleepy, alpha-wavelike monologues, and plays and sings Grateful Dead, Louis Jordan, and Woody Guthrie tunes in a gravel-voiced, kindly manner. He'll also be here Thursday, May 27, and Saturday and Sunday, May 29-30. The Amazing Rhythm Aces, a country-rock sextet from Memphis, will come in Tuesday and Wednesday, June 1-2, to perform opposite Gary Yudman, a comedian-impressionist from New Jersey; his specialties are Mick Jagger, David Bowie, and Johnny Mathis. On Thursday, June 3, folkie Dan Hill will arrive with his band, as will Bill Crystal, another standup. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

**Le Petit Café,** Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—HANK JONES, a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano through Friday, May 28, from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—SY OLIVER is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive bar-and-restaurant complex currently features Elayne Boosler, a young comic, and pop-and-soul singer Gerri Griffin, through Sunday, May 30. On Tuesday, June 1, Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein will begin presenting a series of Kurt Weill-inspired evenings. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

**Storyville,** 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival–New York, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

**Stryker's,** 103 W 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play every night. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, trumpeter and sometime vocalist CHET BAKER inspires a youthful quartet. On Thursdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels pilots a rousing combo. Sundays, as always, are reserved for the CHUCK WAYNE-JOE PUMA guitar duo. Mondays are given over to DAVE MATTHEWS' twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Remodelled again, this busy restaurant has achieved a desirable seating arrangement, and if it's crowded, it's only because the management has good taste in its bookings. Various pianists and their duos and trios will pass through during the next couple of weeks, JUNIOR MANCE, the insistently bluesy pianist, being the first of them. The music runs from nine Sundays through Thursdays,

ollectibles from the Christian Dior collection include **Destino** belts, **Stern Merritt** ties and **Hathaway** shirts.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

Daddy's Day is Your Dior.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

**Tin Palace,** 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Many different jazz groups in a loose, unconfining, and hassle-free bar. The best of those groups is a sextet that plays Latin-flavored, driving, contemporary jazz under the leadership of bassist **CECIL MCBEE;** Friday through Sunday, May 28-30. Music from ten-thirty except Mondays. Dinner.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but the place is nevertheless worth visiting. Alto saxophonist and flutist Joe Farrell finishes up with his latest quartet on Sunday, May 30. On Tuesday, June 1, **MILT JACKSON,** who, in this age of four- and five-mallet vibraharpists, needs only two to play satisfying blues on his beautiful Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, will join up with the **CEDAR WALTON** trio. On Mondays, **THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS,** and sixteen or so other first-rate New York studio men meet here, and when they do, they form perhaps the best big band in the country. Music from ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM,** pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. On Wednesday, May 26, **JO JONES,** seated behind a trap set—although all he needs is a hi-hat—is in command of a quartet. On Wednesday, June 2, the Warren Court, an outfit led by ex-Basie alto saxophonist Earle Warren, will again be in session here. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Jim Roberts, **BUDDY TATE,** Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette get together for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

**Willy's,** 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Quiet and peaceful most nights, but on Tuesdays the place fills up with musicians and friends of musicians who are members of the Dick Cone big band, a seventeen-piece pick-up affair that lumbers through Cone charts, beginning after ten-thirty. Bop-influenced pianist **BARRY HARRIS'S** trio winds up its stint on Saturday, May 29. On Wednesday, June 2, pianist Jack Reilly, bassist Lisle Atkinson, and drummer Ronnie Bedford will come in. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Interludes**—The final offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **CHRIS CONNOR** on Wednesday, May 26, at 5:45.

**Yusef Lateef Quartet**—Town Hall. Friday, May 28, at 8.

**Ray Barretto**—With his orchestra. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, May 28, at 8.)

**Al Green** and **Ashford & Simpson**—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday, June 3, at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, June 6, at 7 and 10.

**The Crusaders** and **George Benson**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, June 4, at 8 and 11:30.

**Steve Marriott** and **Slade**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, June 5, at 8.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Carol Anthony**—Old fuddy-duddies, crafty infants, and characters in between, sculpted about half life-size in linen mâché and trimmed with real accoutrements (spectacles, roller skates, hats, baseball mitts, medals, champagne glasses) suitable to their age and station. Through June 12. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

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**Peter Bardazzi**—Abstract paintings with a futurist flavor. Through Friday, June 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Leland Bell**—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by a figurative painter who leans toward bold patterns. Through Friday, May 28. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Clarence Carter**—A double exhibit, constituting a survey of nearly half a century of work by this artist, who is now seventy-two. Early paintings, including cityscapes and social-conscious canvases, are at Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and works on paper, including some of his recent mystical, colored drawings dotted with egg-shaped symbols, are a couple of doors up the street, at Carus, 1044 Madison Ave. Through Saturday, May 29.

**William Merritt Chase** (1849-1916)—A benefit showing of more than a hundred portraits, landscapes, drawings, and prints by this Indiana-born Impressionist, who taught several generations of Americans not only what paintings should look like but what *artists* should look like. A display of photos and other memorabilia is well worth a visit to the fifth floor. Through Saturday, June 5. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

**Enrico Donati**—A retrospective exhibition of works (paintings and sculptures) ranging from his surrealist paintings of the forties to his more recent abstract, textural works. Through June 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Stephen Glucksberg**—Semi-abstract paintings whose subjects seem to have been caught at the instant they were jolted by some unexplained force. Through Saturday, May 29. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Peter Golfinopoulos**—Oil paintings with a soft color-field quality, subdued in both size and color compared with his previous dramatic works. Through Saturday, June 5. (Kronen, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

**Morris Graves**—Still-life paintings of flowers, done in tempera with his characteristic use of feathery white blossoms. Through June 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

**Michael Heizer**—Abstract paintings—scrims of a solid color, really—on shaped canvases, plus eight thick slabs of beautiful mahogany that can be fitted together into a perfect eight-foot circle or reassembled in countless designs. A smaller version of the sculpture, in rosewood, and another, in teak, make two-foot circles, and the artist hopes to build an immense one, three hundred and fifty-eight feet across, of concrete, in the Nevada desert, where he has a home and a studio. Through June 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**John Hultberg**—Landscape paintings suggestive of futuristic cities. Through Saturday, June 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

**John Kearney**—This artist's latest menagerie of creatures built from chromium-steel automobile bumpers includes a rooster nearly four feet tall, hound dogs, mastiffs, pigs, and a figure called "Woman," which looks about as much like Venus de Milo as one can contrive with bumpers. Through Saturday, June 5. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

**Bernard Langlais**—Wooden sculptures of animals, mostly with anthropomorphic faces whose features are built up in layers and then painted; there are Assyrian-looking lions and inquisitive giraffes, plus eagles, bears, cows, and a huge surfacing sea lion with bristling whiskers. Through June 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

**Daniel Lifschitz**—Small, elegant pastels by a Swiss artist who achieves an unusual depth for this medium by working on black paper and using several layers of fixative as the work proceeds. Through June 11. (Touchstone, 118 E. 64th St.)

**Agnes Martin**—A double exhibit of this artist's large, delicate abstractions. Early works, most of them six feet square, done between 1961 and 1966 and exploring the possibilities of a small grid pattern, are at the Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (through Wednesday, June 2), and the later canvases, all six feet square, of pale stripes, are at the Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Saturday, May 29).

**Knox Martin**—Erotic drawings based on Tenniel's illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland." Through Saturday, May 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**André Masson**—Works on canvas and paper, using sand, shells, gouache, and other materials, by this leading Surrealist. Through June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**Peter Miller**—Symbols appropriated from practically every culture, plus a few imaginary ones, all pieced together like a crazy quilt by a Pennsylvania woman who has by no means overlooked the Pennsylvania Dutch hex marks in these paintings, which are rich in color and mysticism. She calls them metaphysical paintings. Through Saturday, May 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

**Emil Nolde** (1867-1956)—Watercolors and oils by the German Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**Jules Olitski**—Conventional studies of nudes, in charcoal and crayon, by this Minimalist painter who likes to get back to life drawing every now and then. Through Saturday, June 5. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

**Fairfield Porter** (1907-75)—Portraits and Maine and Hamptons landscapes in oil and watercolor, done in his easygoing representational style and completed last year. Through Friday, May 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

**Noel Rockmore**—Small temperas by a young Surrealist whose works have something of the delicacy of Persian miniatures and something of the weird subject matter of Hieronymus Bosch. Through Friday, June 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

**Reeve Schley III**—Watercolors of coastal scenes in Canada and Martha's Vineyard, and deep-forest vistas in New Jersey. Through Saturday, May 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Joseph Shannon**—Realist paintings that seem to center on groups of scary-looking people caught in antic poses in doctors' waiting rooms, plus an occasional disarming small landscape or still-life. Through Saturday, June 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

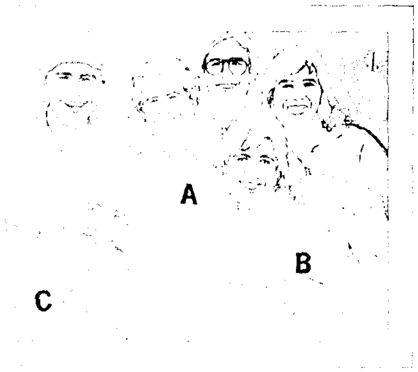
**Linda Sokolowski**—Figure studies of groups of nudes, done in a light oil wash on paper and showing dimly lit beach scenes in the background; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, May 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Wayne Thiebaud / Dennis Clive**—Life drawings and dizzying landscapes of the steep streets of San Francisco, where the artist now lives. Also his more familiar cakes. / Bright-colored ceramic models of trailer trucks executed by a Pennsylvania artist who has an eye for the monster quotient in these highway juggernauts. Through Saturday, May 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

**Francisco Zuñiga**—Sculptures and drawings by this Costa Rica-born artist who lives in Mexico and is widely known for his renditions of Mexican peasant women, who have a sort of monumentality to begin with. Through Saturday, June 5. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by a group that includes Lee Adler and Legh Myers. Through Friday, May 28.... **DAVIS & LONG,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A benefit show on loan from the Brooklyn Museum. Among the forty-two oils and watercolors in this survey of American painting are works by John Singleton Copley, Thomas Eakins, John Singer Sargent, and Charles Sheeler. Through Saturday, May 29.... **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART,** 19 E. 70th St.:

# The 60-second masterpiece.



This is Polaroid's Super Color. It was taken with our Super Shooter Land camera. This remarkable camera costs only $28 yet actually uses 5 different kinds of instant film—and the most dramatic is our Polacolor 2.

Special metallized dyes (the same dyes we developed for SX-70 film) now give you (A) more yellow, (B) more red and (C) more blue than you ever got before in 60 seconds. These colors are also surprisingly fade-resistant and last longer than most other amateur prints.

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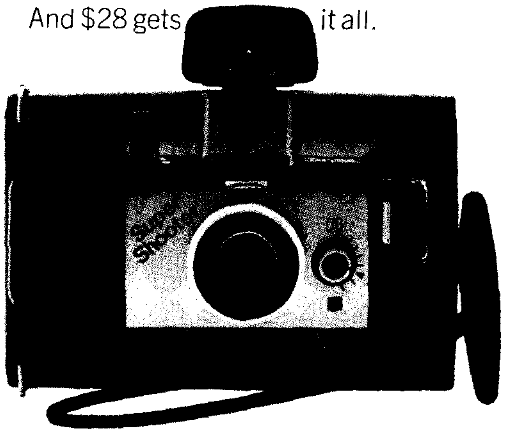

# Polaroid's $28 Super Shooter for the Super Colors.

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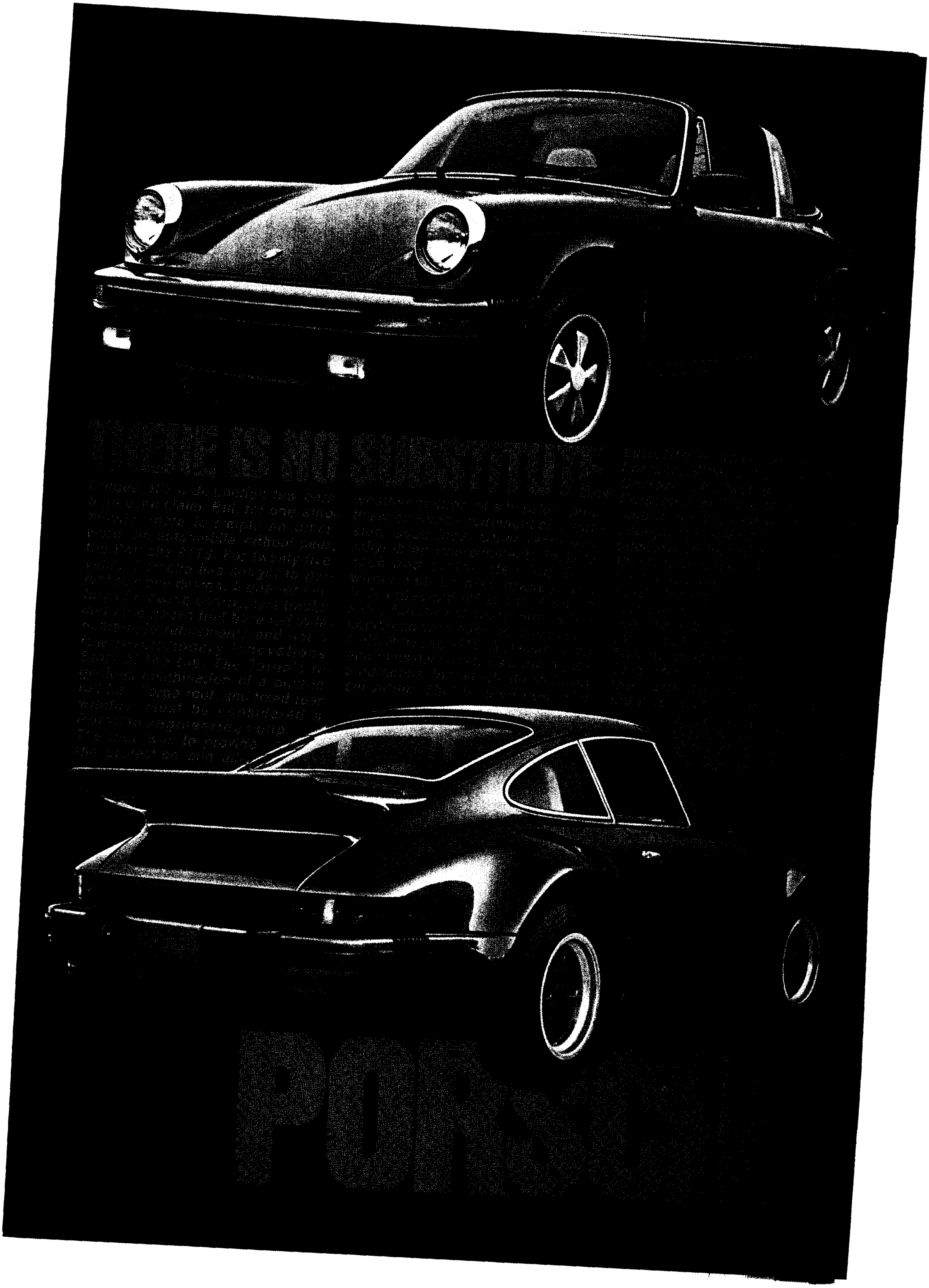
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
PORS

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paintings by gallery artists Frank Stella, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through July 30. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: A selection of paintings and drawings by Julius Bissier, Pol Bury, Hans Hartung, and others. Through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and watercolors by Barney Tobey, Richard Taylor, James Stevenson, William Steig, and others. Through July 16. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian and Southeast Asian stone and bronze sculptures and Indian miniature paintings, all dating from the third century through the nineteenth. Through June 30. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Grace Hartigan, Budd Hopkins, and Stephen Greene are three of the artists showing works in various mediums. Through June 30. (Closed Saturday, May 29.)

**SCULPTURE**—Figurative forms by gallery members, including Hana Geber, Sahl Swarz, and Cleo Hartwig. Through June 16. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**THE CUZCO CIRCLE**—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**QUICK LIST**—Other artists whose work is being shown uptown include: **RUDOLF BAUER** (1889-1953) at Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30); **CHRIS BURDEN** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30.)

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**ROBERT BEAUCHAMP**—This specialist in outsize black-and-white drawings full of incident and freely associated ideas is showing, this time around, paintings that convey the same general effect but in riotous color, set against a spattered background; his familiar depictions of apes are present in several of the works, along with handsomely done bananas. Through Saturday, June 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**JOHN BUTTON**—Expertly handled gouache renditions of architectural subjects here and there in California and in Houston. Through June 12. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**MAX ERNST** (1891-1976)—A small showing of oils, collages, and sculptures that provides a slight glimpse into the artist's career. Through Friday, May 28. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

**IRWIN FLEMINGER**—Landscapes of another world, where spooky relics remain of the devices with which something intelligent tried to measure and analyze its surroundings, including nearby planets. Through Friday, June 4. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

**JEROME HILL** (1905-72)—Post-Impressionist paintings by the bon-vivant grandson of the railroad baron Jim Hill; among his mentors were Bonnard, Signac, and Prendergast, whose influences show strongly in his works, and who are represented here by paintings of their own, which were part of Hill's personal collection. Through Saturday, May 29. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 58th St.)

**ROBERT INDIANA**—Cutouts, mostly in red, white, and blue paper, of costumes and stage settings for a forthcoming out-of-town production of the Virgil Thomson-Gertrude Stein opera "The Mother of Us All." Through Saturday, May 29. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

**CLETUS JOHNSON**—This specialist in miniature façades of imaginary theatres here devotes his attention to the façades of larger architectural subjects, and has added a number of box constructions in which found (or bought) objects (a card of dress snaps, for instance) take on an entirely new character when ensconced among neatly arranged bits of molding. Through June 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**ALVIN LOVING**—Collages made of painted cardboard. Through June 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 29.)

**JACK LUBIN**—Figurative and landscape paintings. Through Tuesday, June 1. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St.)

**JOHN MACWHINNIE**—Portraits, figure studies, and interiors. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**JUDITH MURRAY**—Oil paintings of abstract shapes that give the impression of exotic kites flying into the utter darkness of outer space. Through June 11. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**FRANÇOIS ROUAN**—Drawings and paintings by a young French artist whose pen and pencil works, though largely abstract, have the detail and depth of Japanese prints, and whose "tressages," consisting of braided canvas, add another dimension to the grid patterns so many artists are currently working with. Most of the tressages are of a single, sombre tone, but one or two of them fairly erupt with color. Through June 12. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**BEN SHAHN** (1898-1969)—Seventy-one drawings, many of which are being shown for the first time, in his characteristic sawtooth line brushed in deepest black onto a stark-white paper expanse. Some of them were done in preparation for (unfinished) murals and paintings. Through Friday, June 4. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**MICHAEL TODD**—Recent abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, May 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

**RUCKUS MANHATTAN**—Parts I and II of Red Grooms' three-dimensional caricature of nothing less than New York City whole, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. With the aid of his wife, Mimi Grooms, and twenty-two other artists, who obviously loved their assignment, he has so far presented, in metal, wood, plaster, papier-mâché, and so on, the Lower Bay, the Battery, the Wall Street district, the Woolworth building, and some of the newer skyscrapers. Heading uptown, there is an appalling subway scene that literally lurches as one hurries through it, past the muggers, toward a hair-raising porno bookshop. Parts III and IV, dealing with midtown and uptown, are promised later. A benefit for the City of New York, which needs the money. Through July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A show of American landscape painting by six artists, including William Thon and Robert Vickrey. Through Friday, May 28. . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Sylvia Guirey, Eliza Moore, and Jonathan Thomas showing abstract paintings. Through June 11. (Closed Saturdays.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**JENNIFER BARTLETT**—An enormous project, called "Rhapsody," in which nine hundred and eighty-eight enamelled-steel plates, each a foot square with a grid silk-screened on it, are the working surface for an exploration of what can be done with basic compositional elements—a tree, a cloud, a triangle, a square, a circle—and with basic color relationships. Through June 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**BRENDA CORBIN**—Abstract sculptures in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, May 29. (Ames, 93 Prince St.)

**DAVID HARE**—The myth of Cronus is the theme of these new paintings and sculptures. Through June 8. (Alessandra, 489 Broome St.)

**DALE HENRY / FRED SANDBACK**—Drawings (resin brushed on glass and Plexiglas) based on da Vinci's definition of perspective. / Linear colored-yarn sculptures. Through June 16. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

**K. H. HÖDICKE**—This Berlin artist, hoping to avoid being given any label—and especially that of Conceptualist—in his local début, offers what he calls his European Travel Bag, which is indeed difficult to categorize. Bequeathed to him by an old artist who kept his drawing stuff in it, the bag now contains relics of the present owner's travels—a corkscrew, a couple of bugs he first encountered in Rome but *met again in Florence* and bottled, a heel of French bread that resembles a breast, and so on, to a total of twenty-eight items. (The label? Sentimentalist.) Through June 10. (Block, 409 West Broadway. Tuesdays, 1 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

**DOUGLAS HUEBLER**—Conceptual photographs. Through Saturday, June 5. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**ROBERT KATZ**—Photographs of Montana farm

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machinery incorporated into drawings that seem to make something totemic out of them, done by a New York artist who has been teaching among the Indians in Big Horn County out there. Through June 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

**David Novros**—A three-sided walk-in painting is part of an exhibit of abstract oils. Through June 9. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

**Jim Nutt**—Fantasy paintings in acrylic on canvas and rag paper, plus drawings and stage sets. Through June 19. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

**Betye Saar**—Small boxes trimmed with tiny dolls, tinsel butterflies, faded photographs, bits of lace, worn spectacles, and so on, which evoke a sort of musty nostalgia. Through Saturday, May 29. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

**Tran Tho**—Abstract paintings on wood. Through Sunday, May 30. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

**Frank Lincoln Viner**—Sculptures that combine unpainted wood, papier-mâché, and crocheted yarn. Through Wednesday, June 2. (55 Mercer Street.)

**Sam Wiener**—Small-scale sculptures of wood pieces held in place with metal braces. Through June 12. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway.)

**Fumio Yoshimura**—Seven full-size bicycles carved from raw lindenwood—chain, sprocket, spokes, tires, and all—and hanging from the ceiling introduce this show of incredibly intricate wood carving; other pieces include an antiquated Remington upright typewriter, complete in every detail; a long, leafy avocado stem sprouting from a seed; the skeleton of a large grouper; and a shopping cart loaded with a bag of groceries and an umbrella. Through Wednesday, June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**Group Shows**—**14 sculptors**, 75 Thompson St.: An exhibit of members' work in stone, wood, plastic, and other mediums. Through Saturday, June 5. . . . **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: A show of drawings—Janet Fish, Cynthia Mailman, Alan Cote, and others. Through June 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **o.k. harris**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and other works. Through June 12. . . . **protetch**, 157 Spring St.: Drawings and other works by Jackie Ferrara, Jan Groover, Joel Fisher, and Pinchas Cohen Gan. Through June 12.

**Quick List**—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **max gimblett** at Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6); **wendy meng** and **helen meyrowitz** at Yu, 393 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **john tweddle** at Solway, 139 Spring St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Bill Barrett**—Abstract metal sculptures. Through Friday, May 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6.)

**Don Freeman**—Paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through June 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

**Wallace French**—Wall sculptures based on rectangular arrangements of elongated geometrical shapes cut out of wood and enamelled, plus preparatory drawings for the sculptures. Through June 25. (Berman, 9 E. 19th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Sol LeWitt**—Five modular aluminum sculptures that are finished in white enamel. Through June 10. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

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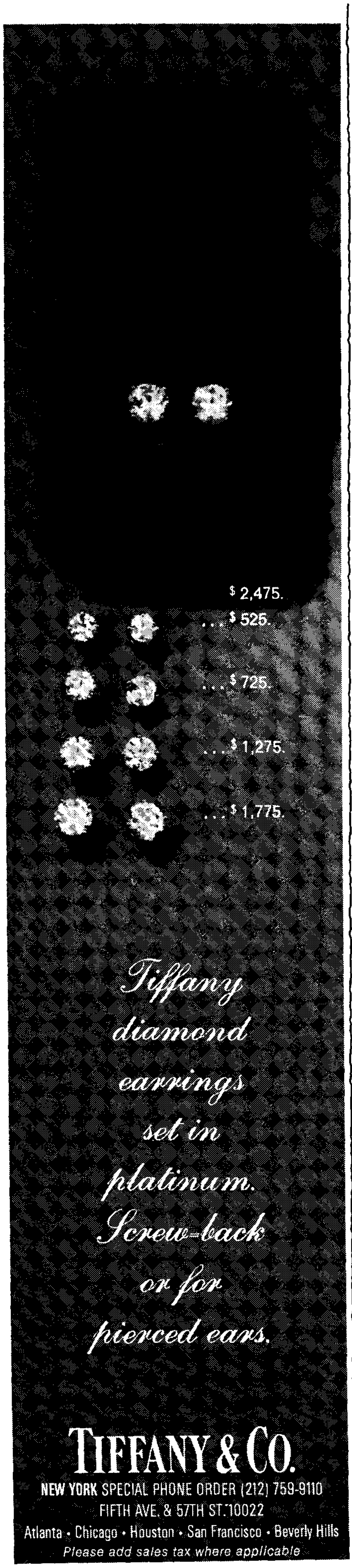
**Photonotations**—An exhibition of "non-artistic" photographs, as the gallery characterizes them, by a number of contemporary painters and sculptors, who use the camera merely as "a working and thinking tool" and not as a "major medium of expression." For all the gallery's disclaimers, however, this is one of the outstanding photography shows of recent years. Sol LeWitt's "Grid of Grids," a collage of sixty-four color photographs of various grid patterns seen in the street and indoors—gates, windowpanes, apartment-building façades, a linoleum design, a latticework pie crust, screen meshing, a corrugated-steel trapdoor, to name a few—invests the (by now) tired photographic quest for abstract pattern in commonplace reality with new vigor and point. Mel Bochner's "Isomorphic Circles," another abstract photo-collage, has an Escher-like gray handsomeness and strangeness; George Segal's color photograph of a movie sign being changed at night is a witty, fine conventional photograph; Dorothea Rockburne's arrangements of snapshots have all the Conceptual clout of the snapshots shown at the Light Gallery. Patrick Ireland, James Juszczyk, Arman, Robert Mangold, and Sylvia Mangold are other artists represented who do with their left hand what regular photographers have to strain with both hands to achieve on *their* Guggenheims. Through Friday, May 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Recent Acquisitions**—This show of eighty photographs selected from the more than three thousand works acquired by the Museum of Modern Art's Department of Photography since January, 1974, begins with obligatory examples of dull landscapes and architectural views by Frith, Talbot, Stillman, and other early photographers and ends with obligatory, equally drab examples of contemporary avant-garde photography (Nicholas Nixon's picture of an empty tennis court, for one). That done, the show moves into more unexpected territories, chief among them the work of two hitherto little-known photographers—Ilse Bing and Paul L. Anderson—who will surely be better known henceforth. Bing, who was born in 1899 in Germany and worked in France, is represented by "Self-Portrait with Mirrors" and "Greta Garbo Poster in Paris Ghetto," both done in the thirties and reminiscent of Man Ray in their surrealistic atmosphere and authority of design. Anderson's "Sunday Morning" is a masterpiece: a picture of a woman standing at a kitchen sink as the early-morning light comes in through a window. The work expresses with its soft, subtly gray-toned print quality, as well as through its iconography, the atmosphere of silence and solitude, the sense of no one up yet, that is its subject. Another of the show's pleasures is a group of portraits of personalities in the New York art and photography worlds: René d'Harnoncourt by Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Nancy and Beaumont Newhall by Edward Weston, Dorothy Norman by Alfred Stieglitz, and John Szarkowski by Richard Avedon. (A picture of Picasso by Man Ray somehow strays into the group.) The d'Harnoncourt portrait shows the subject in half-profile with a handsomely trousered knee sharply drawn up, echoing the triangle of his small, thin, elegant nose and a monocle set in his eye; it is almost a parody of fastidiousness. The portrait of Szarkowski, who looks as if he'd spent the night in jail, is its appealing obverse. Through July 13. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Cyanotypes**—All the photographs in this show of work done between the end of the nineteenth century and the present are blue-and-white—the products of a printing process invented in 1842 by Sir John Herschel and now chiefly used in architecture (blueprints). One is more aware of the blueness of the photographs than of anything else about them; they don't seem "natural," as black-and-white photographs do, even though black-and-white is no more realistic. Whether the cyanotype process didn't catch on in photography because of something fundamentally off about the color blue, or whether blue is distracting simply because we have become habituated to the reigning black-and-white convention, is the interesting, and perhaps unanswerable, question that the show raises. Through Friday, May 28. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Edward Steichen** (1879-1973)—A large show of gravures from *Camera Work*, and vintage prints from the twenties and thirties, including some of Steichen's most celebrated portraits (Greta Garbo, Gloria Swanson, Paul Robeson, Winston Churchill, Marlene Dietrich). Lest the visitor imagine for a moment that he could acquire one of these handsome rarities, the gallery has put their staggering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**Thomas Barrow / Grant Mudford**—Prints, both toned (brown or pink) and black-and-white. / Photographs of building façades. Through Saturday, May 29. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

**William Eggleston**—Color photographs (figures, still-lifes, landscapes) taken in Tennessee and northern Mississippi. Through Aug. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Horst**—A retrospective of vintage fashion photographs. Through Saturday, June 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Lotte Jacobi**—Portraits from the thirties to the present by the German-born photographer, together with a number of her well-known abstract "photogenics." Through June 10. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

**Nathan Lerner**—Bauhaus-influenced photographs done between 1935 and 1945. Through Saturday, June 5. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays at noon.)

**Serve Louvat and Jean de Bire**—Prints from the original glass negatives of two turn-of-the-century photographers. Through Wednesday, June 2. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Delph Mickelson**—Twenty-four prints by a self-taught Minnesota photographer. Through Sunday, May 30. (4th Street Photo, 67 E. 4th St. Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 3 to 11.)

**Inge Morath**—Photographs taken in Spain in the mid-fifties and in Cambodia in 1970. Through Saturday, May 29. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

**Carmen Quesada**—Landscape and street photography, with some examples offered as platinum prints. Through Sunday, May 30. (Marymount Manhattan College Gallery, 221 E. 71st St. Daily, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

**Klaus A. Schnitzer**—Photographs taken in Israel. Through June 12. (Rina, 23 E. 74th St.)

**A. M. Zane**—Photographs of torsos, some of them hand colored. Through June 13. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

**Group Shows**—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Exhibitions of photographs by Clarence John Laughlin and John Klosty. Through June 6. (Open Sundays.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs by John Vachon, Richard Gray, and Pedro Luis Raota. Through Saturday, May 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 34 W. 13th St.: Fifty prints by Belgian photographers Jan Colpaert, Carl Uytterhaegen, and Gaston Vermosen, along with works by gallery photographers. Through Sunday, May 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT**, 16 Fulton St.: A permanent exhibit of about eighty photographs—"Peking and Steel Square-Riggers 1885-1957"—shown aboard the four-masted bark Peking. (Admission is $1.50 for adults; seventy-five cents for students and children. Daily, 11 to 5.) . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: A show of photographs (by Minor White, Judy Dater, Jan Groover, and others) that are included in Kelly Wise's survey of contemporary photography "The Photographers' Choice." Through June 19. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Ephemera" is a show of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Aug. [illegible]. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred Fauvist paintings, whose colors still have a tingling shock value seventy years after their first formal showing shook up the art establishment in Paris. Matisse, Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, Marquet, and van Dongen are among the wild beasts in this engrossing exhibition. Through Tuesday, June 1. . . . ¶ Photographs by William Eggleston. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition of eighty recently acquired photographs; see above, under "Photography." (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8. Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. (One, more recent, is a celestial-looking throne room constructed by a religious Washington janitor in his spare time and discovered after his death a few years ago.) The exhibit goes on, chronologically, to super-classical statues (Washington as Phidias might have depicted him), Hiram Powers' celebrated Greek Slave, works by the Calders (father and son), and on to David Smith and the earth-works Conceptualists. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through Monday, May 31. . . . ¶ Contemporary Japanese ceramics, including about twenty-five pieces by Kitaoji Rosanjin, together with sword guards from a private collection. Through June 27. This exhibit opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, May 31, from 1 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 11 to 5.)

**American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters**, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Harold Rosenberg, Louis Simpson, and Robert Helps. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Alice Neel, William Kienbusch, and others. Through June 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—Nearly sixty hand scrolls and hanging scrolls, the majority of them ink landscapes, by Wen Cheng-ming (1470-1559) and by his teacher, Shen Chou. Through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Japan House**, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-three Edo period kimonos (1615-1868) from the Kanebo collection, including four made with a tie-dye technique that took two years to complete—one year to tie the kimono in readiness for the dye, and another year to untie it. Through July 11. (Mondays, except May 31, through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art**, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk art on paper, or made with paper, most of it done by New York artists. Through Sept. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts**, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary American quilts. . . . ¶ Clay soup tureens that were designed for a national competition. . . . ¶ Locks and keys dating from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth, on loan from

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. All three exhibitions through June 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Mechanical and other animated toys (the earliest dating from the seventeenth century), some of which can be handled by visitors. (Tuesdays, except June 1, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 31, from 1 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Abstract paintings and drawings, ceramic sculptures, and wall hangings by Bing Davis. Through June 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7459.)

**New York Grand Opera Company**—Vincent La Selva conducting the first American performances of Verdi's opera "Stiffelio," with Norma French, soprano; Richard Taylor, tenor; Theodore Lambrinos, baritone; and others. The last two in a series of performances by the company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, at 8.)

**Atlanta Symphony Orchestra**—At Carnegie Hall, Robert Shaw conducting three all-Beethoven programs—Thursday, May 27, at 8: Performances of the Sixth and Ninth Symphonies, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, May 28, at 8: A program of concertos, with Charles Treger, violin; Garrick Ohlsson, piano; and Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 8: A performance of "Missa Solemnis," with the Misses Haywood and Kopleff, the Messrs. McCoy and Paul, and the Westminster Symphonic Choir.

**Leventritt Award Contest**—The finalists in the twenty-ninth international competition for pianists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 26, starting at 11 A.M. No tickets necessary.)

**Guarneri Quartet**—The second (postponed from May 12) of two programs presenting the Bartók cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, June 1, at 8.)

**American Chamber Trio**—Peter Basquin, piano; June DeForest, violin; and Daniel Morganstern, cello, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Rami Solomonow, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 5, at 8:30.)

**Midnight Concerts**—The Ensemble for Early Music and a male quartet, the Early Music Glee Men, in a program of bawdy ballads and ribald songs from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, June 5, at midnight.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday, May 26-27, at 8. . . . ¶ Oakland, Friday, June 4, at 8, and Saturday, June 5, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, at 8:05, and Sunday, May 30, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Monday, May 31, at 1:05 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, June 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Wednesday, June 2, at 8:05, and Thursday, June 3, at 2:05.

**Crew**—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 3-5.)

**Racing**—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, June 28. The Hempstead Handicap, Saturday, May 29; the Edgemere Handicap, Sunday, May 30; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 31; the Mother Goose, Friday, June 4; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, June 10. The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 31; and the Eugene Mori Handicap, Saturday, June 5.

**Soccer**—Two games in the American Bicentennial Soccer Cup series—England vs. Italy. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, May 28, at 8.) . . . ¶ Brazil vs. Italy. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Monday, May 31, at 3.) For information about tickets, call 869-3320.

**Pro Tennis**—World Team Tennis—Sets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, May 26. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Indiana, Thursday, May 27. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, June 4. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Boston, Saturday, June 5. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

**Trotting**—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Monday, May 31, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

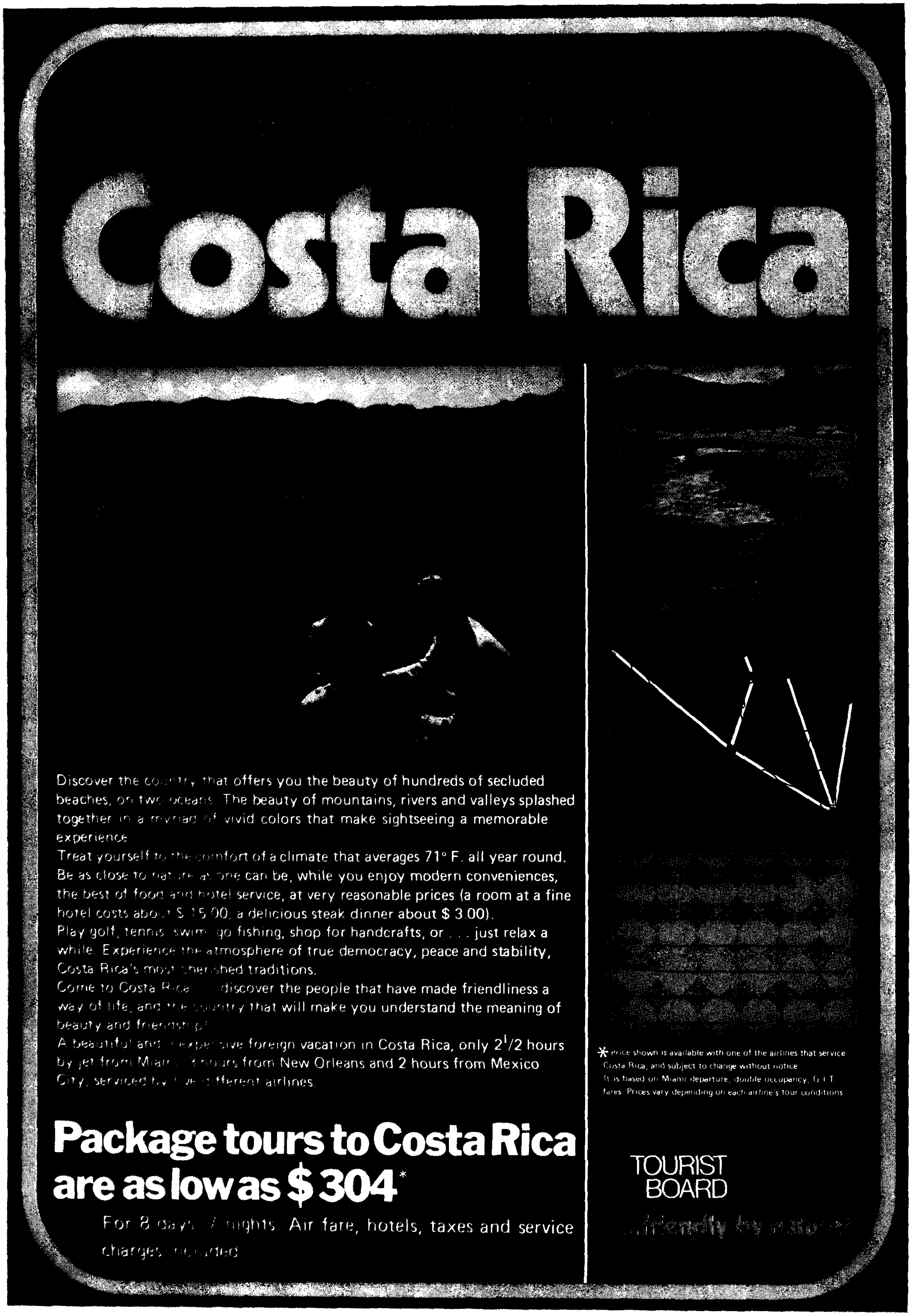
## ET ALIA

**Bicentennial Matters**—If you can't beat it, join it: Early American books and papers, among them two copies of the Declaration of Independence, one printed in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, and the other in Thomas Jefferson's handwriting. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, except Thursdays and Monday, May 31, from 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.) . . . An exhibit of documents ranging from a letter written by Amerigo Vespucci (1476) to the Proclamation of the Louisiana Purchase, signed by Thomas Jefferson and attested to by James Madison, Secretary of State. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . An exhibition that centers on the Revolutionary War: maps, military buttons, ammunition, tools, present-day photograph of battle sites, and so forth. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., a 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . "Farewell to Old England" offers a look (by mean of photomurals, newspaper accounts, and artifacts) at the lives of three New York citizen before, during, and after the Revolutio (South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton S Daily, noon to 6.) . . . A collection of mone and money substitutes used in Coloni America. (American Numismatic Societ Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays throug Saturdays, 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

**Lecture**—"Auden and His Friends at Oxfo and After," by Stephen Spender. (Fri Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Saturday, May 2 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

**The Great Outdoors**—Starting Friday, May 2 and continuing through Sunday, June 13, t semiannual Washington Square Outdoor A Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon u til sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, May 30, at the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, co ducted by Richard Woitach and with Beni Valente, soprano, will give a concert on t Central Park Mall. . . . ¶ The New Yo Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is op every Sunday, weather permitting, from no to 7. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park a closed to automobiles in favor of stroll and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday an Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Sa urdays and Sundays.

**Auctions**—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 98 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 26, at 8: Impressionist an other modern paintings and sculptures, fro various owners. Admission by ticket only for information, call 472-3465. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth century drawings and watercolors, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, a 8, and Friday, May 28, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings by such artists as Rothko Gorky, and Rivers; from many owners. Admission to the evening sale by ticket only for information, call 472-3465. . . . ¶ Friday May 28, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings and sculptures; from the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, the Minneapolis Museum of Art, and the collection of Mrs. Albert D. Lasker. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 2, a 2: Pre-Columbian and ethnographic art from various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday June 2, at 2, and Thursday, June 3, at 10:1 and 2: Chinese snuff bottles, jades, ceramics and works of art; from a number of owners Exhibition starts Thursday, May 27.



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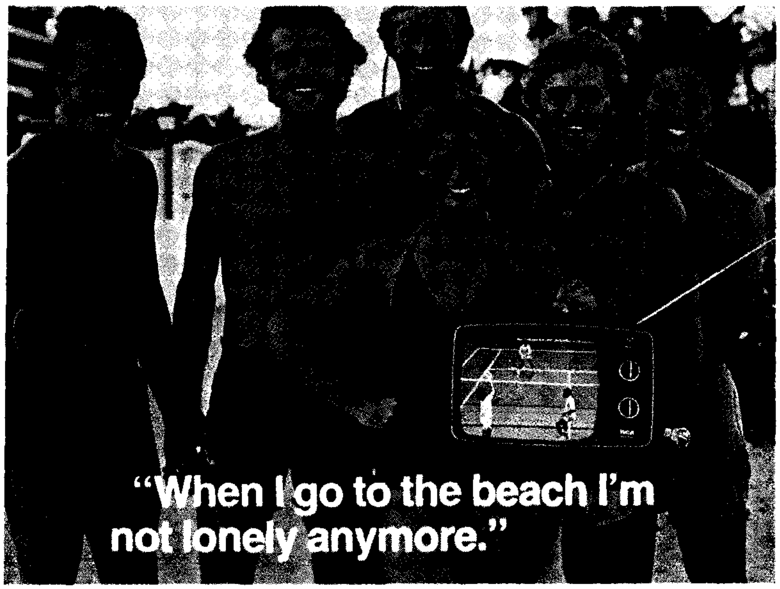
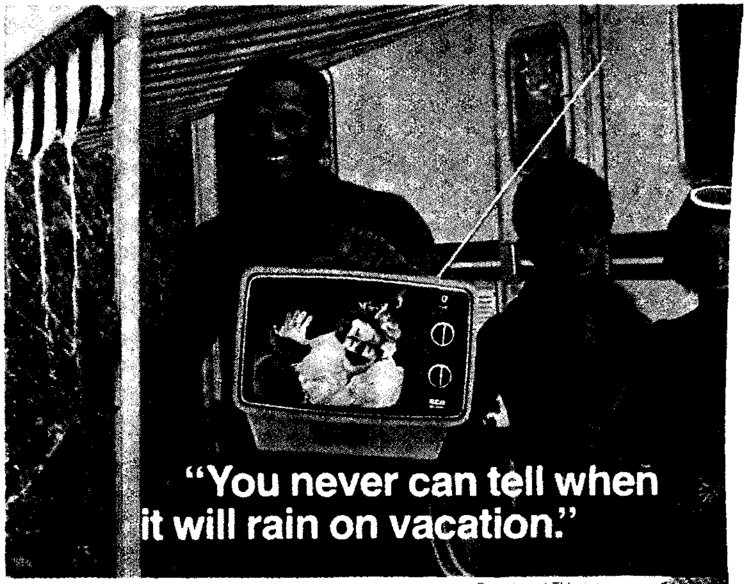

"When I go to the beach I'm not lonely anymore."

"Now for the sauce béarnaise..."

"If I miss my soap operas, I'd be miserable."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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

### EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 27: "Masculine Feminine" and "Tout Va Bien."
From May 28: "Family Plot."

**St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through June 1: "Blazing Saddles" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From June 2: "The Story of Adèle H." and "Amarcord."

**12th St. Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through June 1: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
From June 2: To be announced.

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 1: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
From June 2: "Mahler."

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 1: "Swept Away" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From June 2: "Taxi Driver."

**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2200)
Through June 1: "The Bad News Bears."
From June 2: To be announced.

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Family Plot."

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mother, Jugs & Speed."

**Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Missouri Breaks."

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood."

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
To be announced.

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Mother, Jugs & Speed."

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
From May 26 at 8: "The Jewish Gauchos." (Opening night by invitation only.)

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

**D. W. Griffith**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
May 26: "La Chienne."
From May 27: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
May 26: "West Side Story."
May 27: "Nashville."
From May 28: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
May 26: "Richard III."
May 27: "All About Eve."
From May 28: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

**First Ave. Cinema**, First Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
"The Bad News Bears" and "The Longest Yard."

**Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Drive-In."

**Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
To be announced.

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Guernica."

**Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All the President's Men."

**72nd Street East**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 1: "Taxi Driver."
From June 2: To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Bad News Bears."

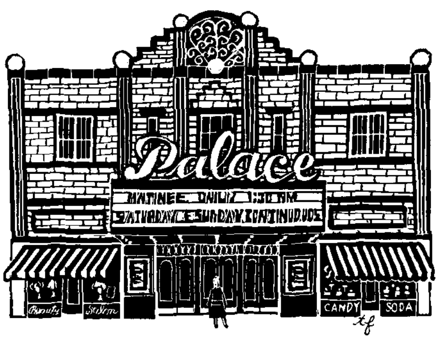
**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Eat My Dust."

**Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mother, Jugs & Speed."

**Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through May 27: "Lipstick."
From May 28: "Leadbelly."

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Drive-In."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through May 27: "Don't Open the Window."
From May 28: "Embryo."



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8032)
"The Missouri Breaks."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through May 27: "Robin and Marian."
From May 28: "Embryo."

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
May 26: "Nazarin" and "The Milky Way."
From May 27: "La Chienne."

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Missouri Breaks."

**Quad Cinema**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties."
Theatre 2: Through May 27: "The Story of Adèle H." and "The Romantic Englishwoman." From May 28: "Family Plot."
Theatre 3: Through June 1: "The Story of Adèle H." and "The Romantic Englishwoman." From June 2: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "The Bad News Bears."

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
May 26: "Robin and Marian."
From May 27: "Hawmps."

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Blue Bird."

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Smile Orange."

**Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 1: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
From June 2: "The Sunshine Boys" and "Smile."

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"End of the Game."

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through May 29: "Bambina."
From May 30: "Children of Paradise."

**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood."

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 1: "The Bad News Bears" and "Paper Moon."
From June 2: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 26: "Grey Gardens."
From May 27: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Seven Beauties."

**Loews 83rd Triplex**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 1: "The Bad News Bears." From June 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 27: "W. C. Fields and Me" and "Animal Crackers." From May 28: "Embryo."
Theatre 3: "Drive-In."

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Smile Orange."

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Missouri Breaks."

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through June 1: "The Lion in Winter" and "A Touch of Class."
From June 2: To be announced.

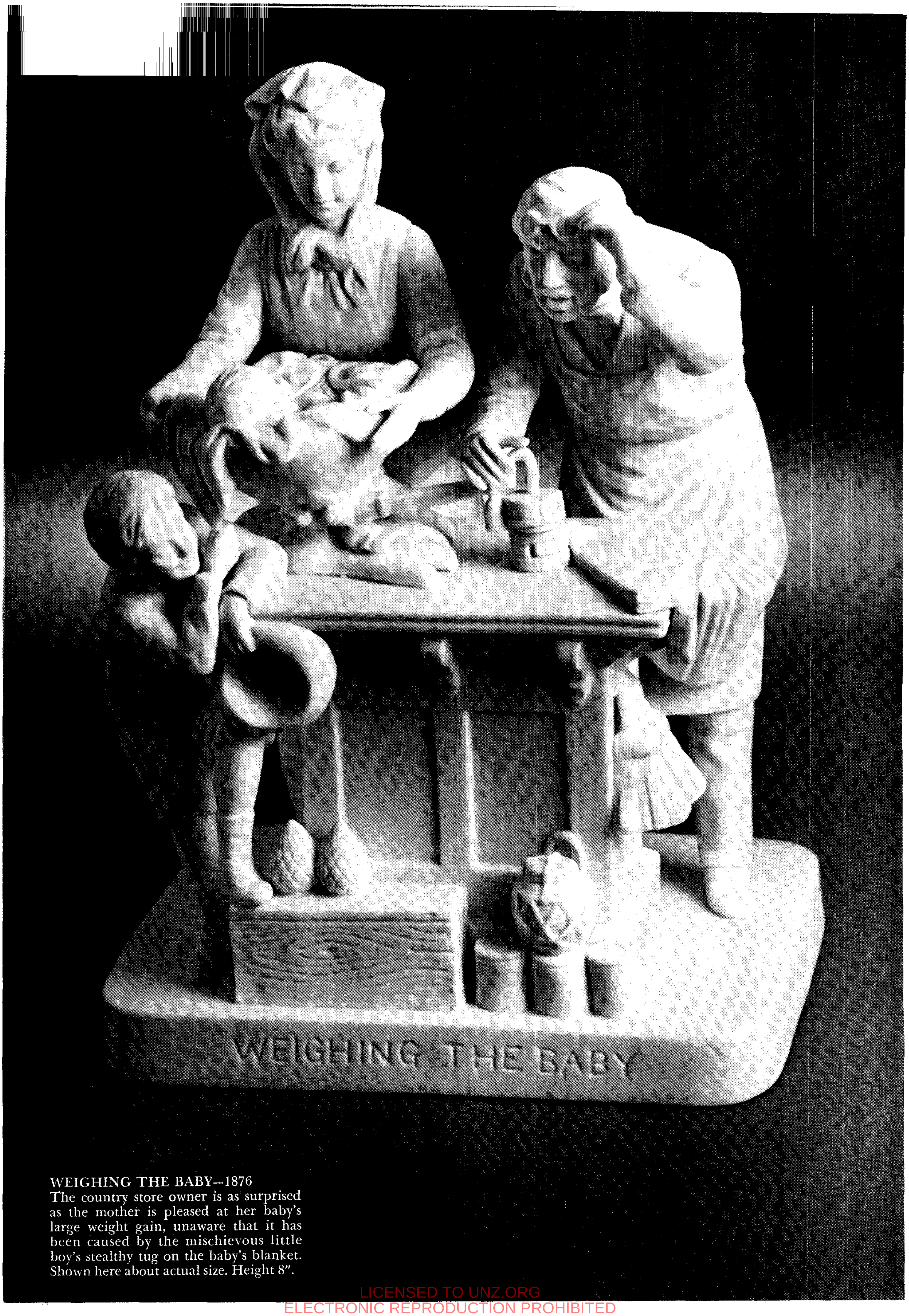
**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 1: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
From June 2: "The Story of Adèle H." and "The Romantic Englishwoman."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 26: "Le Jardin Qui Bascule" (1975), in French, directed by Guy Gilles; and "L'Homme Qui Dort" (1974), in French, directed by Bernard Queysanne.
May 27: "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas; and "Pigpen" (1969), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud.
May 28: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon; and "Repulsion" (1965), directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry.
May 29: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley.
May 30: "Children of Paradise." (†)
May 31: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The Ladykillers." (†)
June 1: "Murmur of the Heart" (†) and "Zazie." (†)
June 2: "Casque d'Or" (1952), in French, directed by Jacques Becker, with Simone Signoret, Serge Reggiani, and Claude Dauphin; and "Le Jour Se Lève" ("Daybreak;" 1939), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty.
June 3: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 26: "Gate of Hell" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Machiko Kyo; and "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo.
May 27: "The Devil's Eye" (1961), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Jarl Kulle, Bibi Andersson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård.
May 28: "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "The Blue Dahlia." (†)
May 29: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
May 30: "Let's Make Love" (†) and "Darling Lili." (†)
May 31: "Brief Encounter" (†) and "Summertime." (†)
June 1 through the matinée of June 2: "Orphans of the Storm" (†) and "The Scarlet Pimpernel." (†)
June 2 at 6 and 8:30: A program of experimental and avant-garde short films.
June 3: "The Milky Way" (†); and "Le



WEIGHING THE BABY—1876
The country store owner is as surprised as the mother is pleased at her baby's large weight gain, unaware that it has been caused by the mischievous little boy's stealthy tug on the baby's blanket. Shown here about actual size. Height 8″.

# Reed & Barton salutes John Rogers, America's great story-telling sculptor, with superb replicas of his work in fine porcelain bisque.

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NEIGHBORING PEWS—1884
Two ladies late to church are shown the correct hymn book page by a gentleman, who is obviously taken with the younger woman, while his young son tries on papa's hat and gloves. Height 8".

CHECKERS UP AT THE FARM—1875
The young rawboned farmer gloats over having just defeated the refined city gentleman at checkers, as the chagrined visitor's wife and baby look on. Height 7¾".

SCHOOL DAYS—1877
Two children on their way to school stop to see the miniature dancing figures on the hand organ, as the perplexed young boy wonders how to get his hat back from the organ grinder's monkey. Height 8".

THE FAVORED SCHOLAR—1873
An impish, barefoot lad, sensing a budding romance, attempts to distract the demure young scholar as she receives math instruction from her highly attentive school teacher. Height 7¾".

COMING TO THE PARSON—1870
A shy young couple approach the minister to make their marriage plans, as underfoot, the young man's dog and the parson's cat bridle at one another, perhaps symbolically. Height 8".

Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

**ELGIN**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

May 26: "Hearts of the West" (1975), directed by Howard Zieff, with Jeff Bridges, Alan Arkin, Andy Griffith, and Blythe Danner; and "Lovin' Molly" (1974), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Anthony Perkins, Beau Bridges, and Blythe Danner.

May 27: "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Albert Finney, Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman; and "The Laughing Policeman" (1973), directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with Walter Matthau and Bruce Dern.

May 28: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†); "Cry Uncle" (1971), directed by John Avildsen, with Allen Garfield, X-rated; and "Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?" (1969), directed by Anthony Newley, with Mr. Newley and Joan Collins.

May 29: "Lisztomania" (†) and "The Devils." (†)

May 30-31: "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

June 1: "Traffic" (†) and "Playtime." (†)

June 2-3: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.

**THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through May 29: "Iron Man" (1931), directed by Tod Browning, with Lew Ayres, Robert Armstrong, and Jean Harlow; and "Niagara" (1953), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe and Joseph Cotten.

May 30-June 1: "American Empire" (†) and "Santa Fe Trail." (†)

From June 2: "The Outlaw" (†) and "Angel and the Bad Man." (†)

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 27 at 2:30: "Soft Boiled" (1923), directed by John Blystone, with Tom Mix and Billie Dove. . . . ¶ May 27 at 6: A program of short films by Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle and Buster Keaton, 1917-20. . . . ¶ May 27 at 8:30: "Leap Year" (1921), directed by James Cruze, with Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle; and "The Round Up" (1920), directed by George Melford, with Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle. . . . ¶ May 28 at 2:30: "Bellboy 13" (1923), directed by William Seiter, with Douglas MacLean and Margaret Loomis; and "The Early Bird" (1925), directed by Charles Hines, with Johnny Hines. . . . ¶ May 28 at 6: Two Mack Sennett productions—"Down on the Farm" (1920), directed by Erle Kenton and Ray Gray, with Louise Fazenda, James Finlayson, and Bert Roach; and "The Shriek of Araby" (1923), directed by F. Richard Jones, with Ben Turpin and Kathryn McGuire, Russian inter-titles only. . . . ¶ May 29 at noon: Arbuckle and Keaton short films. . . . ¶ May 29 at 2:30: Silent-screen comediennes, compiled by Anthony Slide, with Billie Rhodes, Dorothy Devore, Alice Howell, and others. . . . ¶ May 29 at 5: "Bellboy 13" and "The Early Bird.". . . ¶ May 30 at noon: "Down on the Farm.". . . ¶ May 30 at 2:30: "The Kid" (1921), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Jackie Coogan; and "The Freshman" (1925), directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston. . . . ¶ May 30 at 5: "Muriel" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 31 at noon: Silent-screen comediennes. . . . ¶ May 31 at 2:30: "Manhandled" (1924), directed by Allan Dwan, with Gloria Swanson, Tom Moore, Lilyan Tashman, and Frank Morgan. . . . ¶ May 31 at 6: "The Perfect Clown" (1925), directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Larry Semon, Dorothy Dwan, and Kate Price. . . . ¶ June 1 at noon: Black film comedians, including Bert Williams, Stepin Fetchit, and others. . . . ¶ June 1 at 2:30: "The Perfect Clown.". . . ¶ June 3 at 2:30: "Hands Up!" (1926), directed by Clarence Badger, with Raymond Griffith, Marion Nixon, and Mack Swain. . . . ¶ June 3 at 6: "Paths to Paradise" (1925), directed by Clarence Badger, with Raymond Griffith and Betty Compson; last reel missing. . . . ¶ June 3 at 8:30: "You'd Be Surprised" (1926), directed by Arthur Rosson, with Raymond Griffith and Dorothy Sebastian; and "Open All Night" (1924), directed by Paul Bern, with Raymond Griffith and Viola Dana. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 30: A program of films by Jonas Mekas, Warren Sonbert, and Howard Guttenplan. . . . ¶ Starting June 1: A video program by William Wegman and John Baldessari. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Riefenstahl, Méliès, Vertov, Kirsanov, Snow, Schoffel, Smith, Kelly, Renoir, and others. Showings May 26 at 7; May 27 at 7 and 8:30; May 28 at 7 and 9; May 29 at 2:30, 7, and 9; May 30 at 8; and June 1-3 at 7 and 9.

**FILM FORUM**, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—May 27-30: A program of twelve cartoons. . . . ¶ Starting June 3: Two cinéma-vérité films—"Jane" (1962) and "Mooney vs. Fowle" (1961). Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 8.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

**ALL ABOUT EVE** (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Cinema II; May 27.)

**ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN**—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (Loews Tower East.)

**AMARCORD** (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of *Italianate* fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 2.)

**AMERICAN EMPIRE** (1943)—Dull, dull. A sad attempt at an epic. With Richard Dix, who, in earlier years, had been in some live ones, and Preston Foster. Directed by William McGann. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 30-June 1.)

**ANGEL AND THE BAD MAN** (1947)—Pleasantly unslick minor Western, with John Wayne as Quirt, the bad man who reforms, matched against Bruce Cabot as the villainous Laredo. It's easily distinguishable from other Wayne Westerns: Gail Russell, of the sexy-sad eyes, is the love interest. James Edward Grant, who worked on many Wayne films as a writer, was both writer and director this time; he did not excel in the latter capacity. With Irene Rich, Harry Carey, and Lee Dixon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 2.)

**ANIMAL CRACKERS** (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagy. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse; and Lillian Roth is her daughter, Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 27.)

**THE BAD NEWS BEARS**—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (First Ave. Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, Cinema Studio, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through June 1.)

**BAMBINA**—With Irene Papas, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Paris; through May 29.)

**BLAZING SADDLES** (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 1.)

**THE BLUE BIRD**—Fly away. With Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Cicely Tyson, Ava Gardner, and Will Geer; directed by George Cukor. (5/24/76) (Music Hall.)

**THE BLUE DAHLIA** (1946)—Raymond Chandler wrote the screenplay of this untidily complicated thriller, directed by George Marshall. It threatens to turn into something, but it never does. The plot involves Alan Ladd as a Navy flier out to revenge the murder of his wife (Doris Dowling); a night-club proprietor (Howard Da Silva) whose own estranged wife (Veronica Lake) is hot for the flier; and the flier's psychoneurotic buddy (William Bendix) who can never remember just what he's been up to. There are also voyeurs, blackmailers, baffled cops, and mugs in the pay of the night-club proprietor. Ladd takes many a mauling before he gathers the heroine (Lake) in his arms. With Frank Faylen and Tom Powers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

**BRIEF ENCOUNTER** (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 31.)

**LA CHIENNE** (1931)—Jean Renoir's prodigal film, showing commercially in this country for the first time—amazingly—with subtitles. It's a story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who wears a clerkly black hat and pince-nez and is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (5/3/76) (D. W. Griffith; May 26. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting May 27.)

**CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable

Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 30. . . . ¶ Paris, starting May 30.)

**Darling Lili** (1970)—Julie Andrews singing radiantly in a spy story set in the First World War. She cheers up French invalids with fine poise, and Rock Hudson is in love with her, and that's all. Directed by Blake Edwards. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30.)

**The Devils** (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria; he markets it. (Elgin; May 29.)

**Drive-In**—With Lisa Lemole, directed by Rod Amateau. (Columbia I, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**Eat My Dust**—With Ron Howard, directed by Charles Griffith. (U.A. East.)

**Embryo**—With Rock Hudson, Diane Ladd, and Barbara Carrera; directed by Ralph Nelson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 28.)

**End of the Game**—A suspense film with Jon Voight, Jacqueline Bisset, Martin Ritt, and Robert Shaw. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (Little Carnegie.)

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex** (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 1. . . . ¶ Elgin; May 28.)

**Face to Face**—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvelously sweet and thoughtful—and surprisingly witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

**Family Plot**—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris plays a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The posh villains are played by Karen Black and William Devane. (4/19/76) (Murray Hill . . . ¶ Art and Quad Cinema; starting May 28.)

**Grey Gardens**—The Maysles brothers' film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (Regency; May 26.)

**Guernica**—With Mariangela Melato, directed by Fernando Arrabal. In Spanish. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Hawmps**—A comedy with James Hampton, Christopher Connelly, and Slim Pickens. Directed by Joe Camp, who made "Benji." (Guild; starting May 27.)

**The Jewish Gauchos**—A film with music about some Russian Jews who resettle in Argentina in the eighteen-nineties. With Pepe Soriano and Luis Politti, directed by Juan Jose Jusid. In Spanish. (Baronet; starting May 26 at 8. Opening night by invitation only.)

**The Ladykillers** (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost crucified by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a gang that includes Peter Sellers as a plump, awkward Teddy Boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans. Alexander Mackendrick directed, from a script by William Rose. The cast includes Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Frankie Howard, Jack Warner, and Danny Green. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 31.)

**Leadbelly**—Directed by Gordon Parks in banal color. The story of the famous guitarist who became a folk hero in spite of imprisonment. Good-natured but not very distinguished. Still, a sincerely told piece. (Loews Ciné; starting May 28.)

**Let's Make Love** (1960)—Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand. They do. Milton Berle and Marilyn are the graces that just save George Cukor's picture from an odd stolidity. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30.)

**The Lion in Winter** (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Thalia; through June 1.)

**Lipstick**—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews Ciné; through May 27.)

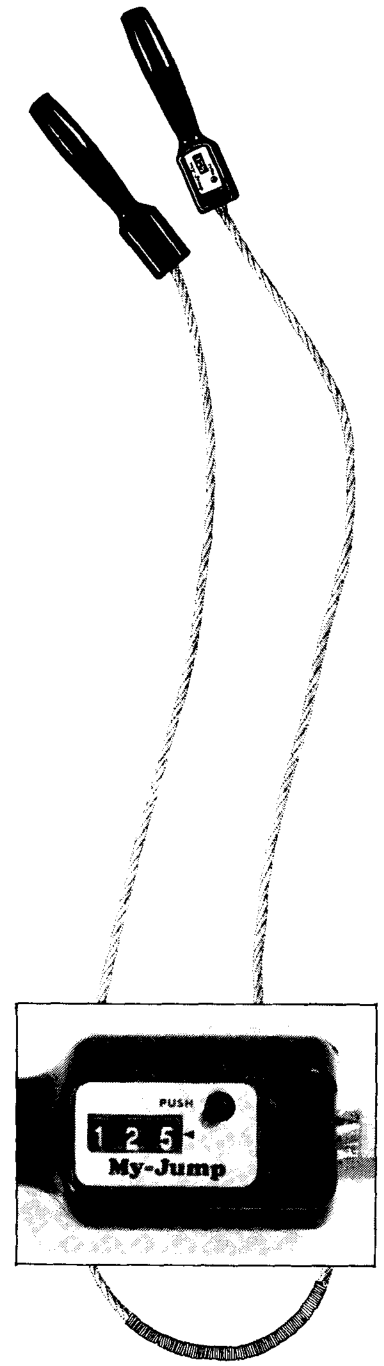
**Lisztomania**—In a couple of sequences, it erupts successfully with a wholehearted, controlled comic-strip craziness, but, for all his lashing himself into a slapstick fury, the director, Ken Russell, can't seem to pull the elements of filmmaking together. Roger Daltrey is Liszt, Paul Nicholas and Veronica Quilligan are Richard and Cosima Wagner, and Sara Kestelman is Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. (11/24/75) (Elgin; May 29.)

**The Longest Yard** (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it; everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (First Ave. Cinema.)

**Love and Anarchy** (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Cinema Studio; starting June 2.)

**Mahler**—Ken Russell's lurid love for music again displayed. Mahler is well played by Robert Powell, though he stares through us rather like a medium in a trance. Composing music is not a trance; it's hard work, like plumbing. (4/26/76) (Cinema Village; starting June 2.)

**The Man Who Fell to Earth**—With David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck



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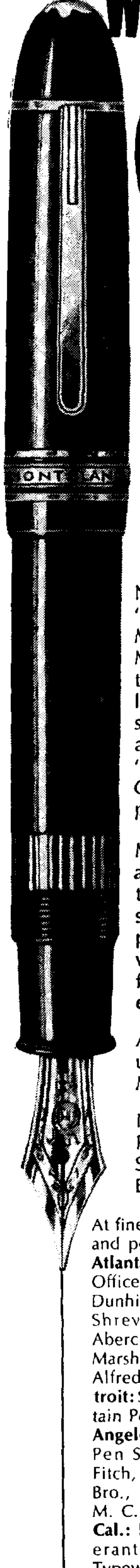

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Henry; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Cinema I, and Cinema II; starting May 28.)

**The Man Who Skied Down Everest**—A documentary. The man is the Japanese skier Yuichiro Miura. (D. W. Griffith, and Regency; starting May 27.)

**Masculine Feminine** (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Art; through May 27.)

**The Milky Way** (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; May 26. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 3.)

**The Missouri Breaks**—With Marlon Brando as a professional gunman and Jack Nicholson as the leader of a gang of horse rustlers in the Montana badlands of the eighteen-eighties. Directed by Arthur Penn. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Greenwich, and Symphony.)

**Mother, Jugs & Speed**—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (34th St. East, Plaza, and Loews Orpheum.)

**Murmur of the Heart** (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 1.)

**Nashville**—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is enlivening in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Cinema I; May 27.)

**Nazarin** (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; May 26.)

**Next Stop, Greenwich Village**—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema Village; through June 1.)

**One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest**—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux East.)

**Orphans of the Storm** (1921)—It's almost unbelievable, but this D. W. Griffith spectacle set during the French Revolution was not a financial success. It's a marvellous, expensively produced mixture of melodrama and sentimentality, with duels, kidnappings, the storming of the Bastille, and Lillian Gish being saved from the guillotine. Those who saw it as children never forgot the sequence in which Lillian hears the voice of her long-lost blind sister, played by Dorothy Gish; Griffith sequences like this go beyond heart-wringing into some areas of theatrical sublimity. With the handsome young Joseph Schildkraut. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 1 and the matinée of June 2.)

**The Outlaw** (1947)—As producer-director and bra designer, Howard Hughes manages to create the definitive burlesque of cowtown dramas, and without even trying. Jane Russell swings her bosom around and shows her love for frail, seedy Billy the Kid (Jack Buetel) by hitting him over the head with a coffeepot and putting sand in his water flasks when he is setting out across the desert. To reciprocate, he ties her up with wet thongs and leaves her out in the sun. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell provide a little relief from the amorous games. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 2.)

**Paper Moon** (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Cinema Studio; through June 1.)

**Playtime** (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule. (Elgin; June 1.)

**Richard III** (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all evil, crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." (Cinema II; May 26.)

**Robin and Marian**—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Guild; May 26. . . . ¶ Waverly; through May 27.)

**The Romantic Englishwoman**—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema; through June 1. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 2.)

**The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea**—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor whom the boy's mother means to marry—Kris Kristofferson—because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Coronet.)

**Santa Fe Trail** (1940)—One of Hollywood's careless, shameless distortions of American history. The team of Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland had thrived under the direction of Michael Curtiz in such films as "Captain Blood," "The Adventures of Robin Hood," and "Dodge City," and so this blotted Western was confected. Flynn plays a monolithically brave Jeb Stuart, and Ronald Reagan is young George Armstrong Custer; they're both after dainty Olivia. The offensive plot pits the two handsome young blades, fresh from West Point, against a rabid, fanatic John Brown (Raymond Massey, at his most burning-eyed hypertense, and photographed to inspire fear and revulsion in the audience). The black men whom Brown seeks to liberate appear to be childish dupes. It's a romantic, action-filled, screwed-up epic; you get the feeling that maybe nobody intended it to be as reactionary as it turned out, with Olivia looking especially fetching in front of the gallows where Brown is hanged. At the end, some good liberal appears to have had a fit of remorse: when the heroine goes on her wedding trip with Stuart, the sound of "John Brown's Body" rises above the rhythm of the moving train. The large cast includes Van Heflin (a dirty villain), Douglas Fowley, Gene Reynolds, Alan Hale, Alan Baxter, Susan Peters, and Ward Bond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 30-June 1.)

**The Scarlet Pimpernel** (1935)—One of the most romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon, looking absolutely smashing, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain. An Alexander Korda production. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 1 and the matinee of June 2.)

**The Seduction of Mimi** (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Gramercy; through June 1. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting June 2.)

**Seven Beauties**—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

**Shampoo** (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (12th St. Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; through June 1.)

**Smile**—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Playboy; starting June 2.)

**Smile Orange**—A Jamaican film with Carl Bradshaw, directed by Trevor D. Rhone. Occasional subtitles for the Jamaican dialect. (Festival, and New Yorker.)

**The Story of Adèle H.**—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Quad Cinema; through June 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema and Olympia; starting June 2.)

**Summertime** (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining-spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo." With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 31.)

**The Sunshine Boys**—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Playboy; starting June 2.)

**Swept Away**—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Gramercy; through June 1.)

**Taxi Driver**—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (12th St. Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through June 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting June 2.)

**That's Entertainment, Part 2**—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. A mood of buoyancy presides, and so does the child's dream of being allowed to stay up all night ("Singin' in the Rain"). There are the Marx Brothers in the packed-stateroom scene from "A Night at the Opera;" there is Grace Kelly graciously running her finger around the rim of a champagne glass and, as you would expect, not touching the stuff, in Cole Porter's "You're Sensational" from "High Society;" there is Esther Williams swimming and water-skiing magnificently. Highly recommended for kids, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Ziegfeld.)

**A Touch of Class** (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Thalia; through June 1.)

**Tout Va Bien** (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Godard-Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker-husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Art; through May 27.)

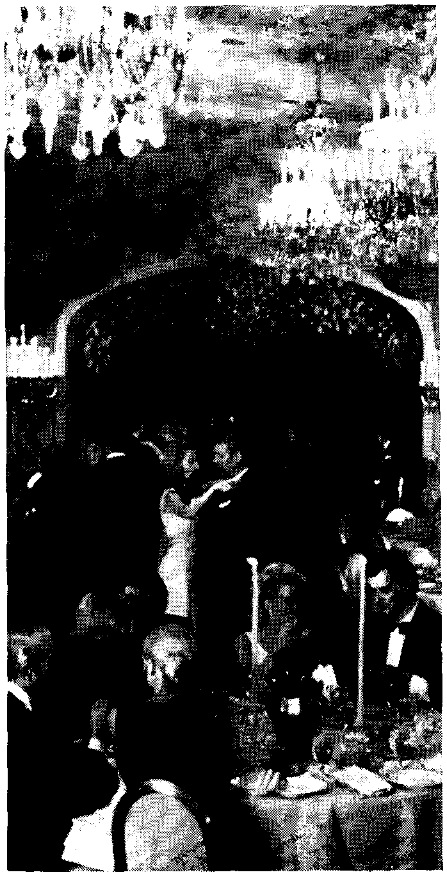
**Traffic** (1971)—M. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Elgin; June 1.)

**W. C. Fields and Me**—Arthur Hiller's poor and humorless film, based on Carlotta Monti's biography of the same name, written with Cy Rice. Rod Steiger can be a good actor, but not in the part of this Senecan and grandiloquent comic—and not saddled with this immobilizing makeup. (4/12/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 27.)

**West Side Story** (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Cinema I; May 26.)

**Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood**—With Bruce Dern, Madeline Kahn, Art Carney, Ron Leibman, and more than seventy guest stars in cameo appearances. Directed by Michael Winner. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

**Zazie** (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this extraordinarily inventive, maybe too brilliant slapstick comedy taken from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 1.)



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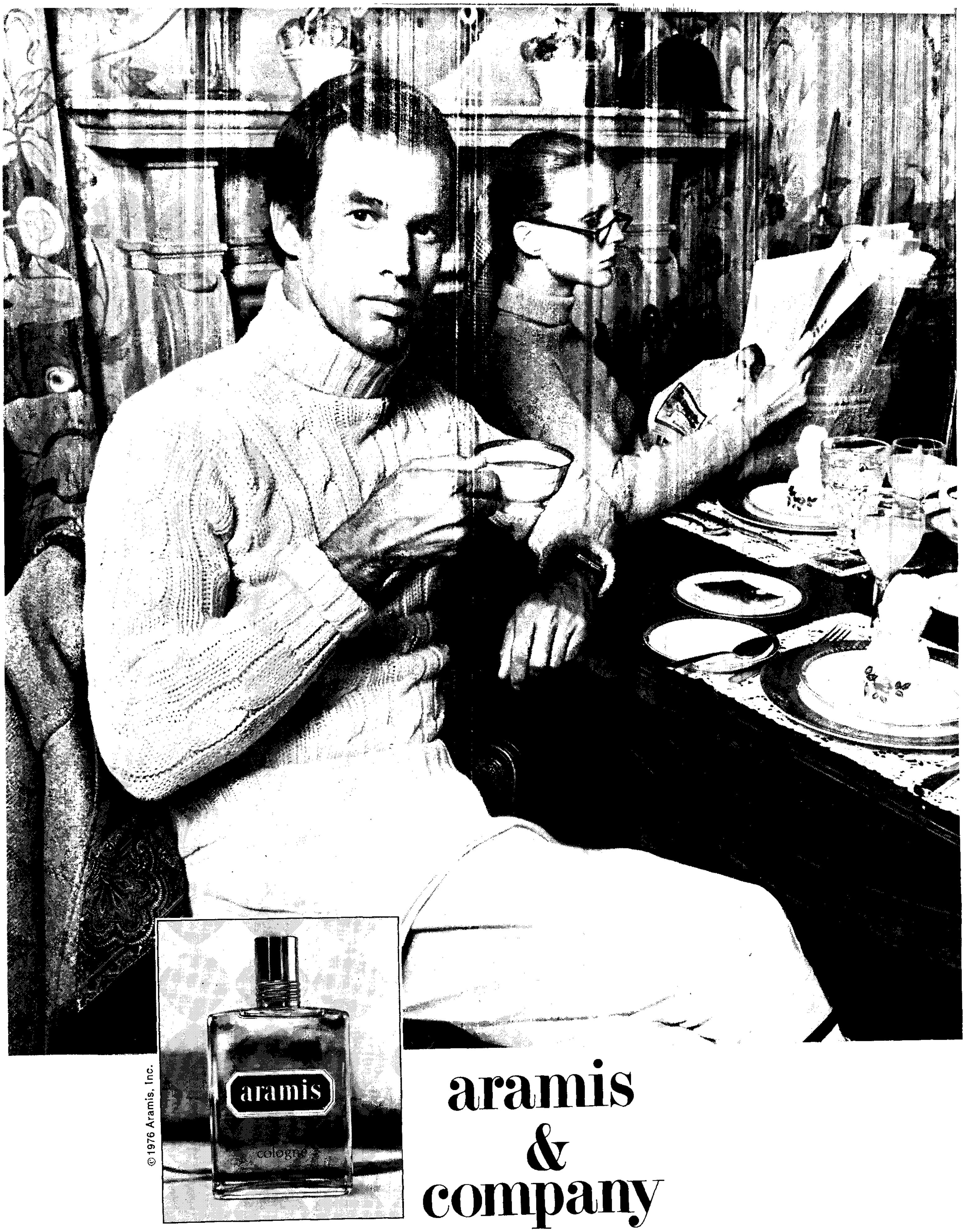

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THE
NEW YORKER

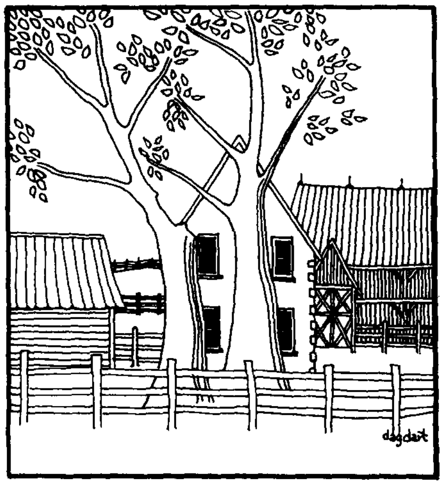
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

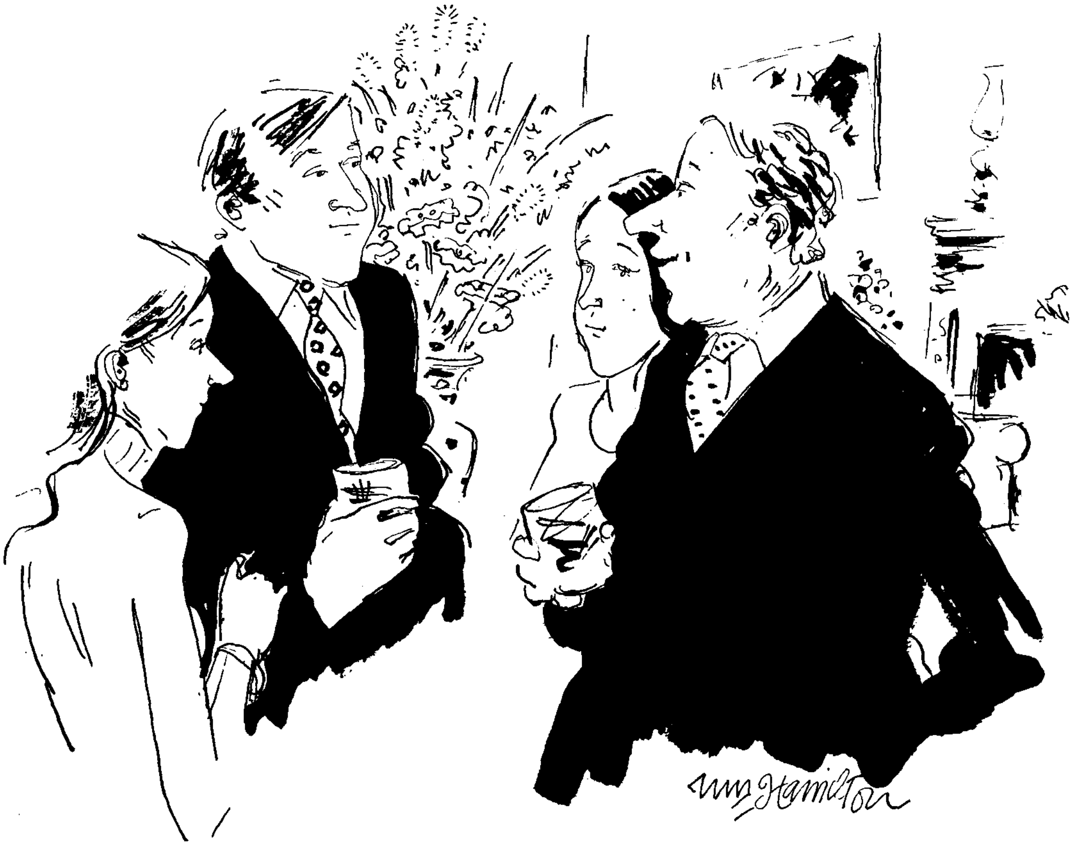
THE John Jay College of Criminal Justice, a police-training and general liberal-arts school at the corner of Tenth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, recently held an International Criminal Justice Seminar, and when we dropped in, a hundred or so policemen and faculty members were in an auditorium listening to Chief Constable Lawrence Byford, of Lincolnshire, England—one of five foreign police officials who had been invited to address the seminar. "The first figures I have are for 1970," he was saying as we took a seat. That year, he continued, there were sixteen thousand murders in the United States and one hundred and sixty-seven in Great Britain. In 1974, there were more murders in Detroit than in the whole of Great Britain; there were almost as many robberies in Washington, D.C., as in England and Wales. And there have been nearly fifty times as many rapes annually in the United States as in Great Britain. "Why is that?" he asked. "I truly believe that the concept of violence in America is promoted by the fact that you are an armed society. In Great Britain, we have such strict control of firearms that the going rate for an illegally purchased handgun is now more than ten thousand dollars. But it is said that there are more firearms in American homes than in the combined armies of the United States, Russia, and NATO."

Later, we wandered out into a nearby lounge and fell into conversation with a tall, blue-eyed man in his late forties with reddish-brown hair parted off center, who turned out to be David Powis, a Deputy Assistant Commissioner at New Scotland Yard. We brought up the statistics that Byford had cited, and asked Powis how he accounted for the shocking differences.

"Of course, we've had no frontier, no settling of land, no predatory animals, no savages for hundreds of years," Mr. Powis answered. "Then, too, Englishmen think of guns as instruments to kill foreigners with during wartime. A burglar who breaks into your house in England is an Englishman first and a burglar second, and you have no wish to kill him unless he is actually trying to kill you. But much of American crime can be traced to heroin and guns. The British system of treating addiction as a medical rather than a criminal problem is the only solution to the drug situation, because it removes the incentive—or, I should say, the necessity—for violence to obtain money to buy drugs. If you could get rid of heroin and guns in America, the proportion of crime to population would be roughly the same in your country and mine. Then, and only then, you could begin to face the basic problem that creates crime—inequality. I am utterly convinced that racial inequality will ultimately destroy our civilization unless we take steps—unless we begin to face its meaning—immediately. It may take a hundred years, or even two hundred years, but we must begin. Ethical rejection of slavery didn't come to Europe until the latter part of the sixteenth century. Even so, slavery wasn't abolished in the British Empire until 1833 and in America not until the Emancipation Proclamation, in 1863. And look at how little equality you have here after more than a century. Serious rejection of the idea of racial superiority didn't come about in Europe until the Nazi holocaust. So we have to look at the problem in a very long time span. Yet we must begin—at once."



Hesitating for a moment, Mr. Powis looked apologetic, and then he went on, "You Americans, I'm sorry to say, are in a tearing hurry to solve the crime problem—by 1980, perhaps—and you believe you can do it with money. You can't do either. Money is the seed of the problem, because you spend it on such things as special-treatment programs for racial-minority offenders. You'll never put things right by giving special treatment out of a sense of guilt. If a man is a black thief, treat him like a white thief. He mustn't be treated either better or worse than anyone else. He wants desperately to be treated equally. That's why he is where he is—because he's been treated unequally all his life. While we all have to face the problem of racial inequality if we are to save our civilization, the policeman must face it first of all, because he stands at the forefront of the crime problem, which is tearing society to pieces. Crime, to a very great extent, is a personal reaction to social rejection. And inequality is one of the most basic forms of rejection. I've been a policeman for thirty years, including service as a field commander in multiracial areas of London, and I know this is the truth. What the policeman must acquire is true understanding of and sympathy for the criminal—who he is, what his deprivations have been, what his feelings of rejection and inferiority and fear are. The policeman must understand in his mind and feel in his heart that this wretched man is every bit as beautiful as anyone. True equality can exist only when the policeman accepts that he and this man share humanity equally. When I spoke along these lines to the policemen here earlier, I could see disbelief in their eyes. They'd like to think of me as an idealistic dreamer, but they know that I'm a policeman, too, and



*“Then in ’68, on a lucky hunch, I put the whole bundle into leisure.”*

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that I’ve had experience with just about every kind of criminal. I believe with all my heart—I *know* it’s the truth—that equality is the only answer. And it’s also a practical, nuts-and-bolts answer, because I’ve seen again and again what it does in practice. The policeman who truly feels this equality will show it. It will shine out of his eyes and sound in the tone of his voice when he captures a criminal. Even the most vicious criminal will feel it and respond. He’ll know he’s not going to be treated like some vile animal. Once that sense of equality is transmitted, a kind of rapport begins to exist between prisoner and policeman. The officer protects his man and won’t let anyone else meddle with him. Then mutual trust is established and the prisoner refuses to talk to anyone but *his* officer. The officer informs him of his rights at the outset, then assures him that he will be treated fairly, and makes it clear that he, the policeman, doesn’t judge him for what he has done. The criminal sees that he is being treated as a man, an equal human being, perhaps for the first time in his life. He may confess then, in the hope that he now has a chance to start over. But even if he doesn’t, he has the beginning of faith in society, because the government has always been his enemy, and the most hated agent of that government, a policeman, has treated him like a man, an equal. Once our policemen sincerely believe the words that Abraham Lincoln wrote down on that train trundling along to Gettysburg—‘that all men are created equal’—there will be the start of a chance to save our civilization.”

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## *Four Civic Gatherings*

On Old Park Avenue: Part of the once rugged terrain around Park Avenue and Fifty-first Street was leased by the city in about 1700 to a farmer to help defray the costs of the new City Hall, on Wall Street—later Federal Hall, the building on whose balcony General Washington took the oath as first President of the United States. In 1833, the town’s first street railroad, which took vacationers from Prince Street up to Harlem for six and a quarter cents, opened along Park Avenue—that’s why Park is so wide today, and it’s so smooth because the contractors levelled it—and commercial traffic on the street began. The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Company put up a massive brewery on Park north of Fiftieth in 1849, and dug a six-hundred-foot well between Fifty-first and Fifty-second. In 1855, in back of the Schaefer buildings, the city put up P.S. 18, which later became the Industrial Arts Vocational High School Annex, alma mater of Paul Winchell and Tony Bennett. Schaefer moved to Brooklyn in 1916; the brewery was replaced by St. Bartholomew’s Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Schaefer buildings in the next block were torn down to make way for the Ambassador Hotel. The late Samuel Rudin, P.S. 18 class of ’11, whose son Jack was married in the Ambassador Hotel’s Italian Gardens, assembled the entire Park-to-Lexington block between Fifty-first and Fifty-second in the early nineteen-sixties, tore down the Ambassador (by then the Sheraton-East), and a lot of other buildings, and built the forty-four-story 345 Park Avenue, the headquarters building of Bristol-Myers and of the Rudin Management Company, Incorporated, in the late sixties, using the well as part of the air-conditioning system—a system that puts out as many British thermal units an hour as six thousand tons of melting ice. These facts are all part of a display in the southeast corner of the lobby of 345.

On Monday, May 17, 1976, from 5:30 to 7:30 P.M., two hundred and fifty New Yorkers chased canapé-laden Four Seasons waiters across many of the twenty thousand square feet of imported travertine marble in the 345 lobby at the opening of the Rudin-and-Bristol-Myers-sponsored New York City Bicentennial Banner Exhibition, which celebrates the people, buildings, neighborhoods, and history of the city. Among the tasty canapés were smoked-salmon coronets with horseradish cream, cherry tomatoes stuffed with mousse of avocado, sautéed chipolatas, celery stuffed with brandied blue cheese, chicken liver rumakis, steak tartare, melon wrapped in prosciutto, and little quiches Lorraine. The quiches Lorraine were hard to identify at first sight, and wherever the quiche waiter went in the crowd, tiny cries of “Oh, quiches!” surrounded him. Tommy Lucas, an electric-guitarist with four and a half years on the “Ed Sullivan Show,” three years on the “Ernie Kovacs Show,” and dozens of appearances on the “Tex and Jinx Show,” played loud but mellow show tunes on a platform in the [illegible] corner of the lobby.

There are th[illegible] banners in the show, and one of them has felt squares designed and sewn by [illegible]rty celebrities, like James (Catfish) Hunter, Abraham Beame, David DeBusschere, and Percy Sutton, including a handsome effort by Police Commissioner Michael J. Codd—a patrolman's badge, a medal for bravery, and the scales of justice superimposed on a large red heart. "We asked the celebrities to sew their squares, not glue them," said Sally Pleet, banner-maker and co-director of Community Environments, a nonprofit local art and educational organization, which had been organizing the show for a couple of years.

The show moves to the Metropolitan Museum at the end of June. The other banners were made by artists and schoolteachers, and by groups like the fifth-grade class at P.S. 11, in Queens, and the Fort Washington Senior Center. The two we liked best were P.S. 11's five-and-a-half-by-six-foot Shea Stadium banner—it has a terrific frieze of bright-red felt hot dogs in yellow felt rolls with an occasional line of yellow felt mustard down the middle—and a four-by-seven-foot fibre-stuffed royal-blue felt eagle with yellow felt claws, made by a fifth-grade class at P.S. 28, in Manhattan. Roger Caban, who describes himself as a New Yorkerican, and who is a photographer and one of Mayor Beame's two advance men, said, "Smooth show. The Rudins can put on a good party."

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**THE TRAM**: Last week, at an official midmorning ceremony, New York City opened to the public the Roosevelt Island Aerial Tramway, and thereby became the only urban community in the country with aerial-tramway transportation. The tramway, which serves the newly developed residential community on Roosevelt Island, runs thirty-one hundred and thirty-four feet alongside the Queensboro Bridge. There are two cars, and they are never in either station at the same time. The tramway has a maximum travelling speed of sixteen and three-tenths miles per hour, and each tramcar can carry a maximum of one hundred and twenty-five passengers, plus one operator. It takes three and one-half minutes to get from station to station.

When we arrived at the ceremony, which was being held at the Manhattan end of the run, we were met by a band called Al Madison and the Dixie Dance Kings, who played "When the Saints Go Marchin' In" over and over. On the boarding platform, there was some confusion. We saw a group of television reporters huddled together in a circle, all trying to talk at the same time. We later realized that they were interviewing Mayor Beame. We saw people boarding the tramway and then being asked by the conductor to debark. And we saw people drinking champagne. At ten-forty-two, the first tramcar, which carried dignitaries and members of the press, started across for Roosevelt Island. All the passengers, some with glasses in hand, cheered. It climbed up and up, reaching a peak of two hundred and fifty feet over the East River. Someone pointed out a fireboat gushing water and bellowing a greeting. The passengers cheered. Someone pointed out the United Nations. The passengers cheered. And when the other tramcar, coming from Roosevelt Island, passed by—empty—the passengers cheered for that, too. Then the eastbound car started to descend. It felt a little bit like a roller coaster, and the passengers, in unison, said "Whoooo!"

At Roosevelt Island, Mayor Beame, looking quite distinguished in a navy-blue suit, made a speech. He said, "We just took a ride over in this tramway, and, believe me, it's safe. This is the only aerial urban tramway in America, and it shows that New York is first, as always." Then he broke a bottle of champagne on the tramcar, and everybody cheered. Immediately afterward, there was a party for dignitaries, press, and Roosevelt Island residents in a park on Roosevelt Island. When we got to the party, Al Madison and his Dixie Dance Kings were playing away—only this time the tune was "Has Anybody Seen My Girl?" People were waiting in line for hot dogs, fried chicken, or a drink. They ate and drank two thousand hot dogs, thirty-five hundred pieces of chicken, eight hundred cups of Pepsi, eighteen hundred cans of Schlitz, one hundred and twenty bottles of New York State Gold Seal wine, and a case of champagne—all donated to the city.

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**BLOCK POWER**: The New York City streets make up thirty-nine thousand blocks, and about ten thousand of them are organized into block associations. As far as the Citizens

Committee for New York City is concerned, all thirty-nine thousand should be organized at this hour—this hour being the crisis that New York City is going through. The Citizens Committee, whose chairman is Osborn Elliott, editor-in-chief of *Newsweek*, has a special interest in the city's present crisis, having been formed last fall to help mobilize neighborhoods and local communities into a fight for survival against budget cuts and shrinking municipal services.

As it happened, last week was Block Association Week in New York, and this gave the Citizens Committee a chance to continue its missionary work by calling attention to the need for more block associations. On Saturday, the committee—along with the Federation of Citywide Block Associations and the Mayor's Office of Neighborhood Services—sponsored a lively assemblage of block-association activists from all of the five boroughs. The assemblage took the form of an all-day conference at Hunter College, which occupies the major portion of the square block between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth and Park and Lexington.

We found ourself among more than thirteen hundred activists who had turned up there. They were drawn from about a thousand block associations and—so we heard it said—from every walk of life in New York City. The size of the gathering prompted one of the constituents to observe to a companion, "My goodness, I didn't realize there were so many people in New York who cared about blocks," and it prompted Mort Berkowitz, one of the leaders of the affair, to declare, "This is one of the biggest conferences by and for New Yorkers ever held."

In one of the crowded corridors, we got to talking with a sedate, thirtyish-looking man wearing brown corduroys. He proved to be Dennis Allee, the executive director of the Citizens Committee. By then, the milling conferees had impressed us as conscientious combatants, come out to hear what they could do for their city, so we asked Mr. Allee how he would describe the purpose of the occasion.

"It is partly to create a feeling of solidarity," he said, "and partly to discuss among ourselves ways in which block associations and neighborhoods, acting at the grass roots, can help fill the gaps in city services."

The activists had far too much to say for all of it to be heard in one place; therefore the congregation split itself up among twenty-nine workshops, dealing with different matters that New York's citizens will pretty much have to take into their own hands while the city grapples with its money problems—such matters as were listed in the conference agenda as "Beautification," "Trees," "Consumer Protection," "Tenants' Associations," "Developing and Improving Parks," "Civilian-Band Radio and Car Patrols," "Self-Help Sanitation Programs," "Food Co-ops and Credit Unions," "Recycling Centers," "Involving Senior Citizens," "Housing Rehabilitation," "Political Environmental Action," and "Developing Leadership."

We spent some time in a workshop concerned with "City Government and the Block Association," which retailed information on how citizens can best check up on city services and can get the most out of what services remain. Among seven panelists was City Councilman-at-Large Robert Wagner, Jr., a young man with a pleasant manner, an intense voice, and a look of concern on his face. Speaking conversationally and compassionately, Mr. Wagner said he brought no cheerful news, and he went on to propound what we have decided to call the Iron Law of Manpower Cuts, which goes like this: the reduction in a particular city service is almost always five per cent greater than the reduction in manpower. "For instance, in sanitation, a ten-per-cent cut in manpower is almost sure to result in a fifteen-per-cent drop in garbage collection," Mr. Wagner explained. "And what is true of sanitation is just as true of other services." His conclusion was that, as a result, "there is now a growing need for volunteers in city government, to augment the services that are being cut back, and even to help provide basic ones."

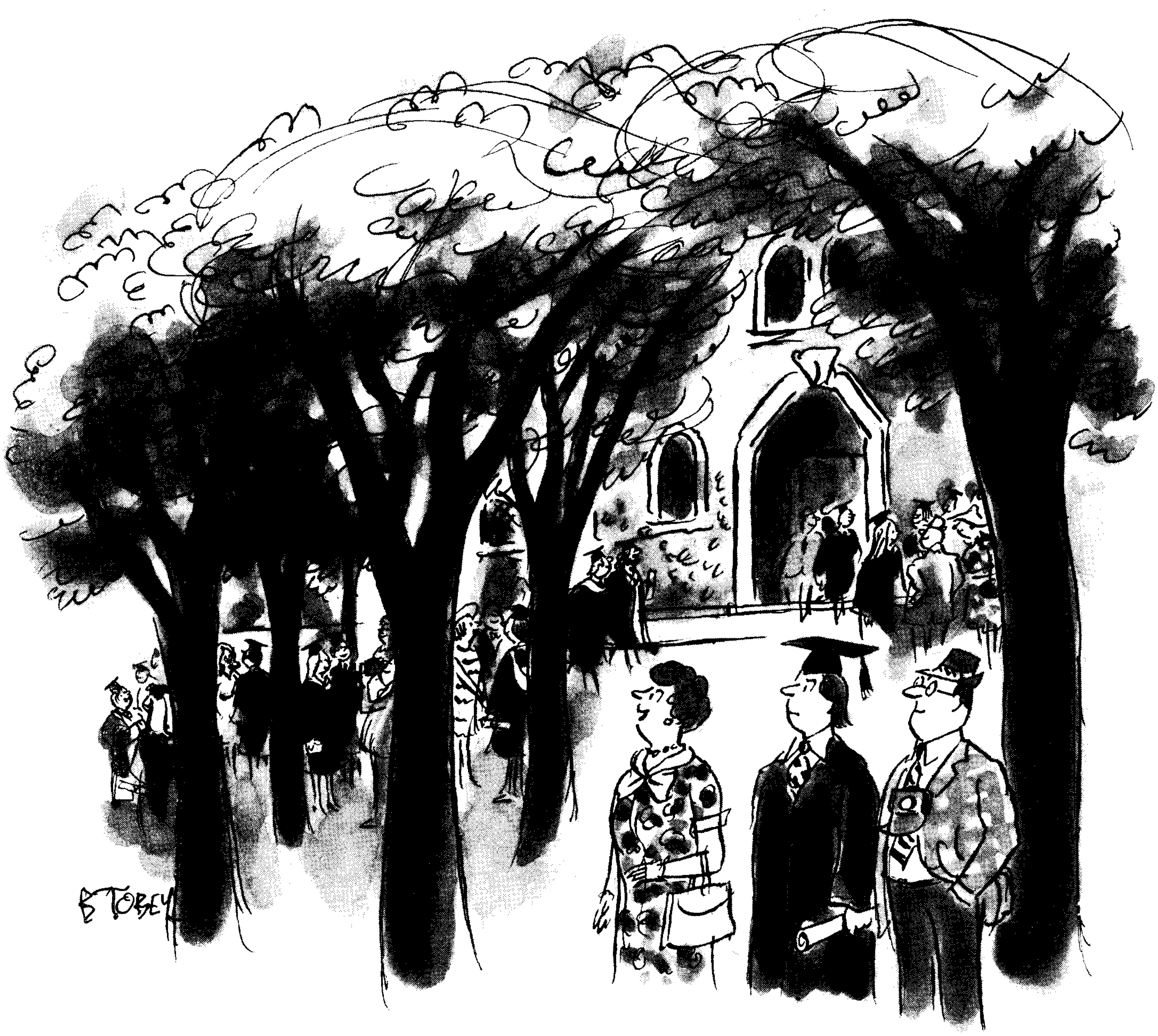
For lunch, the rendezvous was the capacious cafeteria in the basement of the Hunter College building. The occasion brought to mind one of the more unfriendly charges that have been levelled against New York City: that it might not find itself in such a financial pickle now if it had not for so long been the home of the free ride and the give-away. Certainly generosity—or the New York ethic—dies hard, for the sponsors of the conference provided each of the thirteen hundred-odd participants with a lunch. To be sure, the participants had paid two dollars admission and their lunch was quite modest compared to the Rudin and tramway refreshments: a tuna-on-white in cellophane, a Delicious apple, a piece of cake in plastic wrap, and a paper cup of Pepsi.

After lunch, the activists gathered in the equally capacious auditorium, for a plenary session. The atmosphere here was more inspirational than instructional. Among those on the platform was First Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti, well known as a strong supporter of New York City's neighborhoods. Mr. Zuccotti said, "I firmly believe that if the neighborhoods don't assert themselves more strongly in the city's affairs, not only will the neighborhoods not survive but the city won't survive, either," and then he handed out citations to a number of people who were being honored for good citizenship—specifically, for "improving the quality of life" in their neighborhoods.

In turn, Jay Steingold, one of the honorees, presented Mr. Zuccotti with a paperweight. "It's for keeping the bills down," Mr. Steingold explained.

Mr. Zuccotti smiled, as did Comptroller Harrison Goldin, who spoke next, saying, "The enormous interest in saving the city is represented by your presence here. As the city struggles to enter a new day, to present services to the best of its ability, the contribution of the block associations will be invaluable."

The block-association activists responded most rousingly to one of their own—Dr. William Johnson, a short, light-skinned black man, who is president of the Melrose Family of Block Associations, in the Bronx. In the presence of numerous important politicians and bureaucrats, Dr. Johnson launched a spirited grass-roots attack upon all those who in his opinion had presided over the decline of the city. "It is not the neighborhood people who brought New York City to its fiscal crisis," he thundered. "It is the politicians and bureaucrats who got together with the businessmen and the banks to make money. What this conference says is that neighborhoods and local communities should no longer stand idly by and let the big shots run and ruin things. We the people at the grass roots declare that we care about New York, that we are together, that we are going to stay together and fight together for



*"Oh, Kenneth! Your letters never mentioned all these beautiful elm trees!"*

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the survival of the city." The grass roots cheered lustily.

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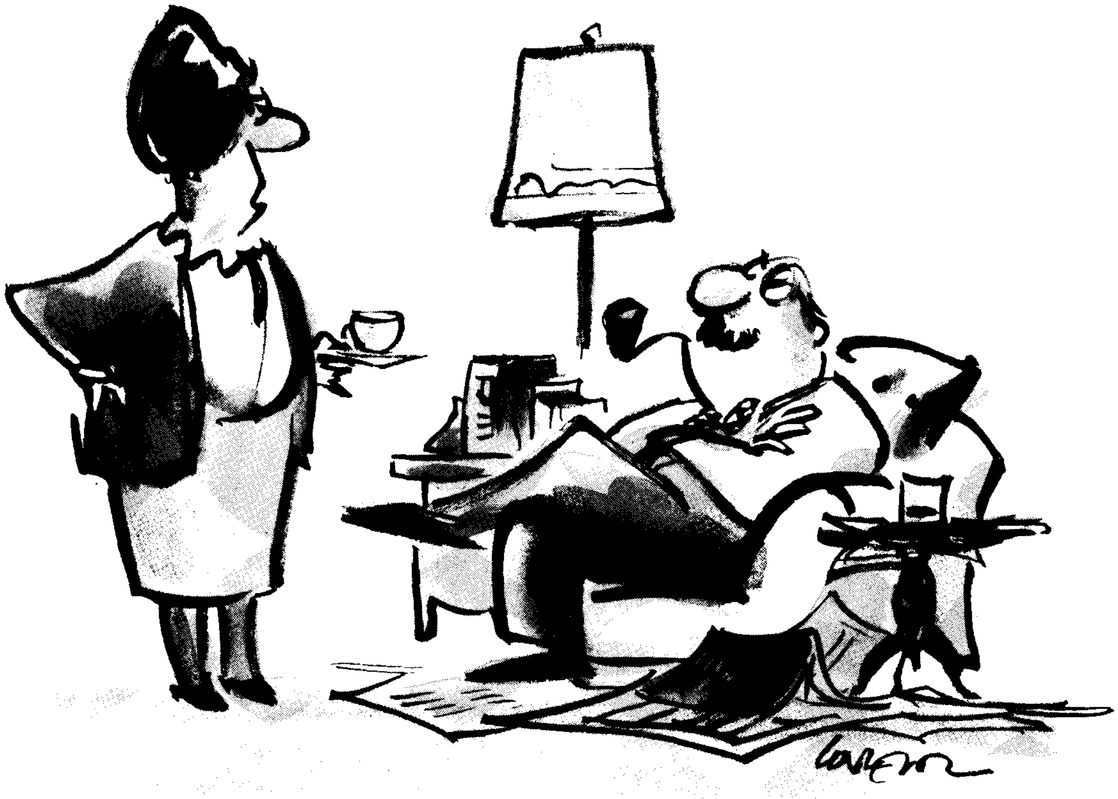
**T**EEMING: At the urging of our friend the New York chauvinist, who promised us at least temporary relief from those bankruptcy blues, we went to the Marlborough Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street, to see "Ruckus Manhattan," an exhibition of sculptures by Red Grooms and The Ruckus Construction Co., some of the proceeds of which will benefit the Citizens Committee for New York City. Part of "Ruckus" was shown down on Pine Street last winter; the expanded, uptown version will be on display through July 16th. Grooms calls it "a sculptural novel." It could as easily be described as a sculptural play or a sculptural comic book. "Ruckus" is a funny, mordant, garish, loving depiction of the city and its citizens in metal and wood, vinyl and cloth, paint and plaster; it combines the populism of a W.P.A. mural with the irreverence of subway graffiti. Crammed with details that range from the whimsical to the mildly sinister, Grooms' Manhattan seems imagined by a Hieronymus Bosch with a sense of humor. Like the real Manhattan, it *teems*. It is full of proles, grannies, suburbanites, newsstand owners, and pretzel venders; skin of every color; hair of every length and texture; weirdos of every stripe, plaid, and print; faces that look horrified, happy, tired, spaced out, and suspicious.

We entered the show through an orange-and-green turnstile and boarded the Lexington Avenue local. Its larger-than-life-size painted-plaster-on-wood passengers were a familiar assortment. The woman in the corner seat looked agonized because a sleepy old man was falling onto her lap. To their right sat the quintessential shopping-bag woman, chunky and square-headed, with pouched cheeks, pursed lips, and hair like a playing-card king's. Farther down, a grotesque pink-faced idiot with giant ears and hands and a lolling tongue leaned menacingly over a child in a red snowsuit. A tall, skinny black dude carrying a radio and wearing rings on all his fingers rolled his eyes up under his red hat and declaimed something or other to the world. A hippie read Rimbaud; a Chassid read a Yiddish paper; a post-mod stockbroker type read the *Times.*

We walked by a trim, middle-aged,



*"And which Kissinger am I speaking to now? The hard-nosed pragmatist or the gloomy philosopher of history?"*

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non-plaster-on-wood visitor who had stopped to stare at the shopping-bag woman. "Pardon me," she said to another visitor, a young woman wearing an East Indian dress, a yellow bandanna, and sandals. "Is she real?"

"Real?" The young woman looked confused.

"You're a New Yorker, aren't you? *You* must know. Is she supposed to represent a real person? I saw a lady today who looked *exactly* like her."

We left the train and passed a token booth where three multicolored nude people stood in line. Outside the station was an adult bookstore that stocked magazines with names like *Zoo*, *Fruitcake*, *Salesman*, *Sewing Bee*, and *Straight*. A tough-looking fake-leather-jacketed biker was suspended from a chain just inside the entrance. Other customers, with sickly-green, orange, and purple complexions, lurked in the background. A burlap smut king with an enormous burlap cigar presided over his cash register. Back on the street, Superpimp lounged against Supermobile (white plush body, magenta velvet roof, spare tire covered with what we were willing to imagine was ermine) watching Superfox strut in her foot-and-a-half-high platforms and brandish a gun-shaped purse.

After peeking through a hole in a paper-and-board fence (at a construction site, of course), we wandered over to a gaggle of Chinese cooks hacking up felt and velveteen fish, chiffon Chinese cabbage, and straggly cotton scallions. Behind them was the financial district. Underneath the Trinity Church graveyard, two friendly skeletons relaxed. Across the way from the Stock Exchange, a huge ragbag of a derelict perched on a partition bearing a mural of the 1920 Wall Street bombing—a vivid portrait of screaming people, falling bricks, and flying "Saberets" hot dogs.

The rest of the show was outdoors on a terrace. There was the Woolworth Building with a dragon wrapped around its middle. There was New York Harbor, made of a blue silklike fabric that billowed in the wind. There was Miss Liberty, who looked like Bella Abzug; a wondrous Brooklyn Bridge, which looked like a benign metal cat arching its back; and a cheery yellow Staten Island ferry, which transported a varied cast of characters. (We especially liked the crew. One sailor was reading "Jaws." Another—an old sea dog with a peg leg—peered through a spyglass. Up in the boiler room, a demon stoked the furnace.) From the ferry we moved on to the World Trade Center. We noted the alligators dancing in the sewer underneath one of the towers, then climbed a narrow stairway to the top, where we looked down at a crowd of tiny people who popped up, whizzed along a treadmill, and popped down again, like ducks in a shooting gallery. Between the World Trade Center and the West Side Highway, a large figure with a yellow hard hat and with orange pipes for limbs lay stretched out, a smile on his Coke-can face. Above him, the highway traffic went by: a boat on wheels; a horse; a nineteen-twenties car with nineteen-twenties passengers; a hippie van; a couple of joggers; some bubble-top tanks.

"Ruckus Manhattan" is, among other things, a playground; almost everything is walkable-through or climbable-on, and kids love it. A vigilant maintenance crew staves off total destruction. While we were there, the population of the Whistle Stop day-care center showed up. As we walked back through the subway, the children ran onto the train. A little black kid ran up to one of Grooms' creations—a heavyset, paunchy black man wearing a sweater and a knitted cap—and jumped into its lap. "Daddy!" he shrieked. "It's my daddy!"

On our way out, we talked with the woman in the Indian dress. "You know what this whole thing reminds me of?" she said. "A few years ago, I came back to New York. I'd been living out West for a while. I was very paranoid about the city, and here I was staying at a friend's apartment in the worst part of the East Village. I hated to go out alone. But the second night I was there, I had to go to the store. I thought, This is it. As soon as I walk out the door, a guy in a pirate outfit starts doing a 'Hey, baby' routine. I get past him, and a Puerto Rican kid starts kissing at me. I keep going down the block, and this drunk comes out of nowhere, mumbling. Instead of freaking out, I started to laugh. It was like a play. Everybody was doing his little number—and I was doing my victim number. I stood there giggling for five minutes. And I said to myself, 'Well, you're home.' "

# SWINE FLU OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST

HISTORY was made last week at the annual Academy Awards night, when for the first time a single disease captured virtually every major prize given by the prestigious American Academy of Medicine. The Swine Flu virus, a relatively unknown pathogen whose last starring role was in 1918, carried off coveted "Jonases" for Best Disease, Best Symptoms, Best Virus, Best Potential Epidemic, and four other categories.

The man behind this unprecedented clinical coup is Rhinehart Glanzerman, one of the most successful of that hard-driving new breed, the pathogen press agent. At an informal press conference held after the awards ceremonies in Washington, Glanzerman gave reporters an inside look at the frenetic world of germ promotion. "It's beautiful," he told the group. "With two hundred million vaccinations booked for next season, we're out-inoculating Polio, Measles, and Smallpox combined."

Holding up a well-known flu-biz trade paper, Glanzerman pointed to a front-page story reporting overwhelming support within the medical profession for an all-out national Swine Flu vaccination program. "QUACKS BACK MAX VAX!" trumpeted the headline.

"Right now we're grossing a hundred and thirty-five million at the docs' offices," the epidemic entrepreneur said with a smile, "and that's just for openers. Nothing's final yet, but our people are negotiating with the World Health Organization people for a global tour."

What do the Academy Awards really mean, Glanzerman was asked.

"It's hard to say," he responded frankly. "The publicity is dynamite, and naturally it's always flattering to be honored by the people in the business. But personally I think the whole system is far too competitive. There is no *best* disease. Every parasite, every bacterium, every virus, every rickettsia has something unique to contribute. And so much of it is politics anyway. Look at Asian Flu, a real star-caliber virus if there ever was one, but it was going around during the Vietnam war. Never even *nominated*."

What makes a star-caliber disease?

"Mostly it's the name. You got a good, dirty, diseased-sounding name and you're already halfway home. Look at Gonorrhea, look at Shingles. On the other hand, take that A/Victoria Flu strain from last season. Good symptoms, good exposure, but it never made it big because it sounds like something you'd invite to tea. The public couldn't *relate*."

Another reporter wanted to know if the fact that Swine Flu started out in another medium—namely, hogs—detracted in any way from its claim to greatness.

"Not in the least," the energetic agent shot back. "Hoof-and-Mouth, Elephantiasis, Rabies—all of them began in other media. You judge a human disease by how it stands up in humans. If some pig wants to claim credit, let him try and sue."

Why has Swine Flu been such a hit?

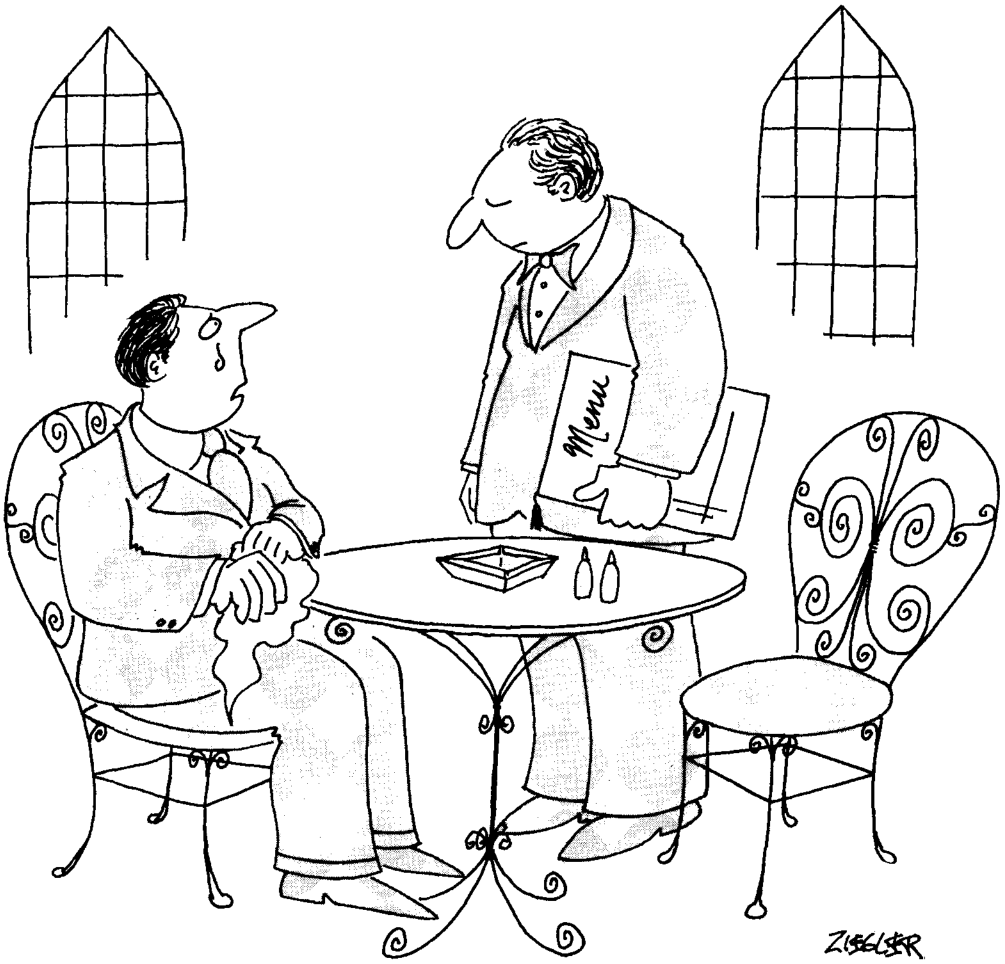
"Like I said, I think it's because Swine Flu is a disease that people can relate to. Headache, nausea, fever—nothing too deep, symptomwise. It's not trying to be the new Yellow Fever. I mean, the average Joe looks at some of these exotic diseases you see being promoted and he's lost. Sure it's awful, he says, but what does it have to do with me? With Swine Flu you don't have to have an M.D. to understand what's going on. It reaches a mass audience and brings a little misery into their lives."

How did Swine Flu make it big?

"I played the nostalgia angle," Glanzerman said. "These last few seasons have been all revivals anyway, and I figured the Swine was a natural.

"But nothing happens overnight in this business. Last year I made the rounds of all the big agencies—N.I.H., H.E.W., even the A.M.A.—and not one of them would touch it. Everywhere it was the same story: Come back when you've had some national exposure. Well, Rhinehart Glanzerman doesn't discourage so easy. I figured if we opened out in the sticks and got a little local excitement going it would be contagious. And it paid off. Our début was a smash, we got a few rave notices, and the rest," beamed the influenza impresario, "is epidemiology."

—RICHARD LEIBMANN-SMITH



*"Would you please have the orchestra play 'Tea for Two,' and I'll just have tea for one, thank you."*

# ASK THE ROSES

Snow fell forward forever
I heard the trees counting their breaths
the laughter of the icicle
the rivers turning to stone
What became of the sea's dream
to become spirit and range the sky
what became of the astronomy
of the gopher tunnelling under the lettuce
and the onion that died like a saint
from the head down
what became of the wooden heart
of the crow who marked our fields
of two codfish end to end
on a blue plate

In the gay parlors of Barcelona
a widow bought an arm and leg
someone else bought all the names
At sea I buy a cloud
and steer it landward into a pile of cars
I buy a mountain oak
and feed it cocaine until the leaves gag
I read the wolf the oath of office
until he sheds his coat, bites
off his forepaws, and howls
for the grave
In front of everyone
I take out my money and count it
stacking the 50s, the 20s, the 10s
The House of Peace, The Mansion of Wisdom,
The Tenement of Beauty,
and The Martial Arts, Survival and Torture
We drink to the health of the dollar
Let my people go, say the coins,
herded into the black purse
and headed for Germany
No one is going anywhere
we've all come into our own
and we're staying

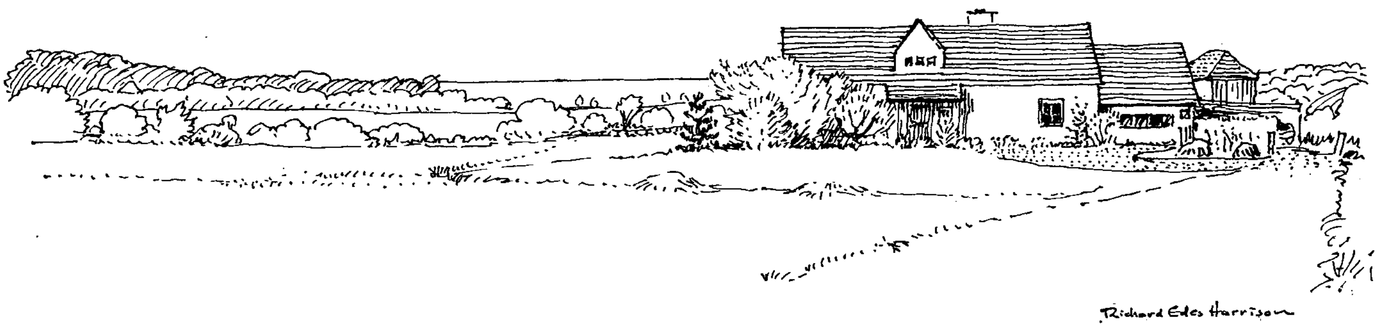
There are tall reedy weeds by the fence
the fallen oranges in my neighbor's yard
blacken and spread like shotgun wounds
Down south in L.A. they are pouring
milk back to the sewers
Has anyone asked the cows
has anyone told the sunset
it will be on TV or the child
that her breasts filled with plastic
will sell fried chicken
Has anyone told the sea it must count
its tears and explain each one
has anyone told the blood
how long it must crust the sheets
has anyone asked the roses
if they love bees who are
basically communists
and worship the female
has anyone fallen on his knees
and begged the dawn to reconsider
Perhaps it is too late now
with the golden light of Tarragona
darkening into lead I want to take
a vow of silence, every word
is a young mouse growing in my throat
stretching his paws
trying out his pink nails

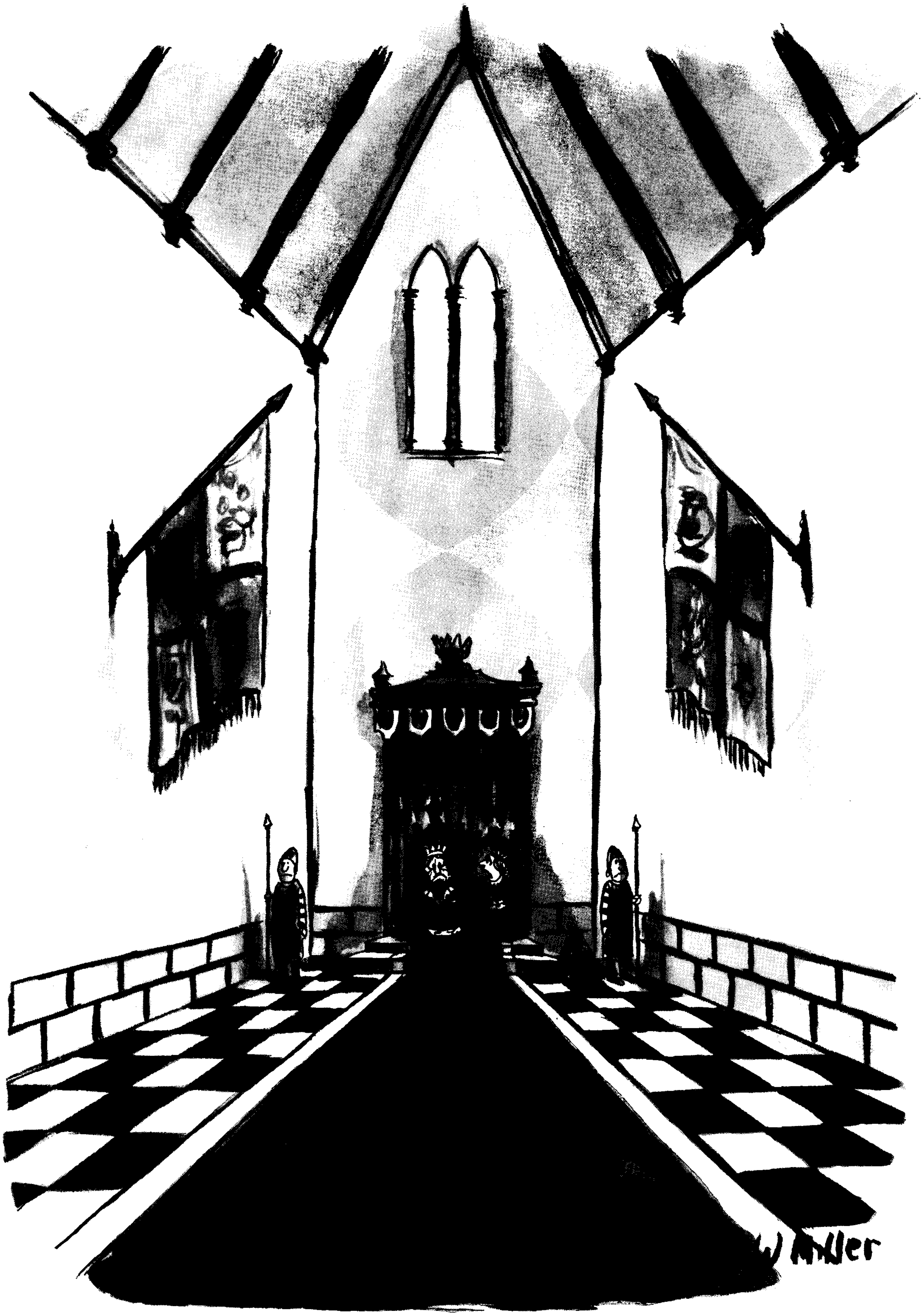
As light enters the morning glory
I feel the heart of a tree swell
and grow into mine, as light falls
through the tunnels of branches
that lead back the way I came
I rise from this grave and go
My aunt and my mother sit again
as in the first dreams of home
crying with love for each other
exchanging words they will forget
Later there will be silence
houses will die around them
My aunt will waken in a motel
outside Fort Dix without a name
In the movies my mother will see
the future and run weeping
along the black staircases
studded with huge breathless stars
The old sun will darken like the spots
on her hands, the light will pass early,
and she will go on wiping at the air
as at a window, wondering, Is it there
All around her Los Angeles goes on
moaning and blooming, and I wait
for the bus that never comes
or punch the time card
after the clock has stopped

Let the leaves falling singly in my hair
get up and join the tree
let the unread books open
into the nests of barn swallows
or turn to twigs and long grass
yellowing in the summer winds
Let the smell of the egg
mate with the rose and the voice
of elm cry out at dusk, a cat
who will no longer hunt
calling for food, my old cat
full of foolishness and hungers
Shall we dye her blue, call her
"California," and teach her how to turn,
how to walk onstage, how to hold
the mouse in her paws
Every evening we show her television
blackening the screen when the lions
drink in the crowded stream
the ibex, the small dogs, the monkeys,
the gazelles lie down in shade
the vulture sings in the baobab tree

The pen that told the truth melted
on the stove, the ink that held
in its veins the bones
of the eel, let go
They became dirt
metals that are earth and can't fly
or must return to spring water
bitter in a tin cup
A man shelling peas sleeps
under the quarter moon
Anyone who laughs out of turn
must eat flies
At dusk no one dares
if a woman passed me now
she would yell at her dog,
snap the leash, and try to look old
If she cast her eyes to the ground
I would smell it and shake her head
until her hair caught fire
Smelling myself I think of old clothes
schoolrooms the rain entered and killed
of a leather purse lost at sea
of a mule bleeding along the whipped flanks
a wind passing through a burned hand
the black embers flaking
of air a dog wouldn't breathe
I am space alone, unfilled, waiting day
after day for two people to be together
or only one who could sigh and be still

—PHILIP LEVINE





*"Goodness' sake, I should think you'd be thankful you don't have a court all cluttered up with sycophants!"*

# TRIBE

"ARE there roads in America?" Aunt Charlotte asked. "Do you eat bread in America? What kind of bread? What is the speed limit on your roads? Did you do your studies in English or in American? I haven't seen you in twenty-seven years! Do you remember our old maid, Marie, with whom you skimmed the foam off the raspberry jam? She died shortly after the war, at the age of ninety-eight. Do you think you could send me some African stamps from the United States? Possibly you could find some from Zaire. . . ."

I was being welcomed back to the castle of Saint-Seran, where my father's family had lived since the year 1560. Aunt Charlotte was the widow of the oldest of my father's brothers, all four of whom were now dead. A heavy woman with silvery hair tumbling over an exorbitantly pink face, she was seated by a television set in her living room, a piece of tapestry work and a large stamp album on her lap. And as she greeted me her mind swung excitedly among rare postage stamps, family tragedies, and historical cataclysms.

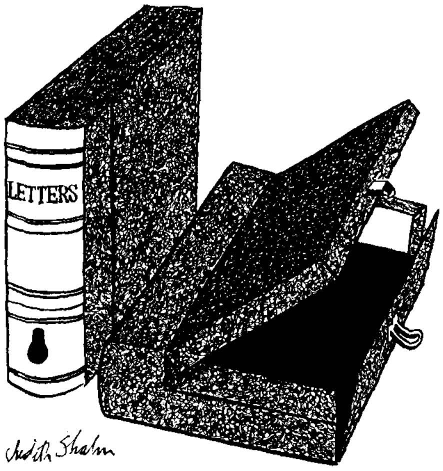
"What about Suez?" she continued. "What about Algeria? What about your President? We have a lot of catching up to do! How curious of you not to have returned sooner! And why are you staying in a hotel in Nantes when we have all the room in the world for you?"

And she pointed to the bedding scattered about her living room and also about the entire house. It was the most startling feature of this dwelling, which I had not entered since the age of fifteen and where I had spent some of my happiest childhood holidays; it somehow made my long absence seem all the odder. There were army cots stood up helter-skelter against the eighteenth-century *boiseries* of the old library, folding beds crammed in the hallways, sleeping bags strewn about the little dining room to which Aunt Charlotte hobbled to take her meals, more beds stacked against the delicate Louis XIII staircase that wound upstairs from the front entrance hall. This proliferation of sleeping arrangements was in bizarre contrast to the bleak gray walls hung with portraits of ancestors, to the forbidding crucifixes dominating a wall of every room, to the austerity of the gray stone floors left uncarpeted since the German Occupation. It gave the castle an air of warm and extravagant bohemianism. It also testified to the enormous number of grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nephews, and nieces who flocked back here every summer with an eagerness that I found mysterious, seeing how terrified I had been of my own return. My father, trying to join de Gaulle in London in the summer of 1940, had died in a plane crash over the Spanish coast. He was buried near Saint-Seran, in a cemetery I had never dared to visit. I had spent a good part of my life denying the reality of his death. And in 1974, as I finally sat facing Aunt Charlotte, I was assailed by another fear that had haunted me: that my father's family would bear me too much rancor after my long absence for any return to be bearable; that I could never return.

Rancor? Quite the contrary! My aunt's inquisitive, gentle eyes seemed filled with gratitude at my visit. Seventy-six years old, confined to the first floor of the dwelling by her great weight, she was as curious about contemporary events as she was reluctant to witness them at first hand. And she treated my arrival as if it were the most precious of gifts—a totally riskless exposure to the modern world.

"Don't you dare think I'm out of touch," she announced emphatically, and pointed to the large RCA television set. "Even though I've not once been to Paris since the Second World War. It's only a four-hour train ride from Nantes nowadays, but there is something about the capital which most of our family has always disliked and feared. The many new ideas, perhaps . . . the modernism . . . the size . . . the craze for novelty . . . the foreign visitors . . ."

Her fingers fidgeting with a corner of her stamp album, her cane tapping agitatedly on the floor, she stared at her foreign visitor with the furtive, taunting excitement with which we sometimes stare at a tiger safely caged in a zoo.



"You're not going to tell *me*, in *this* house," she challenged me within ten minutes of our first embrace, "that Algerian independence was not a monstrosity. Just think of your great-granduncle General de Lamoricière, who dedicated his life to conquering Algeria for France, and your father's brother, Uncle André, whom independence left totally destitute at the age of sixty-seven. And now it's the Algerians who are bankrupt; we gave them freedom much too early for their own good—not to speak of ours. That's one point on which I broke totally with our great de Gaulle, but, God bless his soul, he may have been forced into it. Tell me, aren't you afraid of an invasion of Chinese into the United States?"

No, I said, there were many things to fear, but that was not one of them.

"Well, I think you're overly optimistic. They might just turn out to be like the Africans in England or the Arabs here—drive you out of job and home. And what about Vietnam? How is it that you did not manage to learn a lesson from our history and immediately get out? What a frightful decade you must have lived through!"

Yes, I said, I'd been arrested for taking part in demonstrations against the war in Vietnam.

She clapped her plump little hands, and appeared to feel increasingly safe in my company. "Bravo, bravo! That's just what any of *us* would have done. Risk! Acting out one's conscience always entails some risk. I must tell you that two of your second cousins, Pierre and Yves, were deported to Germany for their work in the Underground, and nearly went mad in the prison camp, and after thirty years have still not fully recovered. Foreigners tend to forget how we are scarred by the Resistance, how many generations it takes for these wounds to heal. You're going to visit your father's grave tomorrow or the day after?"

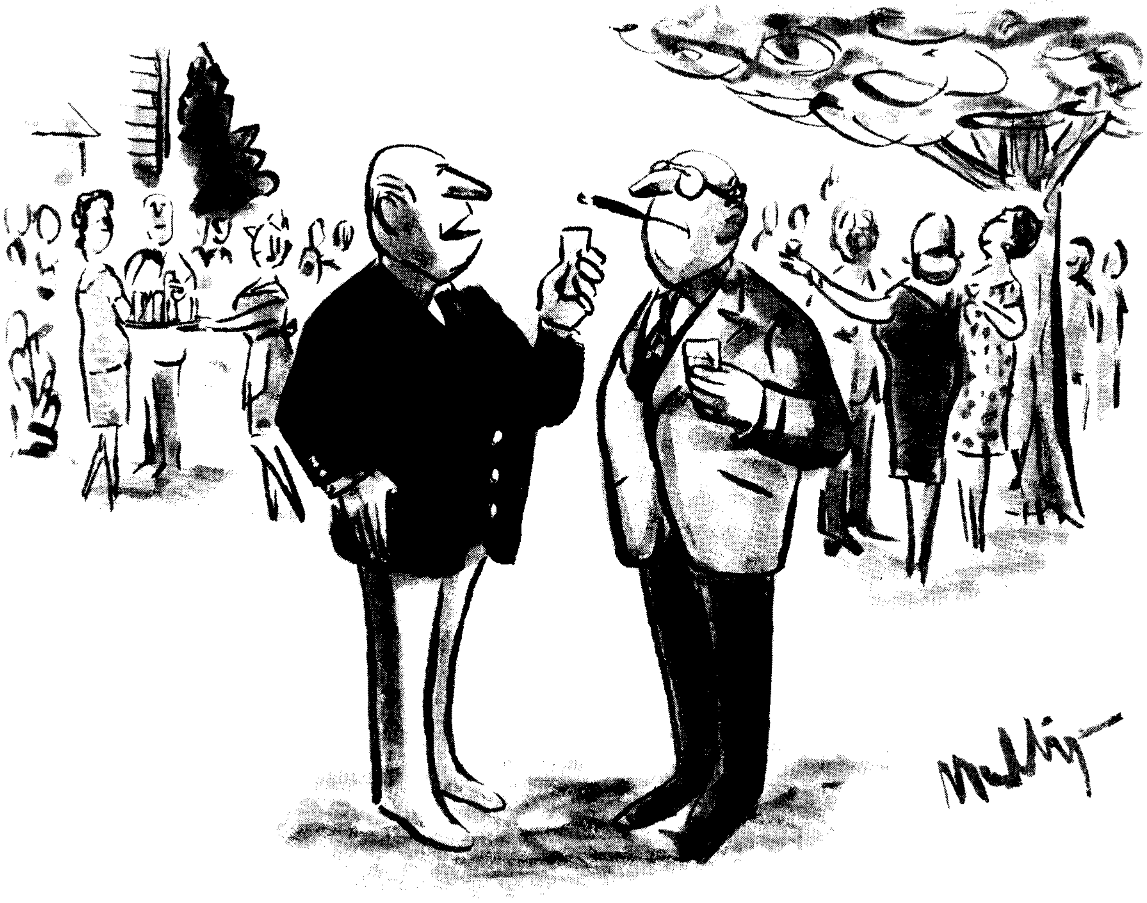
Yes, I said, it had been very much on my mind to do that.

"Well, there is something you do not know about him that it is very important for you to know. After we saw you last, we heard from the Army chaplain in Gibraltar that all the men on your father's plane were still conscious when they crashed on the beach; that they were all able to receive extreme unction."

She watched my face closely, waiting to be rewarded with an expression of gratitude, which did not come. For the first time, she seemed irritated with me.

"But you live in a world of delusions, my dear! You don't seem to realize what joy it gave us to know that he had received the last sacraments! Just think how ghastly it would have been if the plane he was on had fallen into the sea like the others—if we hadn't been able eventually to bring his body here. You see, God always gives us something to be grateful for, if you look at life in the right way." And she crossed herself with great cheerfulness.

I stared at the crucifix that hung on the wall above the television set, alongside a picture of de Gaulle and other hallowed dead, thinking, Yes, this is the kind of grim detail that I must be prepared to face here, that I have felt incapable of facing up to now. At such times my mind took refuge from her chatter in safely historic, encyclopedic meditations on the countryside about me: "The Vendée, a maritime province of western France adjoining the southeast boundary of Brittany, one of France's most conservative districts, was the region which most fiercely resisted the Revolution of 1789. The Chouans, Royalist peasant bands well documented in the Balzac novel named after them, instigated a series of Royalist insurrections which lasted well into the nineteenth century. . . ." The landscape out of Aunt Charlotte's window was as flat as any in my memory. There was not a hillock, not a rock to disturb the monotonous platitude of its horizon. A serene, dead-straight alley of luxuriant chestnut trees stretched from the castle to the country road. To the left stood some dilapidated buildings that had once served as stables and servants' quarters. The old *orangerie* to the right of the entrance had also been abandoned since the war, when the family fortunes declined sharply. In the flower beds circling the castle's entrance only the simplest and most tenacious of flowers—hydrangeas, geraniums—fought their way nobly through tall clumps of weeds.



*"I agree Ford isn't all that great, and Reagan leaves a lot to be desired, but then who else is there?"*

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"Now for the family albums," Aunt Charlotte was saying. "Let's start with 1936. We'll do '37 in the afternoon, and perhaps '38 after tea, if we're not too tired. Here you are, aged five, with your cousin Daniel, who's coming from Nantes to lunch with you. There you are with Louise, your oldest cousin, who is coming from Paris tomorrow to see you. And look at that sweet picture of you with Catherine, who is coming to meet you here this afternoon. Ah, here's one of you with your father and all six of your Saint-Seran cousins. Mercy, how they adored him! He was their hero." She lingered with particular affection over this snapshot of my father surrounded by a pack of children. We were swarming and climbing up his limbs as if he were a huge oak tree. Cousins, cousins—I never knew anyone could possess as many as I did. Throughout the day they tumbled out of Aunt Charlotte's albums as prolifically as the camp beds set out to accommodate them, testifying to the redoubtable fact that, in other parts of France, each of my father's three brothers had borne a minimum of five children, most of whom had also had five or six of their own. And thirty or forty of them came back here every summer. It was awesome, this proliferation of shared protoplasm, to someone who had been brought up kinless in the New World. Every few hours, some new batch of my tribesmen would arrive, each greeting me with different tones of curiosity, irony, emotion.

"IT'S very nice of you to come back after twenty-seven years," my cousin Daniel hollered at me from the front door, by way of greeting. "Awfully good of you finally to come back!" I stared at him with particular curiosity, for he was depicted in one of the few childhood photographs that had followed me to America. It showed us together at the age of six, both sucking on lollipops, and both dressed in white for someone's First Communion. My arm was linked through his, and he looked miserable under my possessive embrace—I had been madly in love with him at that age. He was now a tall, angular businessman in his forties, with tobacco-stained teeth.

"You could have given us some sign of life earlier, you know," he continued to roar. "Awfully strange behavior. Strange notion of family you have in the United States. We've always heard Americans have no great sense of family or of the past. Well, my dear, you're a living proof. So you've finally decided to come back. We were never about to spank you or anything for staying away. Your father was one of my best friends when I was a child. A hero to us all, God knows. Every few years our newspapers still ask for a picture of him to illustrate another story on the early days of the Resistance. I'd have recognized you in a crowd a hundred yards away! Ah well, give us a kiss; it's good to have you back!"

And he embraced me powerfully, his clothes giving off the pungent odor of Gitanes. It was almost time for lunch. On this August holiday—the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary—young cousins from Nantes, from Rennes, from Brest kept flocking unannounced to the family house, arriving on motorcycles and in *quatre-chevaux* with the suddenness with which a lover surprises his mistress on an idle afternoon. "Yes, here they are," Daniel said pointedly. "*They've* got a sense of family. Properly brought up people. You can't keep them away." The helter-skelter village girl in charge of Aunt Charlotte's housekeeping scurried about, peeling more potatoes, picking more tomatoes. "It's always like this in the summer," Aunt Charlotte grumbled good-naturedly as she hobbled about, masterminding the frantic resetting of the table. "Sometimes we're three, sometimes eighteen. I wish they'd let me know with a little phone call, I who try to build my life around the accurate and precise reception of world news, lunch at twelve sharp so I can get the one o'clock *bulletin d'information*, dinner punctually at seven so I can see the best of the evening reports. . . ."

With an entrancing blend of formality and confusion, melon, fish, chicken, a vegetable, salad, cheese, and fruit were served separately on seven changes of slightly chipped, two-hundred-year-old family china. "So what do you do in America?" Daniel shouted across the table. "Write about current events, I suppose? I don't know how you can keep up with them, where you live."

"Where's Dayton, Ohio?" asked a young cousin who had arrived from Nantes on his motorcycle. "In the center of your country or on the coast?"

"You only have two children? Why such a small family?"

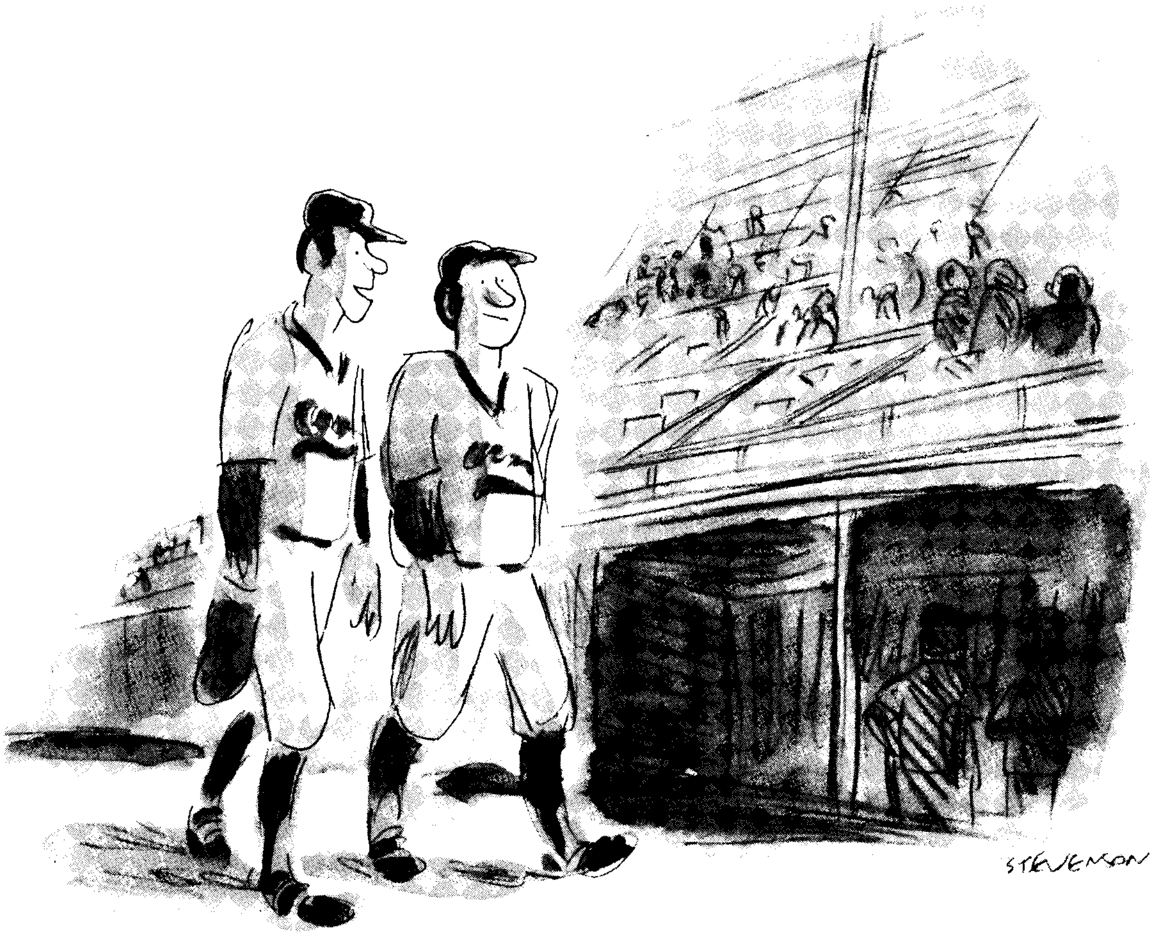
"Do your sons play soccer, Rugby, or football?"

"Hasn't Dr. Spock had a terribly pernicious influence on your young people?"

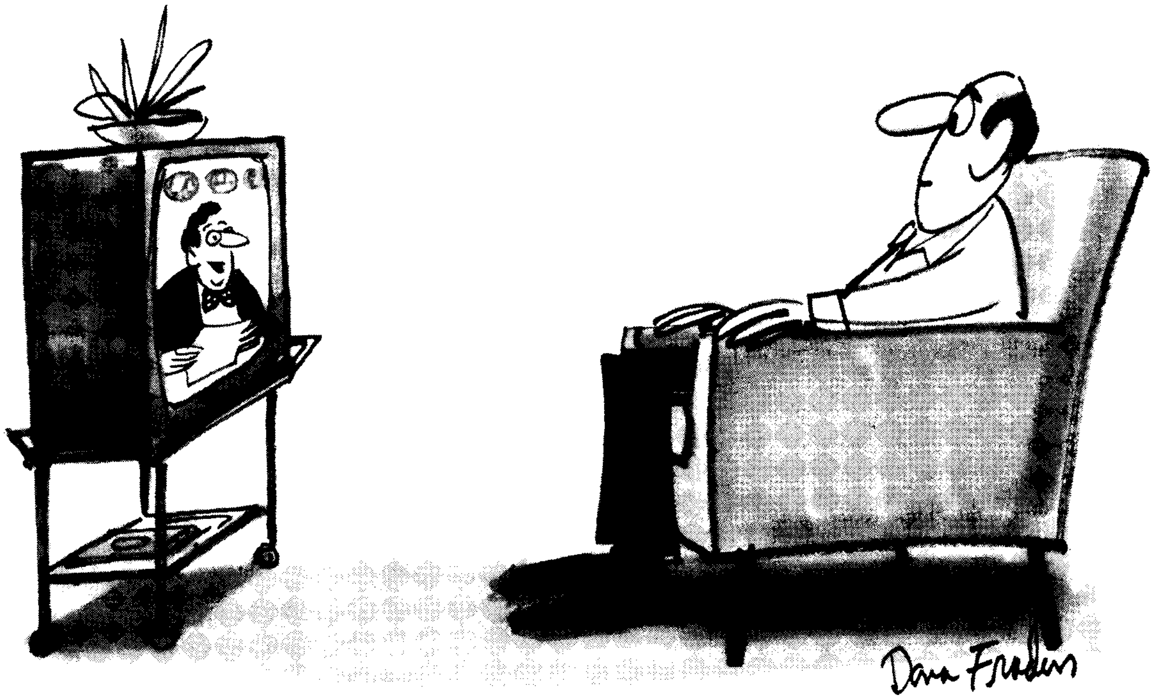
"What are the speed limits on your roads?"

"Absolutely monstrous of you to throw out your President like that!" Daniel boomed during the fish course. "You elect him with the greatest plurality in your history, and two years later he's the first one whom you ever turned out of office. What's all this regicide, this hysteria? One of our great world leaders. A man of peace. Look at what he's done in Vietnam, in China, in the Near East. You have no sense of history. Your puritanical nonsense about corruption, it's so naïve. What do you think politics are all about? Did anyone raise an eyebrow when Napoleon pillaged Italy?" He washed down his chicken with a large mouthful of Montrachet. "Did anyone protest when Louis XIII had his opponents jailed? *Moi j'ai trouvé ça formidable, Watergate.* How else can you run a country? In deposing Nixon you're thinking of yourselves, not of world order; it's very selfish. *Ce n'est pas chic, ça. . . .*"

It was the hottest day of the summer. Some twelve of us were crowded into the tiny dining room furnished with frayed, weathered Louis XV furniture and piles of sleeping bags. All the windows were tightly shut. The crucifix hanging over the door to the kitchen was ornamented with dried palm and bay and surmounted by a receptacle for holy water. Everyone except me had gone to Mass that morning. The three nieces I had acquired at lunch that day were large and pretty, with that high-toned, Irish-like complexion typical of the Vendée and Brittany. The prettiest—one of Daniel's daughters—wore a thin-strapped, mini-skirted gingham dress that looked like an



*"I'm glad you liked my clutch two-bagger. And I admired the baffling assortment of pitches you tossed to protect our slim lead in the ninth."*



*"This is the seven-o'clock news with Jim Holton, forty-five thousand dollars a year, in Hong Kong; Pearl Wanda, thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, in Alaska; Fred Hutchins, seventy-five thousand dollars, in San Francisco . . ."*

• •

elongated bathing suit. "You should have put something on top of that décolleté for lunch," her father grumbled. "Monsieur le Curé almost had a stroke when he gave you Communion this morning."

"Don't worry, Papa," she said saucily, putting her arms over her large and beautiful breasts. "I crossed my hands over them so that the host wouldn't fall in between." Her father guffawed.

What an unpredictable lot, I thought, I rather like them . . . I fancied their blend of conservatism and eccentricity, their bohemianism, their extraordinary fear of fresh air. Halfway through coffee, almost fainting from the heat, I pleaded the beauty of the midday light on the castle's façade, and went out to take a photograph and breathe. The pretty niece followed me. "Stop, stop, don't take it yet!" she cried as I focussed the camera. "There's a window open on the second floor; it looks so awful!"

She ran up to close it and quickly ran back. "*Now* take it," she ordered, staring beatifically at the pale, exquisitely symmetrical structure. I obeyed. *Click:* my ancestors' home. With all its windows shut, the little castle glimpsed through its alley of chestnut trees looked as impervious to the flow of history as to currents of air, like a structure out of a Perrault fairy tale. Papa had spent his childhood here, and had helped to nurse his mother through a lingering cancer. I had learned that detail only today. The Benjamin of the lot, he was nine when she died, the same age I was at his death, and remained alone here with his older sister, Colette, while his father and brothers were away fighting the First World War. Had those years of sorrow and of solitude helped shape his need for heroism, for early death? Here we had slept in the same bed, during some weeks of each summer, in that second-floor room that I refused to visit. And, five years before, the last of my surviving uncles had died here, sitting quietly in his armchair. A wave of sorrow suddenly filled me for not having seen him one last time. There was no one left now of my father's generation except Aunt Colette, whom I was to visit tomorrow. Too late; always too late; perhaps not always totally too late. . . .

The pretty cousin called to a bevy of her contemporaries, and we all took a walk in the park. It struck me that there was literally nothing to do at Saint-Seran but immerse oneself in family history and walk through forests. There was not a pond or river to bathe in or a movie to go to. No horses, no tennis, no town to shop in within a half hour's driving distance. Nothing, nothing, nothing. Nothing but "*la promenade dans le beau parc.*" And here were these hordes of young persons in their late teens and early twenties, who had the means to go to the mountains or to the Côte d'Azur, but who preferred to lounge about this sweet dormant structure, with nothing else to do but study Aunt Charlotte's family albums and paste into them the weddings and baptisms of the year, or walk through alleys of trees commenting on the beauty of sunlight as it hit the oaks, a stand of elms, a cluster of chestnuts, a grove of pines or poplars. Occasionally, when filled with a sense of adventure, they employed themselves by cutting down some brush to enlarge the park's old alleys, or began the grave task of tracing the beginnings of a new one.

"So you come here every summer for your vacation?" I asked the pretty cousin.

"Of course!" she exclaimed, as if I were mad to ask such a question. She had told me earlier that she worked as a bank clerk in Brest, and had five brothers.

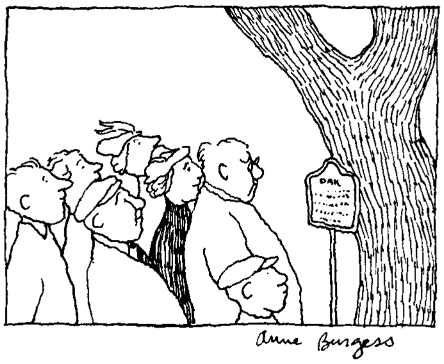
"You like it better than the sea, or the mountains?"

"We come here to recapture our childhoods," she said. "Don't you like to recall your childhood? Oh, I can't tell you how attached we all are to this place, every single one of us. Look, it is so pretty from here. Why don't you take a photo now?" She squinted her eyes to admire the silvery structure, whose slate roofs sloped gently down to its long, narrow, closed windows. History, loyalty, continuity. The aura of the ancestral dead. If there was an occasional glance of defiance, of irritation mixed with the burning curiosity my cousins bestowed upon me, it was because I was the only descendant, to their knowledge, who had refused to continue this linkage. I had attempted to scrub myself clean of family memories, and had tried to forge a false innocence by shutting myself off from the griefs of the past. Destroy, New World immigrant, destroy, destroy, destroy. Destroy the forest, destroy the past, be free again from the pain of history.

THERE is a recurring nightmare that has haunted me, in various forms, over the years since my father died. I dream that he is still alive somewhere, and hiding; that he is avoiding me; that he has just reasserted his refusal ever to communicate with me again. The dream recurred that very night in the hotel room I had taken in Nantes before I knew of the warm welcome that would be offered to me at Saint-Seran. I dreamt that my Aunt Colette and I were on a plane that had made a crash landing. We were not hurt but seemed to be the only survivors, and massive debris was scattered all about us. We received a message that my father was alive and well in some distant country, that he was crippled and confined to a wheelchair, but still strong and magnificent, that he was happily married to a much younger woman and adamantly refused to communicate with us. "Traitor!" Colette and I screamed together upon receiving the news. "Traitor! Traitor!"

On the morning after this dream—the day I was to see Aunt Colette again for the first time in twenty years—I took a long walk on the banks of the Loire to shake off the obsessions of the night. And I tried to remember that time twenty-seven years ago, two years after the war's end, when I returned to Saint-Seran, and, finding my father's absence there insupportable, fled after twenty-four hours. During my wartime years in the United States, I had romanticized the family house—the way my cousins did now—as a place unsurpassed in its perfection. And as soon as travelling became possible I had rushed there alone. I was fifteen, childishly unaware of my relatives' suffering or of the toll of the war. The pain of the visit was bound to be augmented by the fact that my father's death had been hidden from me for a long time, that I had learned about it accidentally from a stranger, that I doggedly continued to believe he was still hiding in the Resistance long after I had learned the truth. And pain still reduces my memory of the visit to images of catatonic brevity. Saint-Seran is a crumbling structure set in a monotonous stretch of fields. My Uncle Jean is thin. My Aunt Charlotte is fat. One of my cousins is in the colonies. Another one is trying to leave for the colonies. A third is thinking of entering a convent. Nantes is one of the French towns most brutally destroyed in the Second World War. Aunt Colette lives in one pathetic room overlooking the rubble of the bombed-out port. We sit down to a prisonlike supper of watery soup in which float stony hunks of dry bread. The next morning, I am taken to visit the place where my father will be buried when his body is brought home from Gibraltar. The cemetery is overgrown with brush, and the dank family chapel is filled with the tombs of ancestors whose history is of no interest to me. I remember little but the high grass, the dampness of the chapel's stone walls, my dumb pain and anger. With anger I stare at what will be his final resting place, raging at him: Why, why did you abandon me? But he is not even there. The absence of his body is like a second treason, further augmenting the treason that was his death. I insisted on taking the next train back to Paris and wept for days, refusing to eat, unable to stop crying, not knowing precisely why I was crying—a minor breakdown, perhaps.

When I came to live in Paris eight years later, I elaborately steered clear of any contact with my father's immediate family. Eventually, I ran into Aunt Colette, the adored older sister who had been a mother to him, and who had also been one of the idols of my own childhood. I met her by accident, at the home of distant cousins. Since it was her only trip to Paris since 1947, when she had come to receive the Legion of Honor for her work in the Resistance, she had probably come to try and see me. She was very poor. The trip was difficult for her. Her eyes devoured me from across the room. I did not have the honesty or kindness to return her gaze. I was terrified of this proud, gentle woman who had worn mourning since my father's death, who was my last link to my childhood. "It would be so nice to see you, even here," she said, intimating that she would prolong her stay in Paris if I could grant her a few hours. But I lied and said that I was going away that same evening to Italy. Those were years when I could not bear to hear the mention of my father's name. And I had rejected her as crassly as I had avoided the rest of his family—more crassly, since she was so totally alone in the world; since, along with me, she had mourned him more deeply than any of the others.



Walking through Nantes toward Aunt Colette's apartment on that summer morning in 1974. Past the great castle of Anne of Brittany, where white swans glide tranquilly in deep, lily-filled moats. Past the monument to

## TENNIS: A PORTRAIT

Always careful not to be kind
In case the network of demand
Bind you fast and, falsely bound,
Pity or rage shoot your backhand

Into the net, you will not play
This game or any other. Let
Fools who win have their dog's day;
Your triumph is to watch the set

From the sidelines while you cheer the serves
Smashed over by the stupid young.
They do not know how the wind swerves
The best-aimed shot from its target. Stung

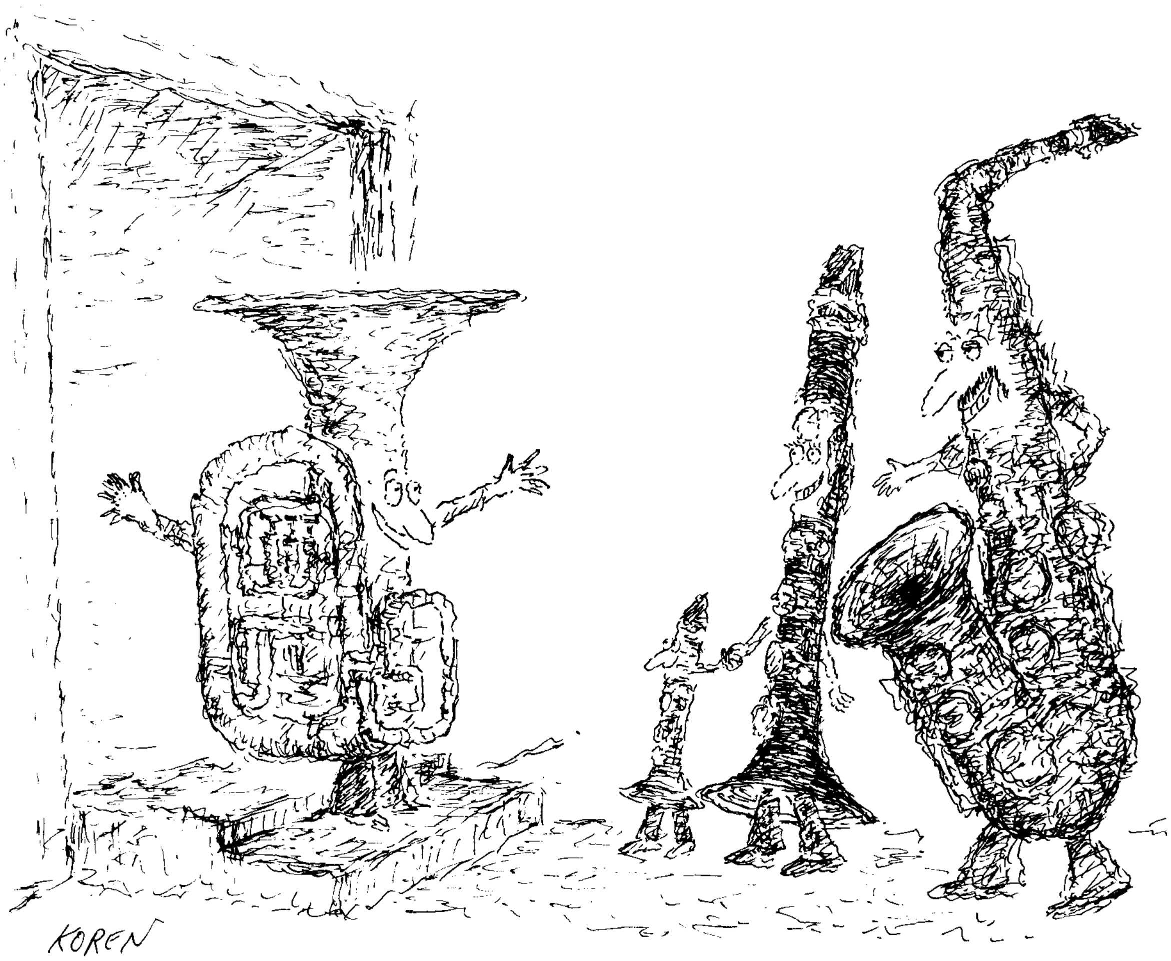
By age, high-strung among the doubles, only
You are single. They miss the mark,
Your verbal strokes—each lob, each volley
As bright, and seedy, as New York, New York.

You know the score—your nets of wit
Hide your fine hand and, hand in glove,
Time's racket lays no bets on it,
Though it was once, at thirty, love.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •

Jules Verne, born in this city. Past the factory that manufactures the nice biscuits Petit Beurre Lu, Lustucru. The city is bathed in the silvery light of the upper Atlantic coast. We are in Gaelic, Celtic country here; the light is like the gleam on a pear. Past the docks famous for the drownings of the Revolution, when, the guillotine having proved too slow, several thousand Royalists were marched into boats and the boats sunk in the River Loire. Past the house where Aunt Colette and my father were born. My grandmother was a great beauty, and she painted with talent; my grandfather died of typhoid in the First World War. I am forty-three and learned these facts only yesterday. I suddenly need to see and own a picture of them. Very well, all's easy now; I'll ask Aunt Colette. A student in peasant costume hands me a pamphlet on the Breton Liberation Front. Another Breton liberationist, in bluejeans and incongruously formal white lace headdress, hands me an anti-abortion pamphlet in Gaelic. Three hippies with long blond hair sit on the sidewalk in the morning sunshine, washing their feet in the gutter, as they would on a summer day in any town in Europe. Dien Bien Phu, Suez, Algeria, Vietnam have come and gone, and the dead have come to their final resting place, and I am walking down a street called Cours John Kennedy. Some new courage buttresses me this morning, making all kinds of new emotions and meetings possible. I come to the address Aunt Colette gave me over the telephone—to the door of a ground-floor apartment in a pale seventeenth-century building a block from the cathedral.



*"Ah! It's the Woodwind family!"*

An extraordinary face stares at me through the window. A delicate face, as fragile and carefully painted as a moth's, ruled by enormous and melancholy brown eyes. All over the moth's face furry tufts of silvery hair grow in mad, erratic spurts, as they might on some wood sprite, on a creature half human, half tree. I so clearly have my father's and Aunt Colette's eyes—ironic, sad, gay eyes with deeply chiselled lids—that this is how one of my cousins had found me at the airport. She walked up to me, extending her hand, and said, "You have Aunt Colette's gaze." The moth's face leaves the window, and a few seconds later a creature weighing some seventy pounds, with the frail, erect, boyish body of an aging ballerina, opens the door. She is eighty years old. She falls into my arms, her body shaking, her face quivering, yet some visible stoicism keeps her eyes quite dry. "Here you are at last," she says during our long embrace. I am shaking, too. "Forgive me," I want to cry. "Forgive me for my lies and my evasions." But I know that I could never use such terms with her; that this frail, subtle, solid woman prefers not to resort to words; that everything between us would be communicated as in a choreography of insects.

Very soon thereafter, we sit down to lunch. One must always eat. Among the decorous, the diffident French, much pain and joy is punctuated by appropriate mundanities throughout the solemnity of a five-course meal.

"Did you do your studies in British or in American?" she asks, our eyes meeting across the table laden with fragile Saint-Seran china. "Do you eat much bread in America? What color is the bread? Do you have *les Trotskystes* in America? How many of them do you have? They are responsible for many of our troubles here. Weren't they responsible for your black uprisings in the sixties? What do you think of the Pope? I hope you do not receive dissident priests for tea—it has become much the fashion here. Have you reread Sainte-Beuve lately? Don't you agree with him that the progress of civilization is accompanied by a terrible degeneration of morals in mankind? Is your stepfather Catholic? . . . Oh, he is Jewish. Ah, well, the Pope *has* forgiven them. . . ."

In this willfully remote province, reality seems to filter through prisms that block out many aspects of modern civilization yet enlarge others into obsessive proportions—Trotskyites, speed limits, the color of bread. Aunt Colette's voice is as light and striking as her person, thin but powerful, with a silvery tint to it recalling the light that bathes her city, often breaking into pealing, boyish laughs. She retired fifteen years ago from her work as a librarian, and lives in a modest but dainty three-room flat filled with remnants from Saint-Seran as frail as her body: odd teacups, residues of Sèvres porcelain, miniatures of ancestors on fragile Louis XVI tables, spindly chairs that are covered in worn petit-point rose patterns and that seem as if they could support no more than her weight. Even the crucifix hanging on the wall by the inevitable photograph of de Gaulle is spindly and ethereal. She shares her flat with a childhood friend, who also never married, and by pooling their resources they have somehow contrived much comfort out of their postwar poverty. And I rejoice in Aunt Colette's ease and her lack of solitude, as if these amenities—those of her own resourcefulness—could reduce my guilt.

I protest, in mid-meal, that one could eat the vegetables *with* the meat instead of separately—wouldn't it make her dishwashing easier?

"And eat like the Germans," she exclaims, "who heap meat and potatoes and vegetables on the same plate? The most disgusting custom I know. Why even when we go on picnics in the forest we bring at least four changes of china. . . ."

She plays bridge at least four afternoons a week, she tells me, being, like most members of our family, "of a nature driven to excess." She frequently entertains groups of ten friends in her flat for two-table bridge parties, and, since they are all quite old, there are always two players dropping out and napping in the other room, resting up for their turn to play. She goes every August to the island of Oléron, with a few friends her age. Over the years, they have settled on a particular hotel for its proximity to beautiful trees and also to a church where they can go to Mass every morning. "I adore forests," she says. "The joy of my life is to walk in lovely parks like that of Saint-Seran or Oléron, and observe the play of sunlight on different kinds of trees. In Oléron, we carry a folding card table into the forest and spend the afternoon playing our bridge match there, enjoying the afternoon sunlight on the leaves. Tell me, do you have insomnia?"

I confess that I do. That I have had it ever since a certain period of the Second World War.

"Bravo, then you're really one of us!" she exclaims, acknowledging the reference to my father's death with a wise, sad look but preferring not to dwell upon it. For she, who knows more about him than anyone else, never offers any detail more revealing than "He hated his braces as a child," or "He passed his exams marvellously." She adds now, "You might even have had insomnia *without* the war. It's a trait from the Lamoricière side which plagues most of us. For instance, your grandfather, a colonel in the professional army, read and reread Taine through the night, whether he was stationed in Annecy or in Algeria. Your Uncle Jean, at Saint-Seran, used to read Michelet from 2 to 6 A.M. and sleep guiltily till ten. Your Uncle Charles de La Fougeraie managed to sleep three or four hours a night, provided that he hunted eight hours a day; so he lunched at ten in the morning and dined at four in the evening in order to hunt all day and sleep a little. As for my white nights, I reread de Gaulle's memoirs. . . ."

"Why this anxiety?" I ask. "Are we romantics?"

She nods her head emphatically with an ironic smile. "Oh yes, indeed, we've always been romantics!"

"In what sense?"

"We're concerned with heroism," she ventures slowly, "and the future of our actions, and how they relate to the past. Oh . . . have you been there yet? No? You are going tomorrow, with your cousin Catherine? Very well. Did you like de Gaulle?" she asks hurriedly, as if to get ourselves back on safer ground.

"A great man," I answer carefully. "Perhaps a little astigmatic, more skilled at seeing long-range consequences than immediate ones."

"But you *do* think he was great?"

"Oh, yes."

"Thank God," she says simply. "All these modern trends—I just don't know about them. These Presidents of the Republic whose wives allow themselves to be photographed in bathing suits. . . . These birth-control pills handed out by the state to anyone. . . . These Fourteenth of July parades switched to dreadful districts where all those hooligans salute you with clenched fists."

She had noticed, before lunch, that I looked longingly at a photograph of my father on her bedside table. And after taking a brief nap to rest for the afternoon excursion we have planned, she comes out of her bedroom swiftly, and hands me an envelope. She gives it to me between one room and another, with an air of contraband, and one of those infinitely sad, wise looks of hers. Our sorrows flutter, hover about each other like languorous moths. We look at each other with that melancholy, ironic gaze that belongs to her, to him, to me. We link arms and start on our walk. We stroll in the botanical gardens, and admire the *effets de lumière* on its elms and oaks. She wears a gown of watered silk, a sweater reaching halfway to her knees, long pearls. Her legs are like matchsticks, her nails are painted the color of fading tea roses. She helps me to feed the swans in the moated castle of Anne of Brittany, as she did when I was a child. I take her photograph on the cathedral steps as she clutches her extraordinary flowered hat in a gust of wind, saying proudly, "We have the highest nave of any church after Beauvais." At day's end, we drive to visit distant cousins of hers and mine whom even Colette refers to as "the guardians of the past." They have lived totally alone since the end of the First World War—when both their parents died—in a magnificent Louis XIII castle, to the preservation of which they have dedicated their lives. Smell of damp wood, splendor of moldings not painted since the war of 1870, resplendent alleys in a park designed by Lenôtre. One cousin is seventy, the other is eighty. Bent and elflike and totally eccentric, too poor to employ a servant, they live and cook, each one for herself, on different floors of the great house, keep different hours and pursue totally different styles of life. One cultivates the flower garden and sweeps the castle's thirty-six uninhabited rooms; the other spends her day doing the heavy outdoor work, maintaining Lenôtre's alleys with a John Deere garden tractor. They have not been to Nantes in three or four years. It is a twenty-minute ride away.

Left to ourselves while they are making tea, Aunt Colette and I wander into the grand salon, which is hung with pictures of great dead Frenchmen. "Ah, look, there's de Gaulle," Aunt Colette exclaims as she advances slowly, unfolding her lorgnette. "No, Aunt Colette, it's Pétain," I correct her. "*Merde alors,*" she exclaims. "I must admit that I haven't been in this room for years and that I've never mentioned de Gaulle's name to them. They might think I'm a Communist." After tea, we stroll out into the park and walk in the alleys designed by Lenôtre. "Look, what an exquisite oak of the species *Quercus virginiana,*" Aunt Colette murmurs. '[illegible] it a noble elm, of the *Ulmus* [illegible] species." Our seventy-year-old [illegible] rides past us on her tractor, d[illegible] boots and ancient riding jodhpurs, [illegible] khaki army hat set cockily on her head. What dedication, what sacrifice, Aunt Colette says. "This house is their [illegible], their martyrdom, their immortality. Perhaps that's why we're such insomniacs in the family. We're romantic enough to dedicate our *lives* to any cause we believe in, however small or great. . . ."

"DO you believe in grace?" my cousin Catherine asked me as we drove through the flat countryside outside Nantes in the direction of the family chapel, where my father is buried. It was her way of being matter-of-fact, I suppose, of diverting my thoughts from the trouble that might lie ahead. She was a singular woman, this husky, serious cousin who had undertaken to accompany me on my first visit to my father's grave: tall, powerful, with short gray hair brushed back in mannish fashion and steel-rimmed glasses framing our family's melancholy, straightforward brown eyes. She was the cousin who had met me at the airport, and I had immediately sensed that, as the only spinster of her generation, she assigned herself the more disagreeable and awesome family tasks: cooking and keeping house for her aging mother, meeting strangers at airports, accompanying them on delicate missions such as this one. As if it were her way of punishing herself, within this family hell-bent on procreation, for failing to reproduce God's image. She was a government social worker, with a fairly high-placed job in the federal system which entailed attending a monthly meeting in Paris. And she was utterly consumed by her duty toward others. She lived in Nantes, in a two-room flat, without a telephone. Anyone attempting to find her there in the evening would learn from the concierge that instead of going home to put her feet up and do her laundry, as she constantly announced she was about to do, she had gone to check on some bereaved family in the suburbs, or rushed to Saint-Seran to make sure that her mother's dinner was properly taken care of. Her manner had that balance that characterizes the finest members of her profession—those equipped with enough diplomacy and toughness to deal adequately with drunks, drug addicts, the orphaned, the handicapped. And she had asked me, in that diverting tone appropriate to the day's excursion, whether I believed in grace.

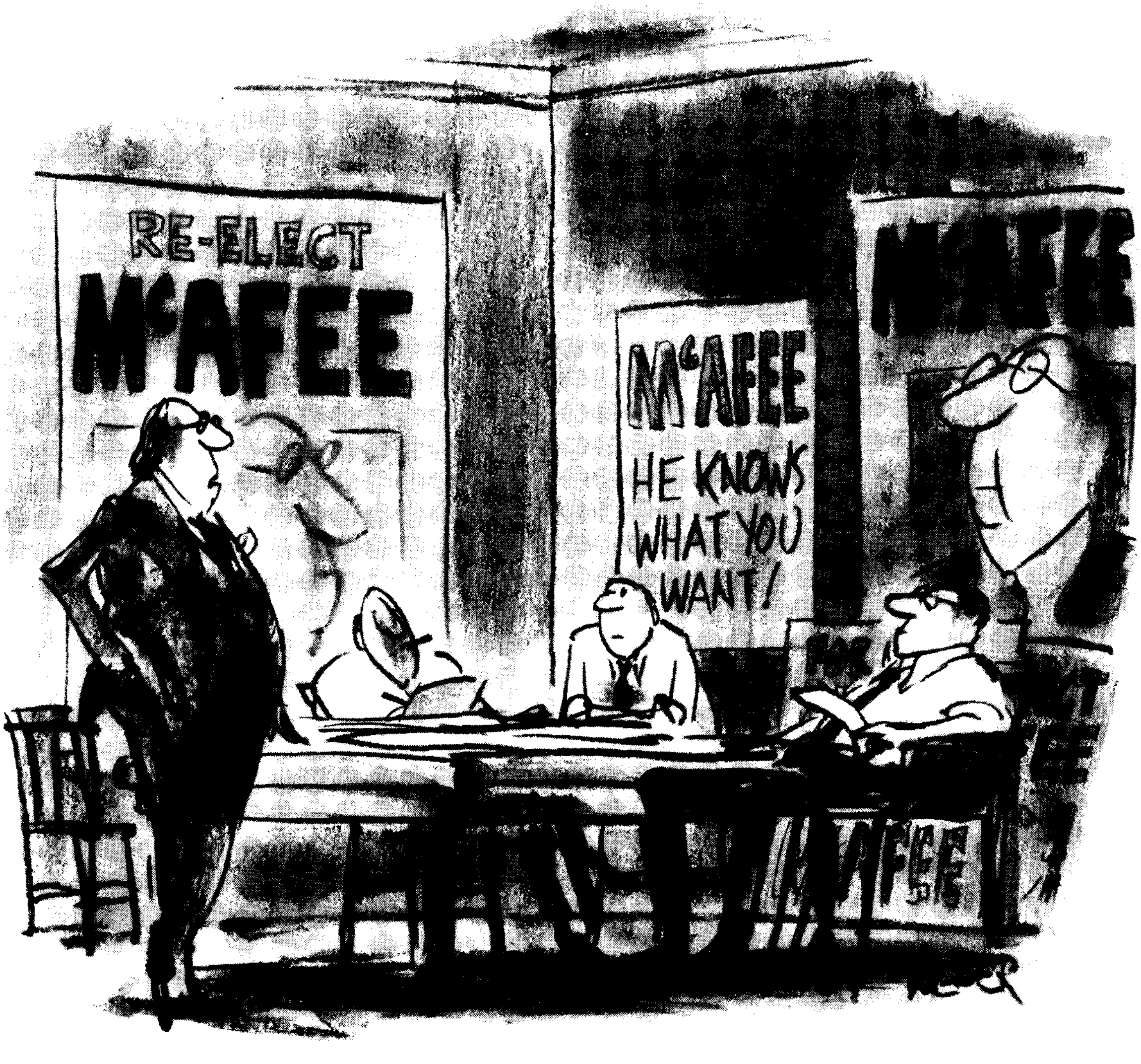
"I'm not sure that we would see eye to eye on that," I said. I was trying to avoid the severe cultural shock that some of my answers had evoked among my relatives. "I mean, I've quite lost my faith in Christ as the exclusive vehicle of salvation. I think grace can be attained through the visions of many other great religions, and also outside of them."

My answer seemed startling and novel to her but not shocking. "Ah, how interesting," she exclaimed. "You do *not* believe in Christ as the hinge, the joint, that relates God to man? You think one can reach grace through Buddha, or the Hindu deities, or some curious Muslim sect?"

"And why not *without* them, since they all stress that He is in us already? I think there are many persons untaught in any religion who have grace because they are able to live totally for the other."

"Total sacrifice for the other, certainly, as you find in all our saints," she agreed. "But how would you recognize a state of grace among the unbaptized?"

"Well, their sainthood might remain quite obscure, totally unrecognized. I can't think of any surer sign than their willingness to risk going into death for others. And I'm not sure that such grace can be reached without the most scrupulous self-knowledge, and it is this knowledge, this total givingness, that is of the essence, not the contact with any religious system." She was



*"I'm going to do a flip-flop on Africa. Can you make it look good?"*

frowning. "Look at all the lies we invent to protect our self-esteem and self-respect," I continued. "Like our unwillingness to face the reality of death, our arrogance in thinking that we are godlike and immortal."

"What do you mean, 'thinking that we are immortal'? We *are* all immortal! I am immortal! You are immortal! That is precisely how we differ from animals! What does our catechism say? 'Because I have an immortal soul!' " ("Really," her eyes were saying to me, "you go too far.")

"Well, perhaps our beliefs are more similar than you think, and we just phrase them differently. I'd say that we differ from animals by our awareness of death, and that this awareness of death might be the sign of our potential for some form of immortality, a manifestation of some kind of immortal world soul."

Stopping at a red light, and still frowning, she offered me a package of licorice-and-mint candy drops, which she kept in a pouch in her car—along with comic books and a manual of self-defense—for the adolescents she had to transport back and forth to the rehabilitation home.

"To get back to grace," I continued, "there is a very great Swedish film in which the heroine is a humble servant girl. She is so totally acquainted with the reality of death, so devoid of illusions, so completely willing to cross into death for the sake of another human being that she is a perfect example of a state of true grace. Do you get to see any Ingmar Bergman films in Nantes?"

"Oh, we get very few foreign films," she said. "As a matter of fact, we get very few ideas of any kind from the exterior. While you in America, on the contrary, must be swamped, inundated, by a profusion of constantly fresh and novel ideas. How curious that must feel!"

She ran her large hand through her stubby hair with a gesture that communicated impatience, some envy.

"Doesn't this profusion of new ideas, this perennial invasion, sometimes make you feel . . . out of balance? To be perpetually bombarded by such a stream of novelty?"

"Yes. It's a country where it's sometimes hard to keep track of reality. Everything flows by us so very swiftly—fads, allegiances. Your brother Daniel loves to attack me for our lack of any sense of history."

"Do you know that in the ten years I have had to make monthly trips to Paris I have only spent the night there once? Even though it's four hours by train. My sister Louise offered me a ticket for a performance of Saint Matthew Passion in Notre Dame. And I felt so guilty for having allowed myself this luxury that I took the 6 A.M. train back to Nantes, and then I worked for twenty-four hours round the clock."

I stared at her with the same intense curiosity with which my cousins often stared at me. "You see, darling," Aunt Colette had said, "we are all so nutty, so excessive . . ."

"Go on, talk some more," Catherine said. "You're like a breath of fresh air. Tell me how you really feel about this place, why you finally came back when you did."

We would be arriving at the chapel soon. The ancient fear gripped me. I sensed that I could talk freely to her.

"Well, I'll tell you. I've been terrified of this visit to Papa's grave. It's as if . . . well . . . as if he could drag me down with him. As if he had the power to force me to join him in death. And so I was too much of a coward and a louse, too small and ungenerous, to honor his memory. It's as if—to get back to what we were saying a minute ago—as if I dared to think I could never be touched by death, and refused to acknowledge any aspect of it. And I was equally fearful of some ill will on the part of the family here, fearful that they might bear me a grudge for never coming back. And every year it grew worse; every year I feared it more. That part of it was silly—you've been so marvellous to me."

She gave me a proud, pleased grin.

"Perhaps we're more understanding than you thought we'd be. Not necessarily about Buddhism or foreign films but about things like pain and death and a child's emotions toward them. Do you know, I understand your fears totally. Someone once wrote—Mauriac, perhaps—that upon the death of a parent a child is like a reed bent by a heavy storm. He may straighten up in time, or he may not. He may have to live perpetually in a stooped position, in a condition of enfeeblement. Also, it is quite clear what happened in your particular instance—a child who is not properly acquainted with the facts of a parent's death may suffer from powerful delusions, complex feelings of guilt. One, you are guilty because you did not join him in death. Two, you are guilty because somehow in some vague sense you feel responsible for his death. And because you were not given the chance of going through the proper rituals of mourning—these things exist for the sanity of the survivor, you know—you may still be unable to believe that he is dead."

Her conciseness stunned me. Cartesian clarity, one, two, three, like a prize-winning *bachot* essay. And so much briefer, clearer, cheaper than analysis. I could not speak.

"What about life after death?" she asked in the same conversational tone with which she had ventured into grace. "Or the resurrection of the body—things like that? In a system of thought as evolved as yours, what would you have to say?"

"Oh, I don't have any great problems with that. I like many mysteries. It's the *transfigured* body, after all. Remember how in catechism, when we used to ask, 'What is the transfigured body,' they'd answer, 'Ah, my child, that is a mystery.' I don't admire the notion because the Church teaches it but because it's such a brilliant historical solution; after all those centuries of

pre-Christian quibbling about body versus soul, they had the genius to come along and say, 'You can take your body, too.' Anyway, there might well be a residuum of self that is not reducible to material quantities, the nature of which science may never be able to decipher. And if so, why not a continuity, or even a resurrection, of this selfhood?"

"Well, speaking of *that*, here we are," she said, putting on her wide, comforting, social worker's smile. "Here's the town where they're all buried."

It had come sooner than I had thought, a bare half hour from Nantes and Saint-Seran. I felt a kind of numbness. That blunt wisdom of Catherine's had made everything much easier than I had expected.

"Look," I said, "I might break down, all right? I just don't know yet. I hope you'll understand."

She made a casual gesture of dismissal, as if to say, "If you only knew the real breakdowns I see every day."

MY great-great-granduncle General Christophe Louis Léon Juchault de Lamoricière, who helped complete France's conquest of Algeria and briefly served as its governor, is so revered in his native Vendée that no one is quite sure which part of him is buried where. His heart—that much is certain—is preserved within a gigantic black marble cenotaph in the north nave of the Nantes cathedral. It is said that, at the insistence of the very first *colons*, another parcel of his mortal body was buried in Algeria. Some of my aunts insist that still another slice of the General reposes in a Paris church. But whatever remained of him after these cannibalistic acts of veneration is buried in his native village of Saint Philbert de Grandlieu, several miles from Saint-Seran, in a family chapel built by the General's sisters. It was here that my father came to rest, twenty-four years ago.

As one drives into Saint Philbert, the General's connection with that town is announced by a twelve-foot bronze statue that shows him striding into battle, his bearded intense face—not unlike Lenin's—surmounted by a towering kepi, his long sword held high to the sky as if giving the signal of attack. Below him, a Zouave soldier in native robes blows his war trumpet. At the General's feet sits Marianne, symbol of French glory and justice, naked to the waist, her large and perfect breasts surmounting the noble flow of classical draperies below. And to the left of Marianne, an Arab woman kneels in tribute, offering her a large basket of native fruit and flowers—the fruits of the Algerian colonies for France. The family's burial chapel stands two blocks from this martial statue, in a village cemetery dotted with marble or stone crosses of varying degrees of grandeur and with purple and crimson ceramic flowers. It is this site, this building, which I had been trying to avoid for over thirty years.

As I walked into the chapel that day with Catherine, I experienced the same anger that had swept over me three decades ago. For I was looking forward to a physical sign of my father's death; I wanted a tomb, an indentation in the earth, a sarcophagus, a glimpse of his coffin even—something real, something tangible, something that would knock me over the head with the reality of his death. The chapel offered none of that. It was simply a sea of names, engraved from the top to the bottom of each wall, gold letters on black marble slabs, and the dead were buried below or around it—I did not know which, at first. Since my last visit, my father's name had been added to the left wall, near the entrance, underneath those of his parents. First came my grandfather's name: "*Mort pour la France, 1918.*" And then my father's: "*Mort pour la France, 1940.*"

"So here we are," Catherine said cheerfully. "Would you like to be alone?"

"No, no, no, no." And I wandered about the chapel with the casual air of a museum visitor, whispering the musical names of ancestors commemorated on its walls: "Marie-Laure de Hauterive . . . Clotilde du Maistre . . . Ah, yes, Anne-Marie de La Laurencie . . ." Would there never be an end to my cycle of anger, delusion, anger? He simply might not be here. He might not be anywhere. He might have abandoned me even more totally than I had thought. What a cheat life is, to always be deceiving me that way. I would go, I *must* go to whatever place his body really lies in, to make absolutely sure, to see the coffin bearing his name. I wanted to break down in the presence of his corpse, to affirm the reality of my grief, to confirm my sorrow to him and to myself, and here there was nothing but names, a sea of names. There was no one to cry to, no one to talk to, and inside me there was an anger that verged on boredom, on void.

"So," I asked Catherine, "where are they?"

"Below, naturally. Actually, if I remember accurately, your father is almost underneath and to the right of the sealing stone, just a few coffins away from the General. As for Papa—he is to the left, and his mother is directly above them. Over toward the apse, you have the Montmorencys," she continued, as if seating a dinner party, "the du Maistres, the Saint Marceaux—the branches of the family that have become a little more distant. You're sure you don't want to be alone?"

"No, please stay. What does it look like below? How are they buried?"

"It's not unlike the . . . you know, the cubicles in which you check your bags at the railroad station," she said, pushing her spectacles onto her nose. "A long, deep recess in the wall into which the coffin is placed lengthwise, with a plaque outside."

"How does one get down there?"

"Right through here." With her foot she tapped a large stone in the floor, just to the right of the entrance. It had a large, rusting metal handle.

"Can't we go downstairs?" My voice sounded faint and piping, like that of a child fighting back its tears.

"*Certainly* not, my poor girl. *That* is exceedingly difficult!" she exclaimed. "We are never supposed to go down there except in the company of a witness—a judge, or a clerk of the court, or an official of that order. It means breaking all that cement around the stone, unsealing it, then lifting it. Ten years ago, the vault became totally filled and we had to do some clearing out, some pruning and weeding, if you will. And wouldn't you know, that nice little task was assigned to me, the old maid. I get all the lousy jobs. I had to have that stone unsealed, and go down into the burial vault with the witness." She gave a little shudder.

"*Merde alors, tu sais, c'était très impressionant.* It was dark in there, very dark, and . . . Listen, are you sure you don't want to be alone for a moment? All right. It was dark; it was not a pleasant task. We'd held a family council the night before and decided exactly whom to get rid of. We decided not to stick to chronology—that would have been a bit didactic. We simply got rid of those strains of the family we like the least—the Cassons, the Du Bourgs, all distant cousins—and there were a few bad marriages in those branches of the family anyhow. We did some selecting, in other words, and put them into the common grave still farther underneath. What else can you do when you get so crowded? The whole planet is getting to be that way.

"Can you imagine what it will be like at Resurrection time?" she added gaily. "Not an inch of elbowroom! What a mess!"

On the drive back to Saint-Seran, she kept saying, "You're quite all right, aren't you?" and giving a reassuring sideways look. "Would you like a licorice, a comic book? . . . Ah, I forget, you're too old for that. In my mind, you're always my little cousin. An aspirin? I always keep them for the drunks I have to transport to the tribunal. I haven't told you, have I, that Nantes has the highest percentage of alcoholics of any city in Europe. Worse than Dublin—can you imagine? Actually, we're alike, we and the Irish—all wild Celts. So. Tell me more about America. What do you do for your insomnia? I find Teilhard good at those moments. I hear you do not eat lunch in America. How is that possible? What do you do from twelve to two? Perhaps it's why you get so much accomplished over there; you're less sleepy in the afternoon. Is France a very small country in comparison? What did he do—precisely—your President, to be tossed out like that?"

And she went on to say that her oldest sister, Louise, who was waiting for me at Saint-Seran, swore she remembered me, and as a child had loved me like a sister. Louise had driven from Paris a day ahead of schedule to catch me before I flew back to New York. Alone, alone, I thought, as Catherine's chatter lulled me like a midnight hypodermic, I must go back there tomorrow alone.

Louise was waiting for me at the front door. As I got out of her sister's car, she moved toward me and cupped my face in her hands and stared at me intently, exhaling strong odors of garlic sausage.

"After thirty-six years, I would have recognized you from a hundred yards away!" she cried. "From two hundred yards away, do you hear, if I had so much as passed you on the street in Paris!"

And she leaned back to study me more attentively, smiling beatifically at her little cousin. She had a round and shiny face, abundant brown hair pulled back in a messy bun, crooked teeth, and an expression of great kindness. Her large breasts were barely covered by a flimsy printed challis dress. "Well, what's taken you so long? What's the idea? Oh, if you knew what a shining memory we all have of your father! He was our hero, you know that. What an extraordinary man! What brilliance! What charm! The best-looking man of his generation, on top of everything else! What an impression he made on us! How he stamped our memory! How indelibly, in-de-li-bly he marked us all! How he adored you! And how you adored him! Do you remember him well?"

"Very," I said faintly.

"And, of course, you're one of us down to the tip of your little finger! Welcome, welcome!" And she hugged me to her large chest, rocking me back and forth like a small baby. Behind her stood a bevy of her children—a new batch of nephews and nieces for me to meet—five sons and daughters between the ages of nineteen and twenty-four, who had come to spend the week at Saint-Seran.

"Yes, how he adored you, how you adored *him*," she repeated. "What a pretty couple you made, always hugging and kissing, never separated. He couldn't stand to have you out of his sight for five minutes, and you would hardly ever let go of his hand. No one else really mattered for you when you were little, isn't that right? No, I know, no one, no one! How you must miss him!"

She squeezed me again and began to whimper, quite genuinely. The sweet bitch, I thought, when will she stop. "Poor little one," she moaned, "left alone at such a young age, and by such an extraordinary man, by such an extraordinary parent! How different, how different things would have been if he had not died! What a different destiny you would have had! Even our destinies might have been changed, too. Do you remember when he took us all to Nantes to see 'Three Little Pigs'?"

"No, I don't, quite."

"You don't remember 'Three Little Pigs'?" she wailed. "But how could you forget? I was fifteen, Catherine was twelve, you and Daniel were eight. Then do you remember that time he took us all to the circus in Nantes?"

"No."

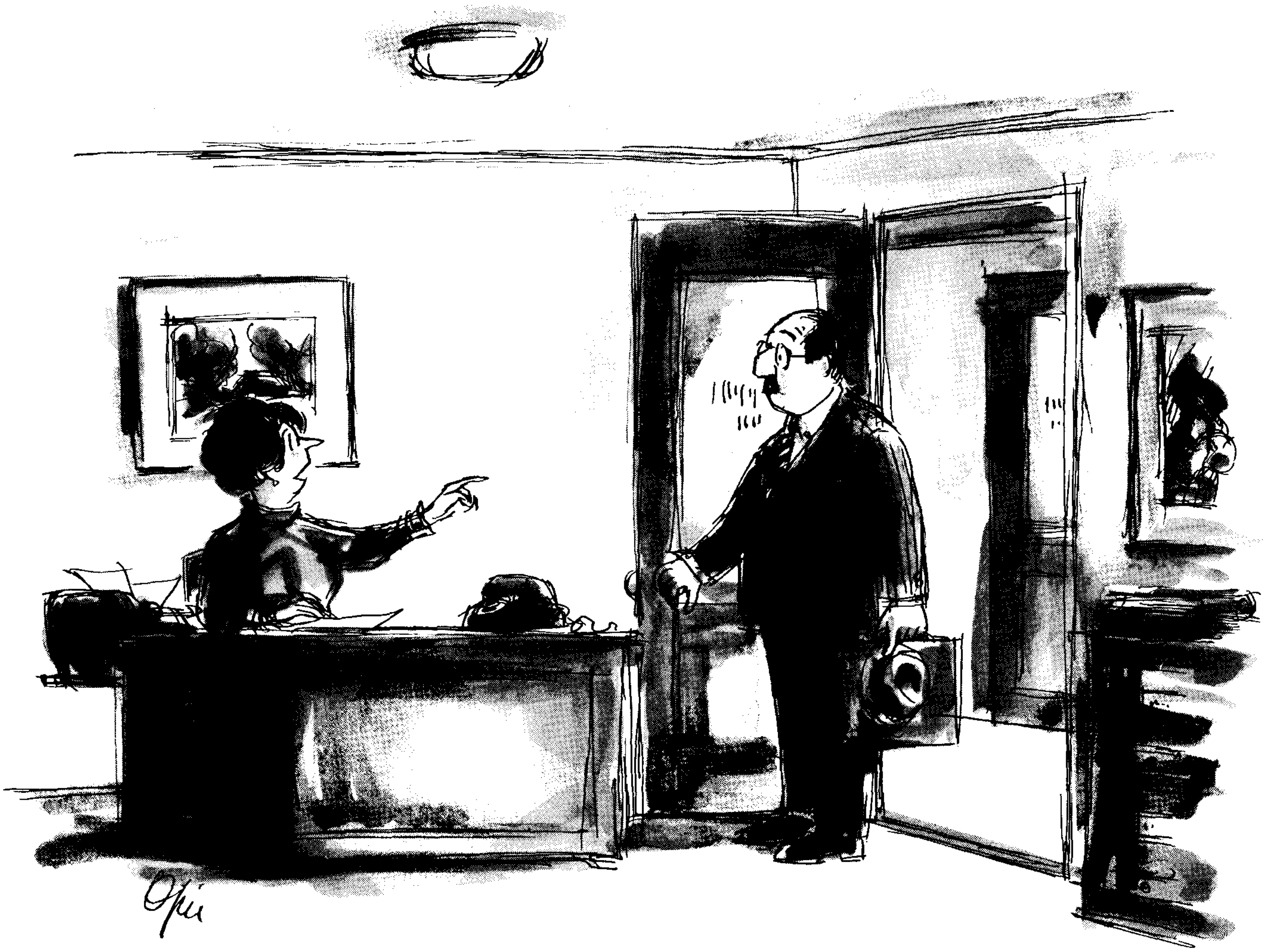
"But how can you not remember? There was this lovely clown you enjoyed so, but when he came toward us and your father said, 'Don't you want to shake hands with the clown?' you burst into tears and said, 'I can't; we haven't been introduced.' "

She laughed uproariously, shaking my body back and forth.

"You were always such a formal child, always very formally brought up by those governesses who took care of you when you were not with your father. Almost too stiffly, I'd say, unlike us. A very complex child. Very precise, very sensitive. I remember you used to brush your hair one hundred times in the morning and one hundred times at night when you were eight years old. You were always our little princess; even though you didn't come back all this time, you've remained our little princess in America. Oh my God, I haven't even shown you the photographs of my daughters' weddings! Such marvellous weddings! How could you have stayed away!"

I saw that an album was already set upon the table next to us, ready for my perusal.

"Ah, here's the wedding of my old-



*"Mr. Murdoch is now at the end of the hall. He's been laterally displaced."*

• •

est daughter, Poupette. Yes, how could you have stayed away from such a fine event? We sent you all our wedding announcements, we all did, for years, and you never responded to them. She married a very good name. Not that much money, but a very old name; that's still what counts, after all. And an excellent piece of land in Picardy. The wedding at a private chapel of the bridegroom's parents' castle. Not many of us have that anymore, a private chapel! Four priests officiating. Dominicans. Can you imagine. *Four* Dominicans! Then an orchestra from Amiens played Strauss waltzes. Six attendants for her, in Alençon lace, carrying bouquets of roses and stephanotis. How could you not have come back to such a splendid wedding?"

"A*LORS*, *mon zouzou . . . Alors, mon beau petit coco . . . Bonjour, mon petit mignon . . . Bonjour, le joli bébé adoré*." Louise's daughter is already wheeling a baby carriage and is at the end of a stroll in the park. Aunt Charlotte, my cousin Daniel, Aunt Colette walk alongside her very slowly, making pretty noises at the baby. More celebration of the propagation of protoplasm. Another offspring to revere Saint-Seran, and to come back each summer to admire its shuttered windows, its mysterious and sleeping air.

"*Oh, le beau poupon . . . Alors, mon petit Zouave . . . Alors, mon petit soldat*," Aunt Colette is cooing into the carriage. Then, turning to me, "Don't you love babies when they're teeny tiny, when they can almost fit into the palm of your hand . . . look at those teeny teeny hands, those teeny teeny feet. Can you imagine, even de Gaulle once had feet as teeny as those."

The family gathers on the terrace for tea. Chocolate cake is brought out. Debate rages about the cake, the recipe for which has been in the family for two hundred years. "You do *not* add the egg yolks to it, you only put in the whites," says Aunt Charlotte. "I know that our cousins on the Belleville side add the yolks, but that's wrong. Yolks make it too heavy, I assure you."

"*Alors, mon beau zouzou*," Aunt Colette continues to purr, as she must have purred at me in my carriage. "*Alors, mon beau lapin . . . Alors, mon petit trésor*."

One last family picture of the dwelling bathed in the pale Vendée light. *Click:* Aunt Colette, in her watery silks, her tufted face pointed in the direction of the forest, says in her tinkling voice, "We had a glorious stroll this afternoon. The afternoon sunlight is so beautiful today on the stands of elms at the northwest corner of the park."

"Mozambique," Aunt Charlotte says, pouring tea out of the gilt, crested Empire teapot, her album of stamps still on her lap. "Listen, dear child, you're going back to America tomorrow, surely you can find me one from Mozambique. Next time you return, there's a bed for you. We expect you back next summer."

"So you're going to go back and impeach your *new* President on some silly puritanical principle or other," Daniel roars across the tea table. "Did anyone raise an eyebrow when Napoleon pillaged Egypt? A little more high-handed authority—that's what the modern world needs."

Catherine looks anxiously at her watch, straightens her spectacles, says, "I really must get back to Nantes by five. There's a very disturbed child in that alcoholic family I must take care of immediately, even if it takes me all night to get him away."

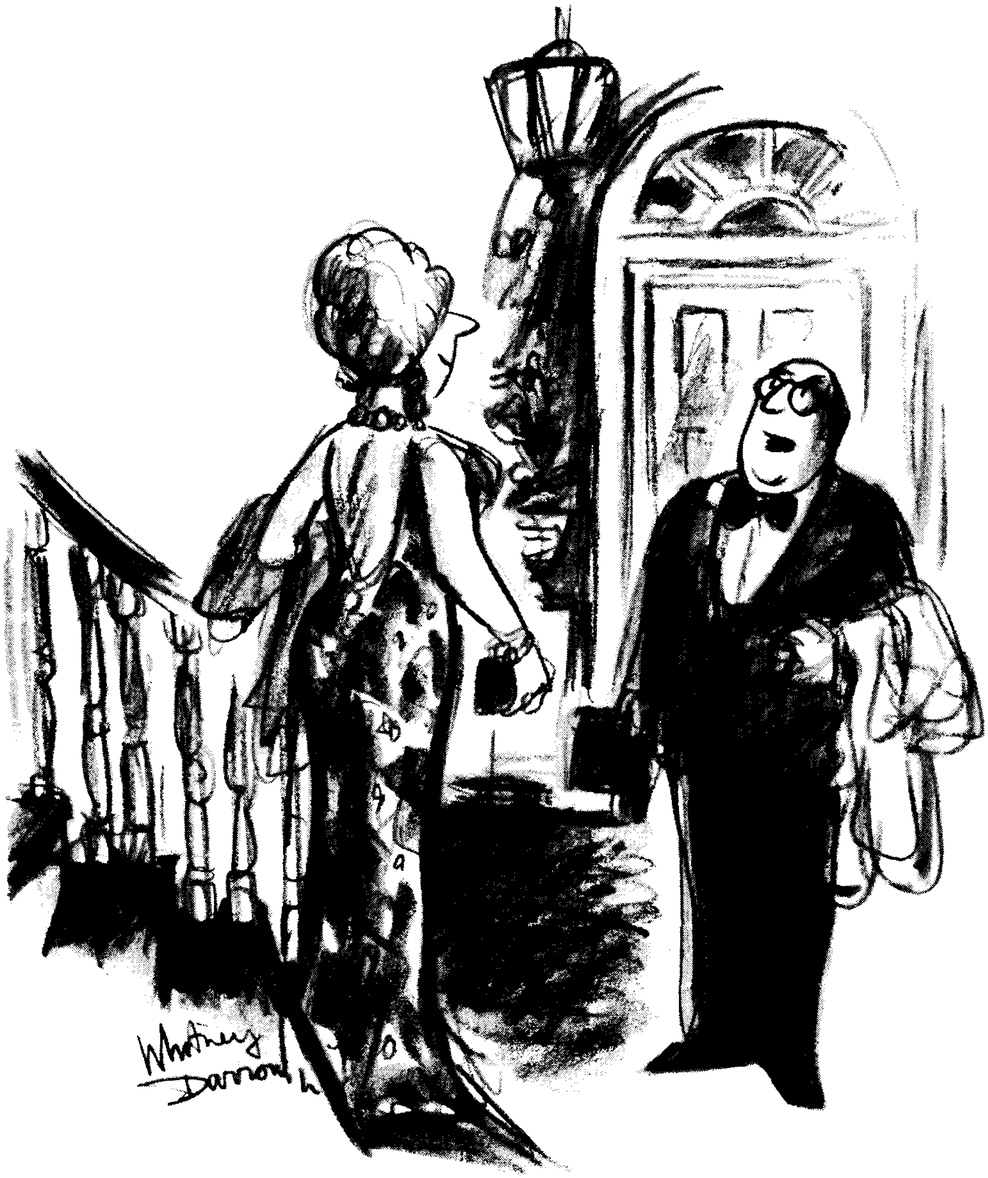
I ALMOST do not get there—back to the chapel alone, I mean. I feel an ambivalence of desire and terror toward that last visit which is more confusing than any emotion I have ever known before. Yet I manage to go. I am booked on a one-o'clock plane from Nantes to Paris which connects with a three-o'clock flight to New York. I hire a car for the morning and, with my bags in the trunk, set off very early for Saint Philbert. I am possessed by one principal emotion: by fear that I shall again feel emptiness, the absence of him, the absence of emotion, the same numb hollowness I had felt before, that rage so often masked by void and boredom. I find my way without difficulty. Turn right at the post office, turn left at the bakery, turn right again at the General, two blocks from the Saint Philbert cemetery. On the side wall of the bakery is an enormous sign: "Gordon's Dry Gin." The General looks fiercer than ever in this morning's sunny light, his sword rising threateningly above the bands of petunias, forget-me-nots, and geraniums that grow in circles about his feet.

One more block and I am at the graveyard. I park the car, walk out, and take a picture of the cemetery. The ceramic flowers blaze crimson and purple about the gray monument. An albinic light envelops it all. Once inside the chapel, I walk up the tiny nave, reach into my pocket for a notebook, and feel driven to take notes on my ancestors' names. So and so, and so and so, and so and so—Amélie de Pommery, Isabelle de La Varende—such pretty names, names of champagnes and musketeers. The notebook is a screen, a haven of safety. I, the reporter, always take notes on whatever comes within my range of sight and hearing, but am seldom moved by the subject matter at hand. My family all had insomnia—that's one new fact that I find touching. Grandfather reading his Taine, Uncle Jean his Michelet, Colette her de Gaulle, my father spending seven years of his white nights writing a tract on the radical reform of the European economy, the only copy of which he lost when he left it in the back of someone's car. Whence this anxiety, dear history nuts, whence this agitation? Here you sleep at last, new friends, sweet insomniacs; here you sleep at last after centuries of turning in your beds. . . .

A woman in dun-colored dress walks into the chapel, quietly comes up the nave, crosses herself, and grooms the gladioli and dahlias at the altar with slow, deliberate strokes of her pruning shears. She bows again, returns to a back pew, and sits down. I am still scribbling, scribbling. The gold letters announce that one of my great-granduncles died in 1838 while directing the French fleet's assault on Veracruz; that the General, some years after leaving his post in Algeria, was exiled from France for opposing Napoleon III's Italian campaign and chose to serve on the other side, as head of the Papal troops. Militarists, imperialists, colonialists—just the men I would take part in protest marches against, and yet I am beginning to admire them, to be proud of them. What a good tribe I was born into—defiant, eccentric, pigheaded. Created for violence and romance, for heroism and early death. Nantes—the highest percentage of Royalists of any city in France, the highest percentage of alcoholics of any city in Europe, perhaps the highest percentage of insomniacs. The Breton Liberation Front is trying to incorporate it into a new, autonomous Breton state.

I sense by the silence behind me that the woman with the pruning shears is praying, that she must be a nun. I hear her footsteps retreating. I sense by some slight rustling of her clothes that she is making the sign of the Cross as she leaves the chapel.

I put my notebook back into my pocket, not knowing quite what to do next. Now that I am alone again, I turn around and walk down the nave toward the back pew. The nuns must come to tend the flowers every day; there is a heavy but clean scent of roses on the air. Outside the chapel, the light is fresh, inviting, bland. Shall I leave now, exit into the sunlight before it



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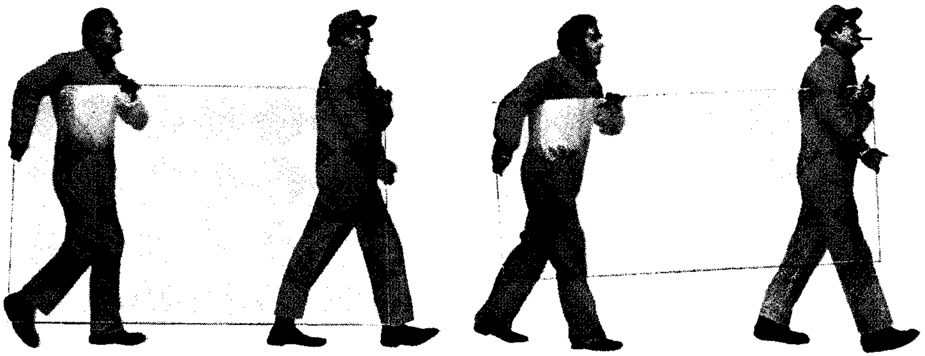

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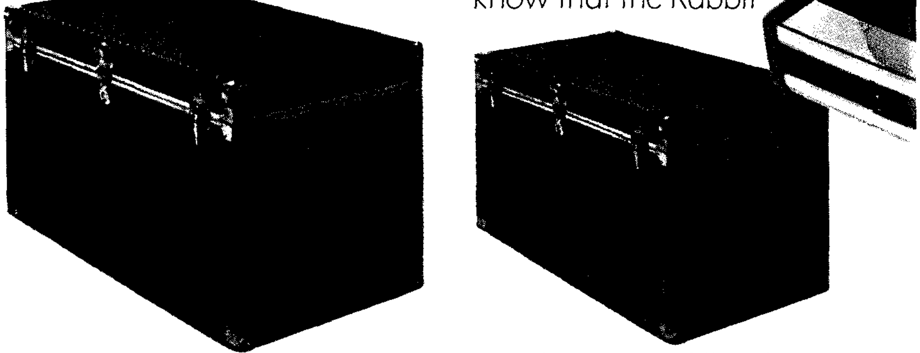

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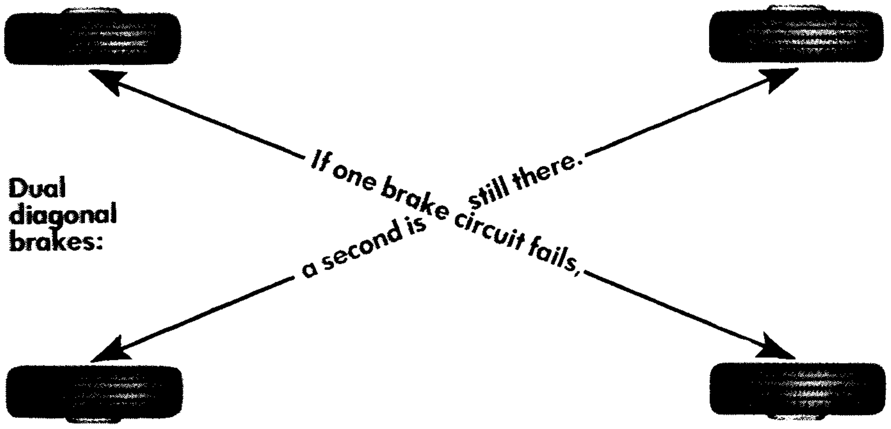

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happens? But in some instinctive gesture made possible by the rituals of childhood, I choose to kneel down on the sealing stone that stands between me and the dead, the stone I had so desired to break open the day before, the stone that separates his body from mine. I kneel on the stone, scratching shyly at the cement that seals me off from below. It is of the same texture as all the other bands of cement that intersect the gray flagstones of the chapel floor, but slightly darker in hue. There is some difference, some difference that makes me keep on scratching, scratching, to make sure that it is indeed as immutable as Catherine said, to verify my impotence, to make sure that I cannot break through it. And then suddenly my liberation comes. I am free now, kneeling on the stone, suddenly free, and shaking, my head resting against the rusty metal handle that could be lifted for our reunion. I weep, I shake, I pound at the stone with my head, I kick it, and beat at it with my hands. I feel no uneasiness or shame at my behavior. I feel that society is sick for forbidding us such liberations any more, for obstructing the channels of our grief, for not letting us properly mourn the dead. I feel that I am unconquerably sane and that society is mad. I lie prone on the floor for a half hour, crying abundantly, my hands bruised by my knocking, my head aching from its jolts against the stone. Yet I do not feel any more rage. Nor do I feel void, or fear. I am crying my heart out, free at last. He is there, he is there, he is there. I finally know that he is there, down below. But that is not the point. *He is both there and not there.* He is now allowed to live in my memory, totally restored and whole now, as if resurrected, the reality of his death accepted, faced. After a considerable time, I begin to raise myself up to my knees. I have no more need to hammer at the floor; I know he is there; may he sleep at last. May he rest in peace. May he sleep at last.

As I start to get up, I see that a plaque above my head, a few feet away, commemorates one Julie de Lamoricière, wife of that martial conqueror whose remains were so voraciously preserved by his admirers. It reads:

*Julie Amélie d'Abeslard de Lamoricière*
*Died in Paris the 26th of April 1885*
*Her body reposes here*
*Next to that of her husband and her children*
*Awaiting the resurrection.*

Think of that.

—FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

# THE THEATRE

## UP IN MICHIGAN

"THE RUNNER STUMBLES," at the Little Theatre, is a new, serious, well-made, and continuously interesting American play, all the more worthy of our attention because it comes at a time when most of what is new on Broadway is not serious, most of what is serious is not well made, most of what is well made is not interesting, and most of what is interesting is not American. Let us therefore praise the author, Milan Stitt, for providing us with what amounts to an event as well as a play; I know nothing about him except that he appears to be named after a city, but if he is fairly young—anything under forty passes for young with me—then I predict that he has many more plays to give us. "The Runner Stumbles" has a pleasing richness of emotion behind the calculatedly spare nature of its language, and that is almost always a promising sign, especially at the beginning of a writer's career, as the opposite situation—a richness of language with thin emotion behind it—hints at a talent that will burn itself out early.

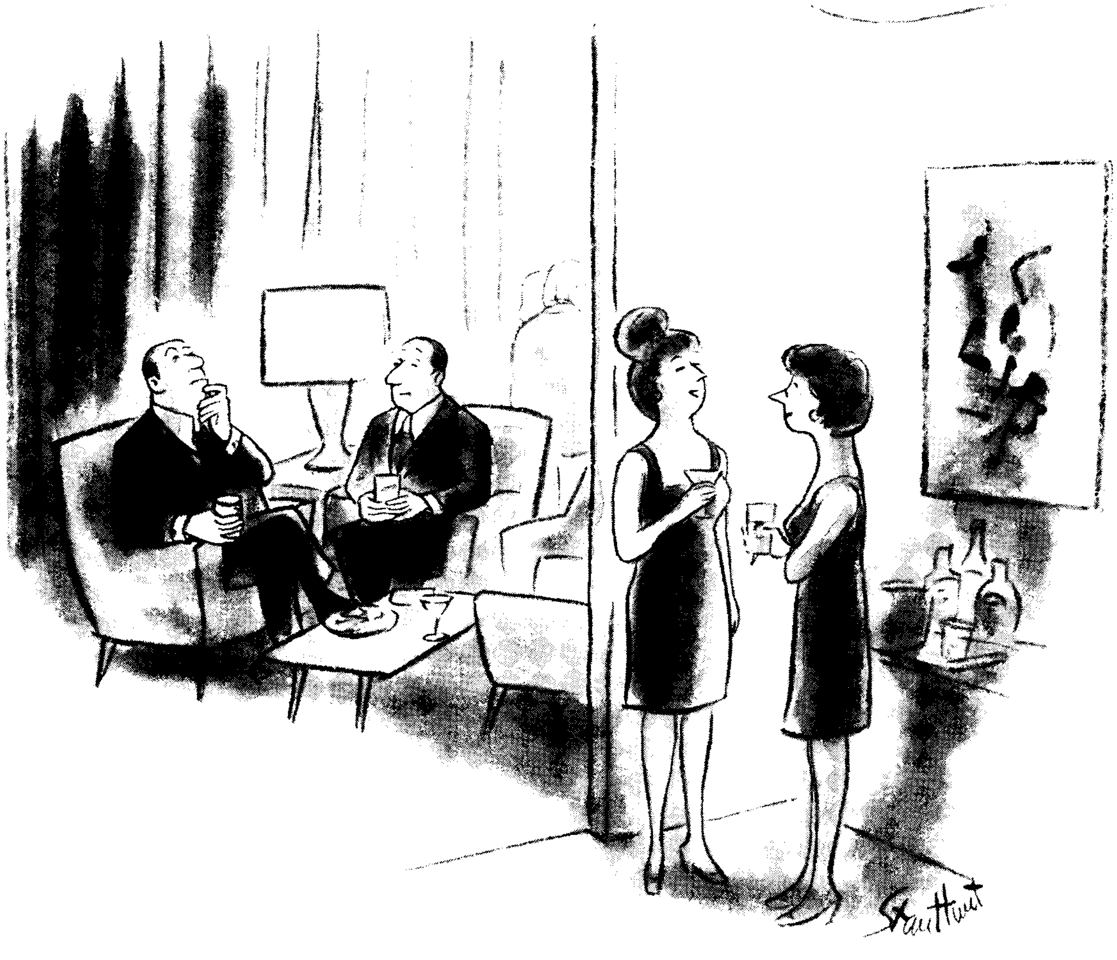
In a program note, Mr. Stitt tells us that his play is based on an actual event: in Michigan around the turn of the century, a Catholic priest was accused of murdering a nun. Mr. Stitt has taken astute advantage of our assumption that we know something about the harshness of the religious life as practiced in that far-off time and place: when Father Rivard, a stern young intellectual, and pretty, passionate Sister Rita meet and fall in love, we perceive that something horrible is bound to befall them in consequence. Today, when a priest and nun fall in love they marry and go off to Bermuda on a tennis-playing honeymoon. No doubt Mr. Stitt could have made a comic trifle out of this contemporary commonplace; instead, looking back, he has written a tragedy in the form of a courtroom melodrama, and guilt, punishment, despair, and death are all grimly present at the final curtain of "The Runner Stumbles."

Stephen Joyce is admirable as Father Rivard, and so is Nancy Donohue as Sister Rita—who could resist such a creature, no matter how chastely bewimpled? Sloane Shelton plays, with increasing ominousness as the evening proceeds, a Catholic convert bent upon maintaining moral standards higher than those of most born Catholics. Katina Commings plays affectingly a small part as a woebegone daughter, and Joseph Mathewson is marvellous as a snooty, vengeful monsignor. The exiguous setting is by Patricia Woodbridge, the costumes are by James Berton Harris, the lighting is by Cheryl Thacker, and the faultless direction—every sentence and every silence is given its just weight of meaning—is by Austin Pendleton. —BRENDAN GILL

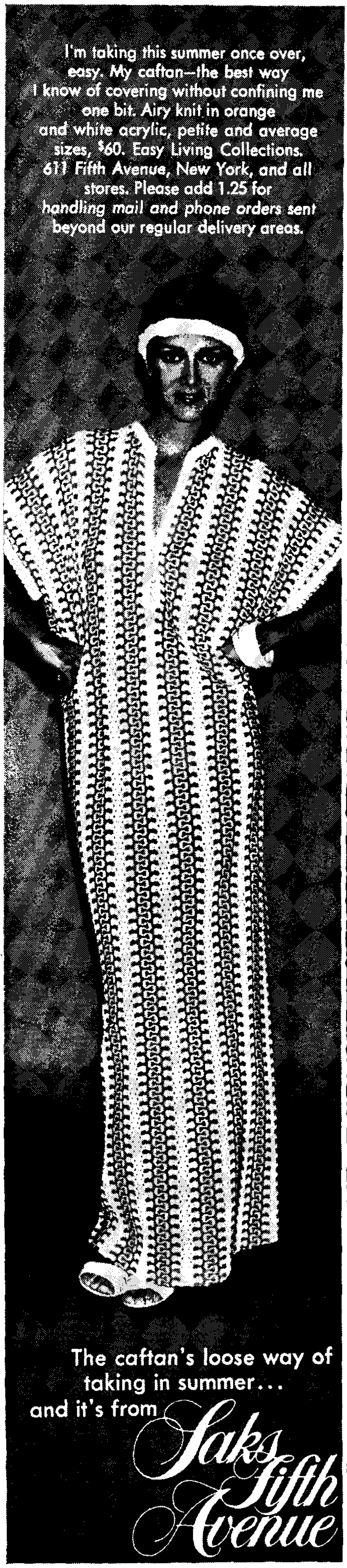
## OFF BROADWAY

### *Carroll, Grant & Co.*

"I'M LAUGHIN' BUT I AIN'T TICKLED," billed as a "musical entertainment" at the Urban Arts Corps, on West Twentieth Street, is a small miracle—the kind of miracle that one has grown to expect of a show conceived and directed by Vinnette Carroll and with music and lyrics by Micki Grant. Once again Miss Grant's melodic score comes in all varieties of rhythm and mood, and once again the show itself is held together by the centripetal force that is Miss Carroll's hallmark. The two of them were responsible for "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope," another all-black, all-talented musical (and another mouthful) of six years ago. Like "Cope," this show combines passion and irony and wit, which are distilled into a volatile essence by the skill and precision of every member of the company. (In the case of one of the young actors, Clinton Derricks, there is considerably more than talent; from the evidence of his emotion and



*"Desmond always weighs his words very carefully ever since someone popped him one for making an ill-considered remark."*


I'm taking this summer once over, easy. My caftan—the best way I know of covering without confining me one bit. Airy knit in orange and white acrylic, petite and average sizes, $60. Easy Living Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

The caftan's loose way of taking in summer... and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

humor and singing and dancing, he is a rising star.) "Tickled" is made up of Miss Grant's songs, and also of poems from an anthology of black poetry—"A Rock Against the Wind," edited by Lindsay Patterson—which are sometimes sung and danced to and sometimes recited. One of the most affecting segments of the evening is a set of three of them—"Poem for Joyce," by Johnnie Scott; "Because You Are to Me a Song," by Langston Hughes; and "Prescience," by Donald Jeffrey Hayes—as done with quiet fervor by Mr. Derricks and Charlaine Woodard. "Who's Gonna Teach the Children?," sung by Elaine Holloman, a large, handsome actress, and backed by the rest of the troupe, dancing and playing clapping games, is splendid, and so, in a different way, is the haunting "The Women," done by everybody. Two gospel numbers—"Me and Jesus" and "The Gospel Truth" (Mr. Derricks and others)—are thrilling. Among the other performers are Sheila Ellis, Every Hayes, Ted Williams, Steiv Semien, Leslie Dockery, and Antoinette Stines and Jeffrey Anderson-Gunter—the last two Jamaicans, who add a welcome Caribbean lilt. The stunning choreography is by Mabel Robinson. The musical direction is by George Broderick, who also plays piano in the four-piece orchestra (with an extraordinary drummer named Howard Grate). The simple, stylish setting is by Marty Kappell; the simple, effective costumes are by William Schroder; and the effective lighting is by Craig Miller. No doubt "Tickled" will move on and up (as "Cope" did) to a long run elsewhere, but in a sense it will always belong (as "Cope" did) to the Urban Arts Corps.

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE makes a quite enjoyable evening of its revival of "Follies," James Goldman and Stephen Sondheim's musical ghost story about a reunion of former chorus girls with one another and with their past selves. There are several engaging moments and several scenes that come off well, but what gives the show the charm it has is the dedication and (often) the capable work of the performers—who, you need hardly be reminded, are doing it all for free. Russell Treyz directed. This is the final production of E.L.T.'s thirty-third season. —EDITH OLIVER

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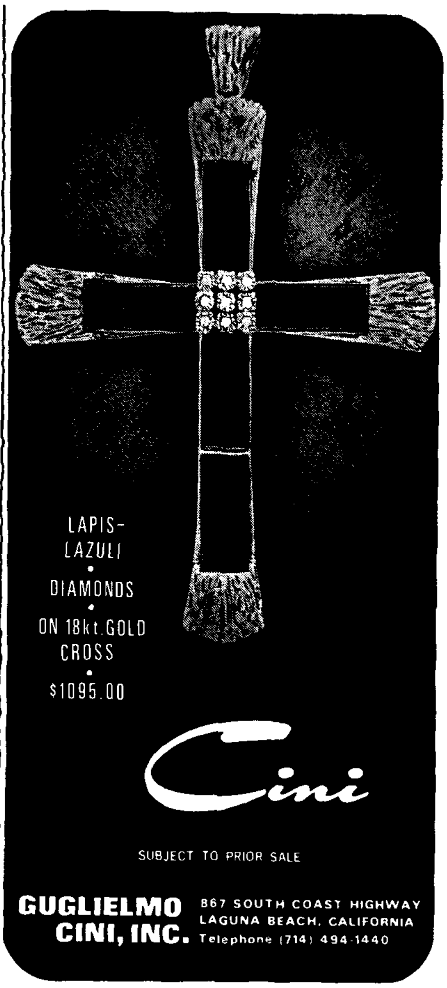
Loren Clark of 117 Arthur St. was fined $5 when he pleaded guilty to operating a motorcycle without required giggles.—*Corning (N. Y.) Leader.*

Five dollars seems very light.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# A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

## WINTER NOTES—III

MARCH 10

WEDNESDAY, shortly before noon. O'Hare Airport, Chicago. As Jimmy Carter stands behind the rostrum that has been set up in the Friendship Lounge at the airport, he does not smile as much as usual. But that may be because this is a press conference rather than a meeting with voters. He says that he is in Illinois "to test my ability to get support in a large, metropolitan state." Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley, he says, "has told me he has no intention of getting involved with any Presidential candidate." There are actually two Presidential races on the ballot in Illinois. One is a popularity contest, in which only Carter, George Wallace, Fred Harris, and Sargent Shriver are entered, and which Carter is expected to win. Carter had the wit to see the benefit of headlines declaring him the winner in Illinois; he makes efforts in states others do not, not just in order to get a significant number of delegates but because he understands the public-relations value of being declared, wherever possible, a victor. The other is a contest for a hundred and fifty-five of the state's delegates—the remaining fourteen are to be chosen later—in which there are delegate slates pledged to Senator Adlai Stevenson, most of them, in fact, backed by Mayor Daley, and delegates pledged to Governor Daniel Walker. Harris, Wallace, and Shriver have also entered delegate slates. Carter has entered eighty-five delegates, and he and his aides talk about a modest goal of one-fourth of them winning. Even so, Carter suggested to reporters in Florida this morning that they were not paying enough attention to the delegate contest. Yet Carter did not enter slates in Chicago, because the Daley machine is virtually unbeatable there and also, presumably, because he did not wish to offend the Mayor. No one seems quite sure what is on Mayor Daley's mind. He is believed to favor the candidacy of Edward Kennedy and, failing that, perhaps Humphrey. Mainly, it is thought that Daley wants someone who can win—perhaps even Carter. Beyond that, it would make sense that Mayor Daley simply wants to be a power at the 1976 Convention. So do others, but Daley, now seventy-three—who sat amidst the turmoil of the Chicago Convention in 1968 and was ejected from the 1972 Convention for not having adhered to the Party's reform rules—has special reasons. His attention for the moment is on the gubernatorial primary, in which he is trying to oust the independent incumbent, Dan Walker. The sample ballots distributed by the Daley organization leave the Presidential-preference boxes blank. Carter phoned Daley upon his arrival here this morning.

Carter has become more modest in his claims. At the airport, he says a victory in Illinois is "no guarantee I would be the nominee." But then—continuing to exaggerate somewhat his success—he points out that he has entered twelve state contests and has come in first in six of them and second in three of them. Carter frequently speaks of what he is about in terms of mechanics and numbers, giving the impression that that is how he thinks of it. "I've got substantial labor support," he says. "I've got substantial liberal support." This is the moment, then, when the Carter campaign, with the early and long-planned victories behind, really goes national, and is subjected to new tests. Carter is no longer an interesting surprise; he is a serious and determined candidate for the Democratic Party's nomination for the Presidency. No matter that it is the consensus now that no one will reach the Convention with sufficient votes to win the nomination on the first ballot. Carter has never paid attention to consensus. He says that a sorting out of candidates is taking place, and that there will be a nomination on the first ballot. Carter, who understands what moves people in politics, says that he will "pick up the support of people for whom the chance to win is very important." A reporter asks Carter when he thinks he has to show that he can beat Senator Henry Jackson. "Yesterday," Carter replies evenly and very slowly, with a slight edge in his voice, "in Florida [pause], I beat Henry Jackson."

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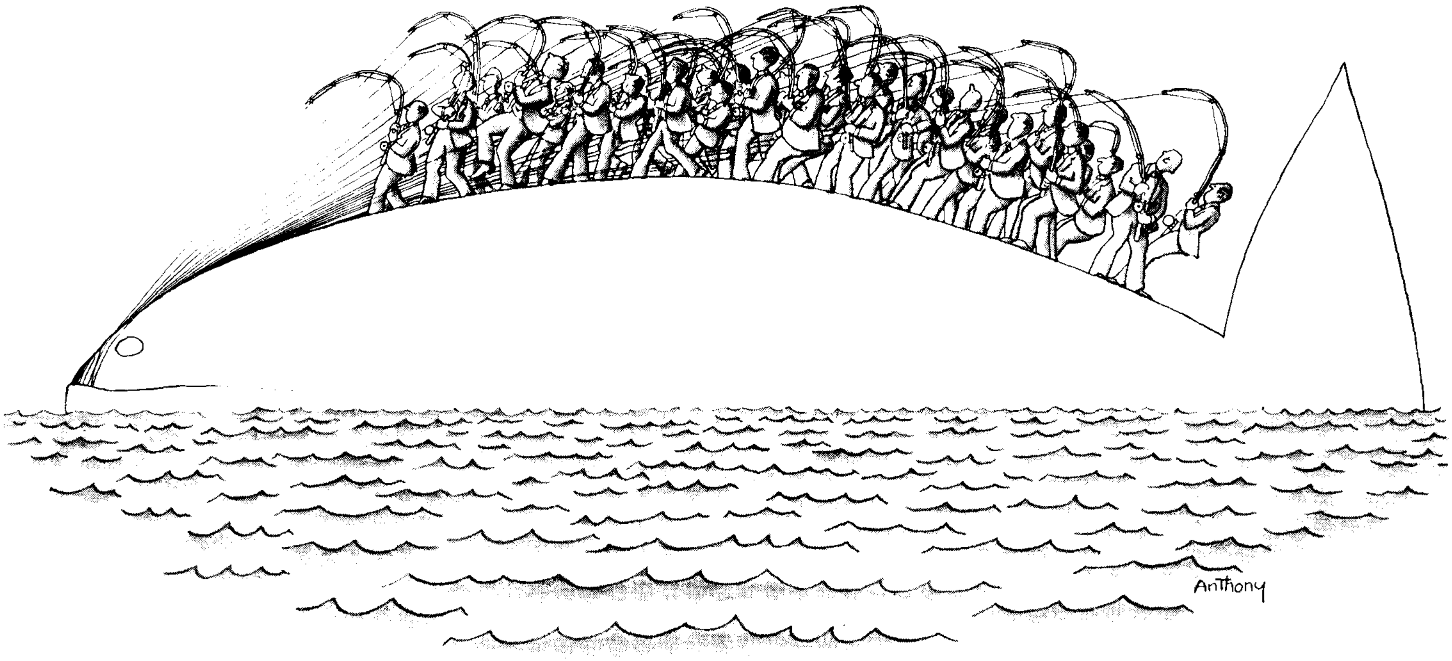
ON the plane to Rockford, I mention to Carter the brutal schedule that has been arranged for him for the next two days, and about which he complained vehemently to his staff this morning.

"We try to make the best of every day," he replies, smiling.

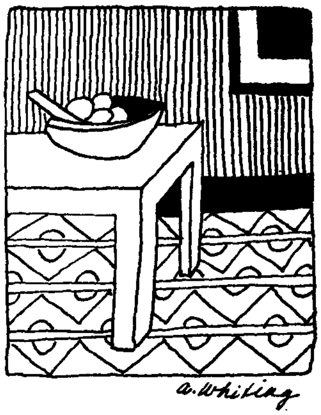
The purpose of this swing is to give Carter media exposure throughout the state, and also to get exposure for those who are running as Carter delegates. At the United Auto Workers' union hall in Rockford, Carter delegates are introduced, and sample ballots have been given out showing how to vote for them. Carter has a cough, which is the residue of a cold, and he looked pale and exhausted when he arrived at O'Hare Airport this morning. But, as he talks here, Carter, who has sat through several introductions and a speech about unemployment, seems to get some color back in his face. He speaks of "my intimate relationship with the working people of this country," of his labor support in Iowa, and of Leonard Woodcock's ("whose picture is behind me") support in the Florida primary. He misses nothing. "I know what it means to work for a living," he tells the audience, and he offers himself as someone who can relate to "liberals, moderates, conservatives, blacks, whites, rural, and urban," and as "someone who can actually manage the affairs of government, for a change." He says, "We've lost our vision of what this country can be," and he talks of his support for providing jobs (through the private sector to whatever extent is possible, and then through the federal government, this being a more moderate position than that of most of the other Democratic candidates), for a "comprehensive nationwide, mandatory health-insurance program," for a day-care program, and for "the aggressive sale of American products overseas." Carter is, in effect, a programmatic liberal. The difference between him and the others is one of degree, of the emphasis each chooses to place on what. Talking about the same things, they can sound quite different. In addition to those he has mentioned, he is for tax reform (he calls the present tax system "a dis-



grace to the human race"), welfare reform, aid to transportation, housing programs. But he treads lightly, and manages to wrap his espousal of these programs in words about dissatisfaction with government. He does not say he will reduce government; he says he will reorganize it. (His reorganization of the Georgia government was accompanied by increases in its size and in what it did.) But the suggestion is that he will reduce it, because he says he will reduce the number of government agencies. One must listen to him carefully. He has spoken previously of many of the things he is speaking of today, but in front of this labor audience he rearranges the pieces and puts together a package that is particularly appealing to labor. That is what a good politician does. And, like a good politician, he makes the group feel that he understands it. "I think we need somebody who understands what it means to work," he says. "Government has held working people at arm's length." Later, he says, "I feel like an outsider"—and presumably so do they. And he has another message: he tells them, referring to the delegate slates committed to Stevenson and Walker, to "express your own preference about who will be your President," and to not "vote for people who are not running for President." Then he says, "I don't want to make anybody angry" (skirting a clash with Daley), but he doesn't want them to vote for someone who isn't running. As he talks, his aides bustle about with briefcases, green-and-white "Carter" stickers, and high hopes. Carter closes with what is becoming his standard closing, delivered in his soft, Southern voice: "I don't claim to know all the answers. I'm just like you, a regular human being." And then he tells them that he wants a government "as good and honest and decent and truthful and fair and competent and idealistic and compassionate and as filled with love as are the American people."

Leaving Rockford, we are eight minutes behind schedule, and James Wall, Carter's Illinois state chairman, is tense. Other campaigns get behind schedule—sometimes hours behind schedule—but not the Carter campaign. Carter, for all his surface pleasantness, gets testy when he is tired and when his campaign is running late, and both are now the case. The staff is being especially protective of him this afternoon. Only once does Carter leave his front seat in the chartered 727 and wander back in the plane to talk to reporters. Reporters say that he is more inaccessible than most candidates. One of them said, "Even when he is accessible, he is inaccessible." They say he never lets his hair down, and they don't get beyond the smile. He is pleasant enough but not particularly funny; he enjoys—or appears to enjoy—the reporters' banter, but he does not offer much himself. On the plane, Carter talks with the state chairman and with his sister, Ruth Stapleton, the evangelist and faith healer. Mrs. Stapleton is an attractive woman, who looks much like her brother. When one asks her about Carter, out come the stories—some of them by now familiar, some seeming new—about Jimmy's determination. About how hard he worked to get into Annapolis—as difficult for a boy from Plains, Georgia, to do, she says, as it is for an ex-governor to become President. (No member of the Carter family before him had gone beyond high school.) About how, when their father died, she and Jimmy, who was twenty-eight then and a Navy officer working for Admiral Hyman Rickover on the development of atomic-powered submarines, went around to tell the farmers, and then that evening Jimmy cried and said, "If I die, what will I have done?" And when he then decided to leave the Navy and return to Plains to take over the family business, Mrs. Stapleton recalls, he studied agricultural encyclopedias—"just like he studied up for this campaign." About how he went around Plains with a petition to get all the people in the town to paint their house and plant five shrubs—and they did. About how he wrote to every graduate of the local high school to raise money to build a community swimming pool. "Jimmy was always driven," she says.

At Peoria, the stop is only long enough for a press conference and a taped television interview at the airport. Carter lopes from the plane, head thrust forward, as usual. He smiles the wide smile, as usual. But there are puffs beneath his eyes, and he draws a deep breath before he begins. Carter is an uncommonly disciplined man. At the press conference, he is asked about détente, and gives an answer that manages to come down on both sides: he thinks that détente is a good idea, but "every time we have had a tough negotiation with the Soviet Union we have lost or come in second-best." He lists the first wheat agreement, the Helsinki agreement ("We ratified the Russian takeover of Eastern Europe"), the Vladivostok agreement ("We lost again"), and the joint American-Soviet space flight ("We got very little in return—again, I think we lost"). He says that he "would be very much tougher in the future in our negotiations with the Soviet Union." He offers a widely shared criticism of Kissinger's style. "The American people have been excluded from the process," he says. In the television taping, he says that as President he would keep "an intimacy with the people" through frequent press conferences, restoring Franklin Roosevelt's fireside chats, and restoring "the proper relationship" between the President and the Congress. There is little reason to doubt that Carter would be an active and assertive President, confident of his ability to relate to the people, and willing to use that as a weapon against his opponents. Some troubling questions have to do with his certainty about himself: too much self-doubt can be paralyzing, but just a little can be healthy. Unrelieved purposefulness can wall out capacity for self-criticism, perspective. Would he admit to a mistake and change course? Would people be able to get through to him? He has certain traits that raise the question whether he would be able to engage in the political give-and-take that is essential to governing: his faith in himself; his sense of his own righteousness; his thin skin (as is evidenced by his reaction to criticism from opponents and to questions he does not like); his apparent lack of humor; his stubbornness; his loner political style. These are more important questions than that of his positions on the issues. "I haven't been part of the Washington scene," Carter tells his interviewer.



At the University of Illinois in Champaign, Carter tells a student audience, "I intend to be a successful candidate," and "I don't intend to lose. I don't belong to anybody." The not-belonging-to-anybody could be invaluable to him as President—assuming he maintains it throughout his campaign—if he uses it right. Working from outside the party, he has a greater chance than those who do not of maintaining some independence from its constituent special interests. Political independence is, of course, valuable, and Carter's independence could be one of his greatest assets as President. But politics, by definition, and governing also require the forging of alliances, the ability to deal with colleagues, peers, rivals. This is something other than simply being "one of the boys." But Carter is a loner, with a striking number of enemies. That some of his former fellow-governors dislike him may be understandable among a group of ambitious men; that most of them dislike him merits attention. To the students here he talks of strength and idealism and religious faith and love of country. He says that the country has "lost its basic competence" and, with a catch in his voice, says, "We feel there is a wall of government between us and them." Like the workers, he was an outsider; like the students, he is an outsider. And he says, "The American people are competent. Why shouldn't the government be competent?" He goes on to say, "The people tell the truth. Why should our government lie? If we could just have a government as good as our people are."

Answering questions, he says that the C.I.A. cannot be supervised by a committee of the Congress but only by the President. "If the C.I.A. ever makes a mistake, I will call a press conference and tell the people," he says. "If it ever happens again, I will be responsible." (He seems to have missed the point of the recent concern about the President's unchecked control of the intelligence agencies.) After a few questions, he says that he will take just one more. Other candidates let the questions go on, as if to show what good guys they are, but not Carter. Carter likes to stay on schedule.

Carter's message about government—unlike that of other candidates who are casting their campaigns against government—is delivered without a sneer. He takes the same theme, and attaches himself to people who feel "left out," but he wraps it in uplifting sentences about how good we really are and how good government can therefore be. He talks quickly, and when he has finished it is not always clear what he has said. He combines an anti-government message—for those who want to hear it that way—with a message of hope. Carter touches anxieties without stirring them up; his style is understanding and soothing. The message sounds plausible, because of the style in which it has been delivered. Perhaps he means that the American people are good and filled with love—he says that the government should be as good as the people, which could be taken another way—but he must know that, like any collection of human beings, they are both good and not so good. He does not explain how a good people produced a bad government, and, in fact, does say at times that the government is still good—that Watergate did not hurt it, Vietnam did not hurt it. Our system of government is "still pure and decent," he says. We haven't been very proud of ourselves in recent years, and Carter tells us we're good. Nor is he quite clear about how he will produce a good government—if it is not already good—except through him, the embodiment of goodness and truth and love and trust. Government would presumably respond to the example and the blandishments and the reorganization efforts of the President. Carter must know better, of course, but he shows a shrewd understanding of the possibilities of style. And while his words sound mushy when they are committed to paper, they do not when he says them. Perhaps because there is nothing slovenly about Jimmy Carter. He talks of love and compassion, but his style is reserved and cool. Perhaps because behind his words there is the faint rattle of steel.

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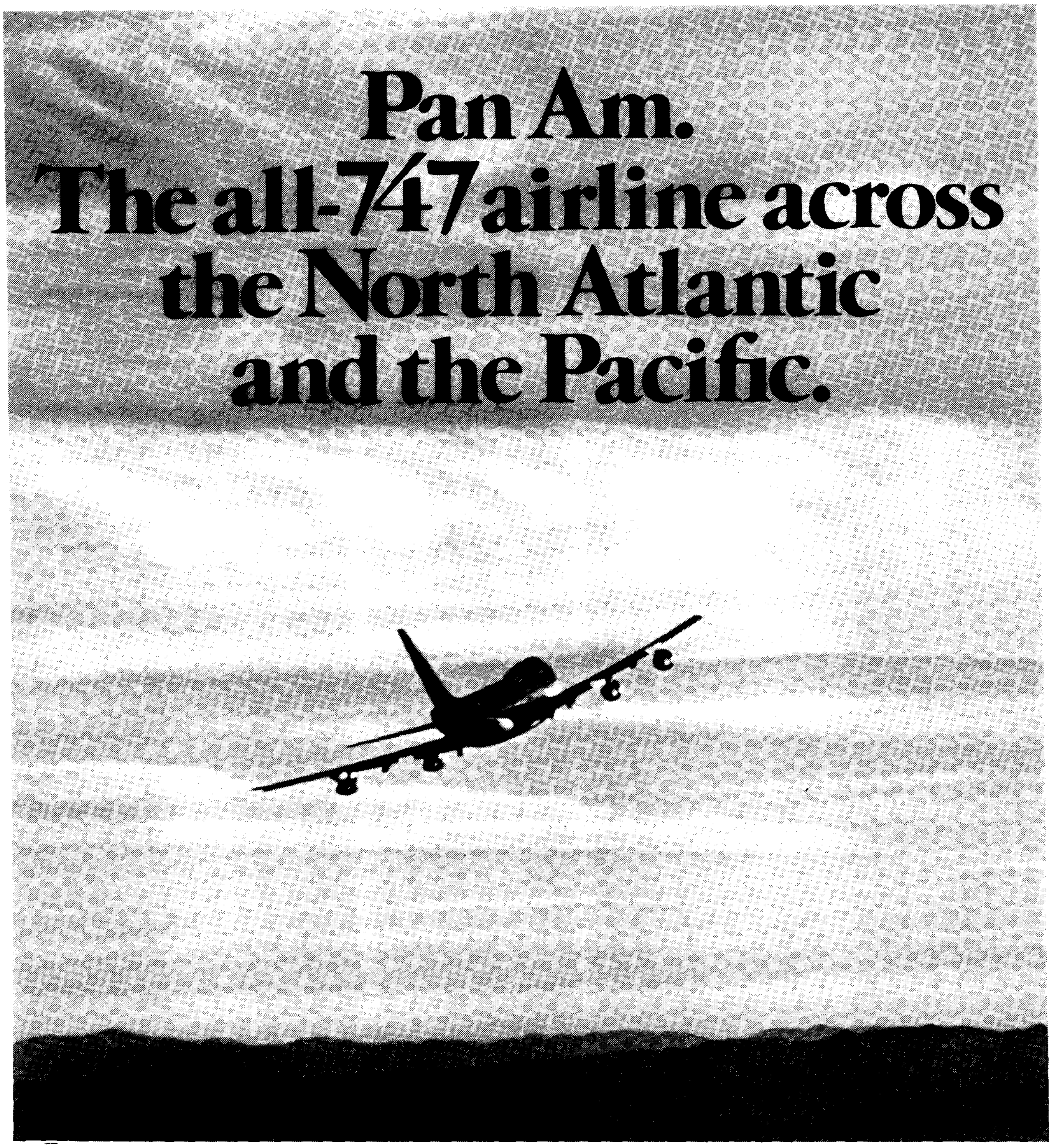
CARTER is increasingly upset about the schedule. The size of his entourage makes it impossible to keep to it—it was made with the recollection of simpler and less successful times. Last year, it was often just Jimmy Carter and Jody Powell, his press secretary, flying all over the country—only Jimmy Carter and Jody Powell knowing what they were up to. He does not like to race in and out of a city; he really does like to take the time to shake hands. At the Champaign airport, in the rain, though he was late, he paused to shake hands with the few people lined against a fence. Several stops are being removed from tomorrow's schedule.

On the stage of the Civic Center in Marion, a farming and mining community in southern Illinois, Carter is introduced to the audience by the Reverend Frank Trotter, pastor of the Third Baptist Church here and an old friend of Carter's, as someone who "is fast becoming a man of the people throughout these United States," as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"one of the most sought-after lay speakers of all the Baptist speakers in America." Carter is a lay speaker for the church and worked as a missionary in New England. He has told reporters that every night he reads the Bible in Spanish. The Reverend Trotter also describes Carter—as Carter has described himself—as a "born again" believer. When Carter talks to this group, he speaks of his "boyhood days on the farm," and he says, "I'm a farmer, businessman, engineer, scientist, a father (of four children), a husband (almost thirty years), a Christian, a politician." He says he sees no reason to be less Christian on Monday than when he teaches Sunday school on Sunday, less loving of the poor than he is of his eight-year-old daughter. In Marion, we are farther south than the borders of several Border States. He talks like a lay speaker here, weaving the spiritual through what he says. Other politicians have manipulated religion and have affected piety, but there is no reason to doubt that Carter believes. Yet he talks about it before only certain audiences. He tells them that "one of the reasons I work as a campaigner six days a week from six in the morning to eleven at night is so that when I get in the White House I can send Earl Butz back where he came from." (Of course he would. All the incumbent Cabinet officers would go. One recalls Richard Nixon, in 1968, saying that he would fire Attorney General Ramsey Clark.) And then Carter tells the audience something that may lie at the heart of what he tries to do. He says that he has established "a close and intimate relationship with the voters," and he adds, "That's been the secret of my campaign."

At a fund-raising reception in Springfield, he carries the theme further. He tells of his three sons and his eight-year-old daughter, Amy. He makes a little joke—which I heard him tell in New Hampshire—about why the daughter is so much younger than the sons. "My wife and I had an argument for fourteen years," he says, and he adds, "And I finally won." The audience always laughs appreciatively. It is the only joke I have heard Carter make. Then he goes on, telling the audience, "I'd like you to be part of our family. I'd like to form an intimate relationship with the people of this country. And when I'm President, the country will be ours again." Carter woos the voters, in the old-fashioned sense of that word. He doesn't want to just restore the government to the people, he wants to establish an *intimate*—the word is underlined when he says it—relationship with them. He tells them he wants them to be part of his family. (He seems to have stopped inviting them to the White House. Perhaps he can invite New Hampshire to the White House but not Illinois.) He has positions on issues—on welfare and détente and nuclear energy and jobs, and even abortion and amnesty—but that is not what this election is about. It's about style, which is no more superficial or irrelevant than many of the "issues" that come to dominate political campaigns. It's about spirit, mood, how we feel. It's about whether we can believe again. Carter understands that well. It's about character, and that is why so much time is spent puzzling over Carter, the enigmatic and hidden man. He is asking us to take a very big gamble. It is with good reason that we pay close attention to style and character, and try to glimpse what is hidden. He may be accomplished at binding voters to him, but then what, when he has to govern? To what purposes would he put his ability to bind people to him? We don't have any idea how he would respond to a difficult challenge, not to mention a crisis. He does not have the foundation of knowledge that many people longer in public life have—those who have dealt longer with national questions. He drops names of advisers, sometimes exaggerating their role. He does seem to have less specific positions on issues than some of the other candidates. But he is a serious man, with a sharp, agile mind—a learner—and campaign positions have a way of dissipating when they collide with reality. His ideas, like most of the ideas in this campaign, do not seem very striking or original, or part of a systematic body of thought. When he is pressed about his apparent lack of position on the issues, he says that he answers every question he is asked. He does. He has answers. Like those of many candidates, they are composed of experiences and things he has read and been told and matters that are already in the air. Some of his ideas—like the one of removing the Attorney General from politics—seem wrongheaded. They are, like most of the ideas in this campaign, largely conventional and slightly shopworn. He talks about "the poor and the ignorant"—in the United States and in the world—and he appears to mean it. But there are some paradoxes. His soft words about love and compassion are in striking contrast to what one sees as his tough-minded, and even hard, nature. He says, "I will never lie to you, will never mislead you," and yet he must know that politicians, like other human beings, have to engage in at least a little lying and fibbing and misleading—for however good reasons—in order to function. (The degree to which Carter may be misleading at least about his second race for the governorship of Georgia and his record as governor is one of the questions about him.) He says that he will never avoid a controversial issue, but he does. Most politicians do to the extent they can. So why does he keep saying these things? He has a certain toughness and even ruthlessness, but Presidents may

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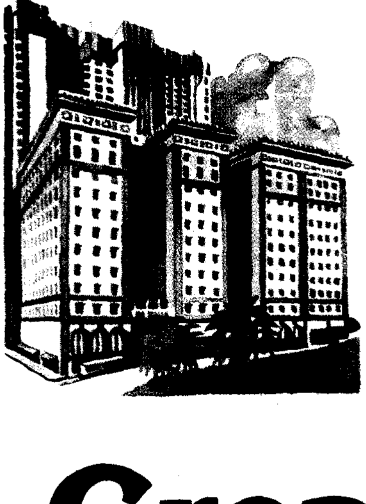

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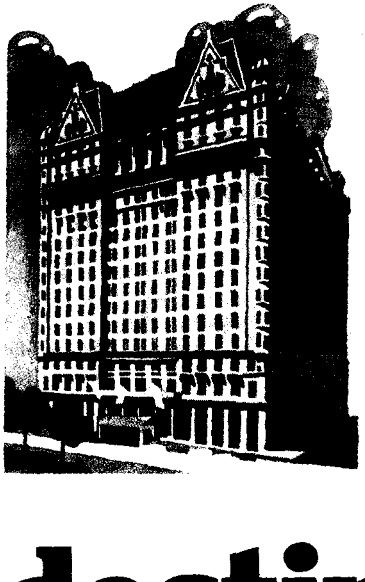

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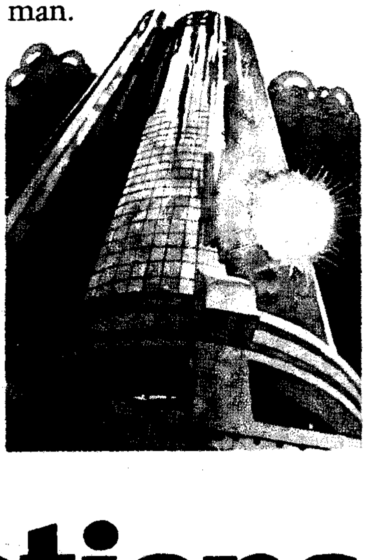

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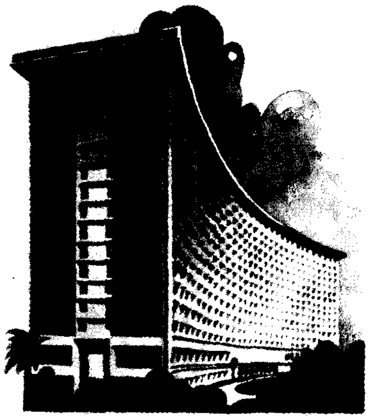

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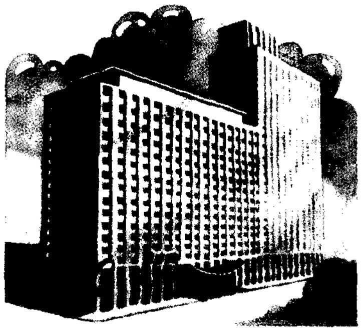

## THE WORLD

UNITED STATES

| | |
|---|---|
| Anchorage | Anchorage-Westward |
| Atlanta | Peachtree Plaza |
| Chicago | Continental Plaza |
| Costa Mesa, Southern Cal. | South Coast Plaza |
| Detroit | Detroit Plaza (Spring 1977) |
| Detroit (Southfield) | Michigan Inn |
| Honolulu | Ilikai |
| Houston | Galleria Plaza (Dec. 1977),<br>Houston Oaks |
| Kansas City, MO | Crown Center |
| Los Angeles | Century Plaza,<br>Los Angeles Bonaventure (Jan. 1977) |
| New York | The Plaza |
| Pittsburgh | Carlton House |
| Portland, OR | Benson |
| San Francisco | Miyako, St. Francis |
| Seattle | Olympic, Washington Plaza,<br>Space Needle Restaurant |
| Washington, D.C. | Mayflower |

AUSTRALIA

| | |
|---|---|
| Sydney | (Affiliated) Wentworth |

CANADA

| | |
|---|---|
| Calgary | Calgary Inn |
| Edmonton | Edmonton Plaza |
| Montreal | Bonaventure |
| Toronto | Hotel Toronto |
| Vancouver | Bayshore Inn |
| Winnipeg | Winnipeg Inn |

DENMARK

| | |
|---|---|
| Copenhagen | Hotel Scandinavia |

EL SALVADOR

| | |
|---|---|
| San Salvador | Camino Real |

GUATEMALA

| | |
|---|---|
| Antigua | Hotel Antigua |
| Guatemala City | Camino Real |

HONG KONG

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| Mexico City | Alameda, Camino Real |
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| Oslo | Hotel Scandinavia |

PHILIPPINES

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| Manila | Philippine Plaza (Sept. 1976) |

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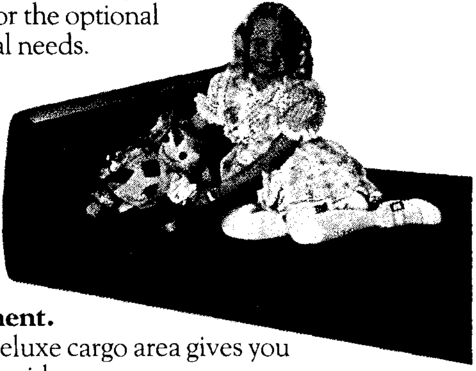

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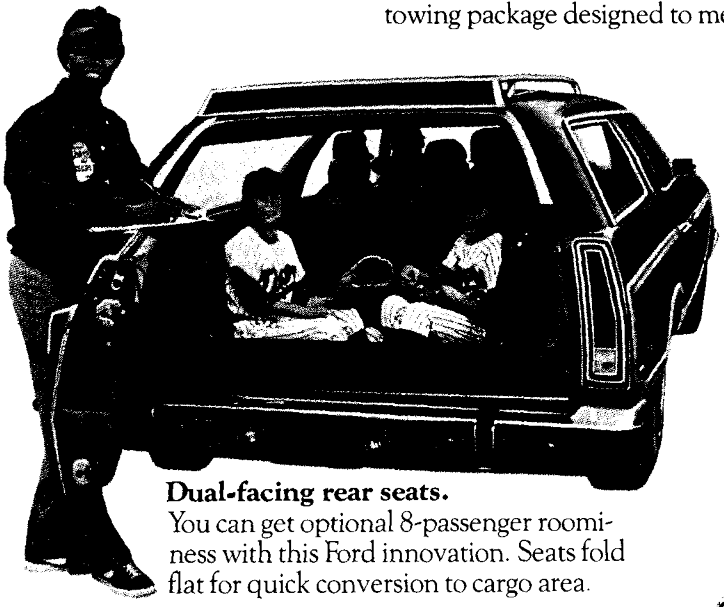

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need to be tough and even ruthless. The question, as always, is one of limits.

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CARTER has been coughing a fair amount today, and at the last event he acknowledged that he was hoarse. Shortly after he boards the plane in Springfield, to return at last to O'Hare, he sits alone in the front seat, puts his head on a pillow, and goes to sleep.

MARCH 11

THURSDAY AFTERNOON. Carter has greeted voters at a commuter stop (one such event was cut from today's schedule, but this one, at which a Daley ally, Lieutenant Governor Neil Hartigan, was to campaign with him, was retained); has breakfasted at a delicatessen (where he was presented with a salami); has done some tapings; has spoken at the Chicago campus of the University of Illinois (where he told the students that they offered hope, because "you're basically idealistic, you're basically mobile, you're not wedded to the status quo, you're not bogged down being subservient to a boss or trying to please a senior partner"); has lunched at the Dill Pickle Delicatessen Sandwich Shop (where he was presented with another salami); and now is at the Merchandise Mart, holding a press conference. Every once in a while, Carter says something that seems quite candid, straight, and revealing about himself and his intentions. He may be presenting more of himself to us than is generally recognized. When he said last night that his ability to establish intimacy with the voters was the secret of his successful campaign, he probably thought, and meant, exactly that. Similarly, there is no reason not to take him at his word when he says today, "I'm not running against Mayor Daley, I'm running for President. I don't have any inclination to defer to anyone." He points out that Udall "has written off the entire South" and hasn't won a single primary, and that Jackson is concentrating on one state—New York. His jabs at opponents are quick and sharp and fairly frequent. (His mother called him a beautiful cat with sharp claws.) When he talks about arms control today, he confuses the first and second SALT agreements. Asked to explain a recent modification of his suggestion that mortgage deductions be eliminated as part of a total tax reduction—a suggestion that Jackson made much of in Florida, perhaps reinforcing Carter's reluctance to go into such specific details—Carter says, "I don't really have the capability or the inclination at this point to elaborate or describe the specifics," and "I don't have time to study it." He is in a bad mood, testy. The smiles are gone. Carter does not seem to enjoy—one is tempted to say "like"—the press. He does not seem to take kindly to close questioning, to being challenged, though the questioning today is not notably unfriendly. In his fatigue, he is unable to cover his feelings. Carter does not have a particularly good relationship with much of the press that covers him regularly—which is unusual, and is therefore worth some attention. Candidates, particularly winning candidates, usually do. But much of the press is suspicious of his style and put off by his evasions and worried about his self-righteousness. It seems odd that Carter has not taken more pains to soothe it. Moreover, handling the press is part of the process of campaigning and of governing. It may ask annoying or repetitive questions, but that is part of the deal. The press can be a pain, but so can a lot of people one comes across in public life—or life. The able politician learns to roll with it. Carter says that he is at present "looking as best I can at the next four states," and that it is "hard for me to project my own inclinations down to the eighth or tenth or twelfth state down the list." He also says that "we've adhered to our original strategy so far without deviation."

•

FOLLOWING the press conference, I am permitted to ride with Carter in his car to the next stop, in order to talk with him. Carter had told a staff member that he wanted me to read his book before we talked—a very unusual request for a public figure to make. A staff member has been trying, unsuccessfully, to obtain for me a copy of the book—a campaign autobiography called "Why Not the Best?," published by Broadman Press, in Nashville.

I begin by asking Carter where his campaign stands in relation to the plan that was drawn up three years ago, which he referred to in his press conference. I am interested in hearing him describe how he conceived this most ambitious of plans.

"We're much further along," he replies. "We had three states targeted that we thought we wanted to do well in—Iowa, New Hampshire, and Florida. We thought we would be at ten to fifteen per cent in the public-opinion polls; we expect the next one to show me ahead of Humphrey. We had a goal in 1975 of raising five hundred thousand dollars; we've raised about a million. We have had an explosion of volunteers."

Striking the more modest note that occasionally creeps into his public statements, he says, "It's still too early to have any feeling of equanimity or assurance. There are too many imponderables. I thought one of the liberal candidates would emerge from New Hampshire and Massachusetts. That none did is one of the most unpredictable things that have happened. No clear challenger to me has been identified. We'll have to wait to see about that for the next six or seven states. Meantime, we'll be winning and accumulating delegates."

I then ask Carter to tell me something about the drawing up of the plan. I want to hear him tell how—in defiance of convention—he decided to run for President and how this most determined campaign was drawn up. A unique man is making history and leaving his stamp on our politics, and I want to hear how he talks about it.

"It's in the book," Carter says. "How I decided to run for the Presidency and the plan are in the book. There's no point in our talking about these things when they're in the book."

A campaign book is a campaign book, so I tell Carter that I still want to hear him talk about these things, and I assure him I will read the book and tell him that his staff has been trying to get a copy for me.

"It's in the stores," he says, incorrectly. Carter's voice and eyes are cold and hard. No smiles, no warmth.

To ease the situation, get past this moment, I ask Carter a couple of fairly routine questions, and he gives fairly rote answers.

When we arrive at the next stop, for a television taping, Carter, without a word, gets out of the car and strides into the building. A few minutes later, he is on the television monitor, smiling broadly.

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THE strain shows as Carter talks on television. Asked why he thinks he has become a target of criticism about his failure to take positions on the issues, he replies that it is because "the Washington political figures, including news-media persons" are upset "that someone unknown to them could be a success without their knowing it." The press, on the whole, has been kind to Carter and has played an important part in his buildup. It was inevitable that there would be articles examining his statements and record. It seems early for Carter to be showing one of the classic symptoms of *Homo candidatus*—paranoia about the press. It is also early for him to be showing other symptoms, but he is showing them. He is exhausted. He pulls himself together for his public appearances, but one gets the impression that he is just barely making it through them. His campaign at this moment seems to be on thin ice in terms of the candidate's physical, emotional, and intellectual resources. He smiles, but he is on the edge.

The TV interviewer, who is aware of Carter's mood of the past couple of days, asks him what it has done to him to have started from nowhere and become the front-runner, whether it has made him testy.

Carter smiles, and replies, "It hasn't really been a surprise to us. We were confident two, three years ago I would be elected. I feel as good now as I did when I began to campaign."

•

AT a fund-raiser (two hundred and fifty dollars a person for cocktails, followed by a dinner, for a thousand dollars a person) at the Metropolitan Club in the Sears Tower, Carter stands on a chair and tells the gathering, "I want to have the kind of relationship with you as key and strong supporters on a personal plane." He tells them to call him at his headquarters in Atlanta, from which his staff will reach him, and he will return the call that evening—"or right away, if you want." He continues, "I'd like you to feel toward me that same way I feel toward you. I feel close to you. I want you to be part of my family. When I get in the White House, I want to stay close to you." The hundred-odd contributors, holding their cocktails, listening attentively, are obviously charmed.

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THE Monument of Faith Evangelistic Church, a large black church—actually a converted synagogue—on the South Side of Chicago. The church is only about half full, and the program is running more than an hour late—bad advance work. Carter, annoyed, has been using the time backstage to make phone calls. And then he is brought onstage to sit through more songs and speeches. But seldom has a candidate received such an introduction. A hundred-voice chorus, The Voices of Monument, has stirred the crowd with handclapping, foot-stamping gospel singing. Five professional athletes—four of them from the Atlanta Falcons football team—are introduced. A young woman reads a poem, called "Bi-Century and Bicentennial" ("They said then, 'Jesus Who?' or 'Who is Jesus?' . . . A John the Baptist, Jimmy Carter"). Three little girls present him with roses. A black woman from Georgia praises Carter's compassion and concern for all people. A minister gets quite worked up introducing Carter. "This is a Christian when we need Christians in key positions," he says. As the minister talks, an organist plays frenzied chords. "He's heading for Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C.," the minister says, and the organ music swells and the crowd cheers. He shouts, "LET THE TRUMPETS BLARE!" and they cheer. "LET THE TROMBONES SLIDE!" And shortly the slim, fair white man who is running for the Presidency is standing in the pulpit, looking as ruddy and well as ever. It is a rare human being who could fail to respond to such worship.

Carter speaks softly now. He talks of growing up with blacks. He says, "We worked in the same fields, we fished in the same creek bed, went swimming in the same swimming hole, played with the same steel rails, homemade toys." He continues, "When we got on the train, me and my black playmates, we didn't sit together. My playmates—I couldn't understand why—went to the back." He speaks slowly, rhythmically, with frequent pauses, like a preacher. The vast church is dead silent except for the sound of his soft voice. He tells of unveiling the portrait of Martin Luther King, Jr., at the State Capitol when he was governor, of how Coretta King and Daddy King and Andrew Young were there, "and we sang together 'We Shall Overcome.' " He quotes Reinhold Niebuhr (as he does in his book), saying that the purpose of politics "is to establish justice in a sinful world." It appears to be the one line from Reinhold Niebuhr he quotes. "You don't see any rich people in prison," he tells them. He talks about John Kennedy, about government. Again he has perfect pitch for his audience. "We all feel like we're outsiders," he says. He talks of his defeat of George Wallace and says, "In Massachusetts, I didn't come in first. But in Roxbury [pause], where the black people live [pause], I came in first." Carter has an undeniable ability to relate to blacks; he is the Southerner who grew up with them in a small town and did play with them and understands them. And his record in Georgia on race also commends him to them. The southern part of Georgia where he grew up was particularly racist. His father was a segregationist, but Carter supported the integration of his church. Despite his racist-tinged campaign for the governorship, he did do things for the blacks as governor, and took symbolic steps to place himself against racism. Perhaps it served his political purposes, but he did it. People like Andrew Young support him because he is, as Young puts it, "white trash made good." And many blacks will trust a Southern white who sides with them over a Northern one who does so, judging, from experience, that Northerners are hypocrites. And so the word about Carter is spreading in black communities—helped along by a radio ad for Carter by Daddy King—and Carter knows how to talk to them. Carter again talks a lot about compassion for "the poor and the ignorant," and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity. "I don't see any conflict between religion and politics," he tells the crowd tonight. "The purposes are the same—to establish justice in a sinful world." Speaking about his campaign for the Presidency, he says another one of those candid things. He says, "I've never been more determined in my life to win anything." There is no reason to doubt that. Carter seems to want to be President more than anyone else around. He adds, "Not because I just want to be President but because I honestly believe in the bottom of my soul that I can accurately represent what our people are and what we want to be and what we can be." And he concludes, "I believe we've got a bright prospect ahead of us in this country. I feel good about it. We've made a lot of progress, got a long way to go, but I believe that we as free people under God, working together, can accomplish great things." He talks of a future with "our strength enhanced in a country where we can prove that people of all kinds can take whatever talents or ability God might have given us and

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### March 12

President Ford returned to Illinois yesterday, and tomorrow he will go to North Carolina, which will hold its primary a week from Tuesday. The President's campaign style is more confident and vigorous than it was when he started out in New Hampshire. The Administration announced today that a stretch of the New River in North Carolina will be made part of the nation's scenic-rivers system. State officials had requested the scenic-river designation in the hope of barring the construction of power dams on the river. The plans of the Appalachian Power Company to build two dams on it have been the subject of considerable controversy in the state.

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Milton Shapp, the governor of Pennsylvania, dropped out of the Democratic race today, and Governor Jerry Brown of California said that he would enter it. Carter, in California, said he would enter the race in every state, no matter who else was in it.

### March 16

This morning, in Washington, I have an appointment with Jimmy Carter. Carter is in town to mend fences and build bridges and do whatever other labor he can to construct a victory. Carter may disparage the "in crowd" in Washington, as he has done, but he has sense enough to know that there are people here with power—through their professional roles, their contacts, their access to various networks of other people with power and influence—whose support or benign attitude, or even neutrality, can help.

Last night, he went to a dinner attended by, among others, Clark Clifford, Katharine Graham, Senator Gaylord Nelson, of Wisconsin (an active backer of Humphrey), and John Gardner. This morning, he met with Andrew Young, and later in the morning he is to go to see Jerry Wurf, the president of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees. Then he is to lunch with the Washington *Post's* editorial board, meet with the Congressional Black Caucus, attend a fund-raiser, and fly to New York. There he will be within easy reach of the media, to react to the results of the Illinois primary, which takes place today. In Washington, Carter is staying in a town house that belongs to a friend of his. The Secret Service is outside the house and in a room on the ground floor.

Upstairs, Carter sits in the living room, receiving visitors. He still looks very tired. His skin is pasty and blotched. He coughs frequently, and when I remark on the cough he says, "I think it's permanent." But he seems relaxed—far more relaxed than I have ever seen him before. In fact, despite the campaign-brochure pictures of a relaxed Jimmy Carter, I had begun to wonder whether he ever could be relaxed. His meeting with Andrew Young ran late—later than Carter permits his campaign appearances to run, if he can help it. He begins our interview by waving his hand casually and saying, "The time is yours," as if he had all day, and he is undoubtedly making amends, as his staff told me he would, for our last encounter. I begin by saying lightly that I have read his book, and he understands the point and grins. I had not known that Jimmy Carter grinned. It is not that stretched smile—sometimes natural, sometimes not—of his public appearances but seems to be a real grin. As we talk, Carter, in shirtsleeves, slumps on a couch, with an arm slung behind his head.

Since it is clear he is going to be coöperative, I ask him again to tell me how he came to his decision to run for the Presidency.

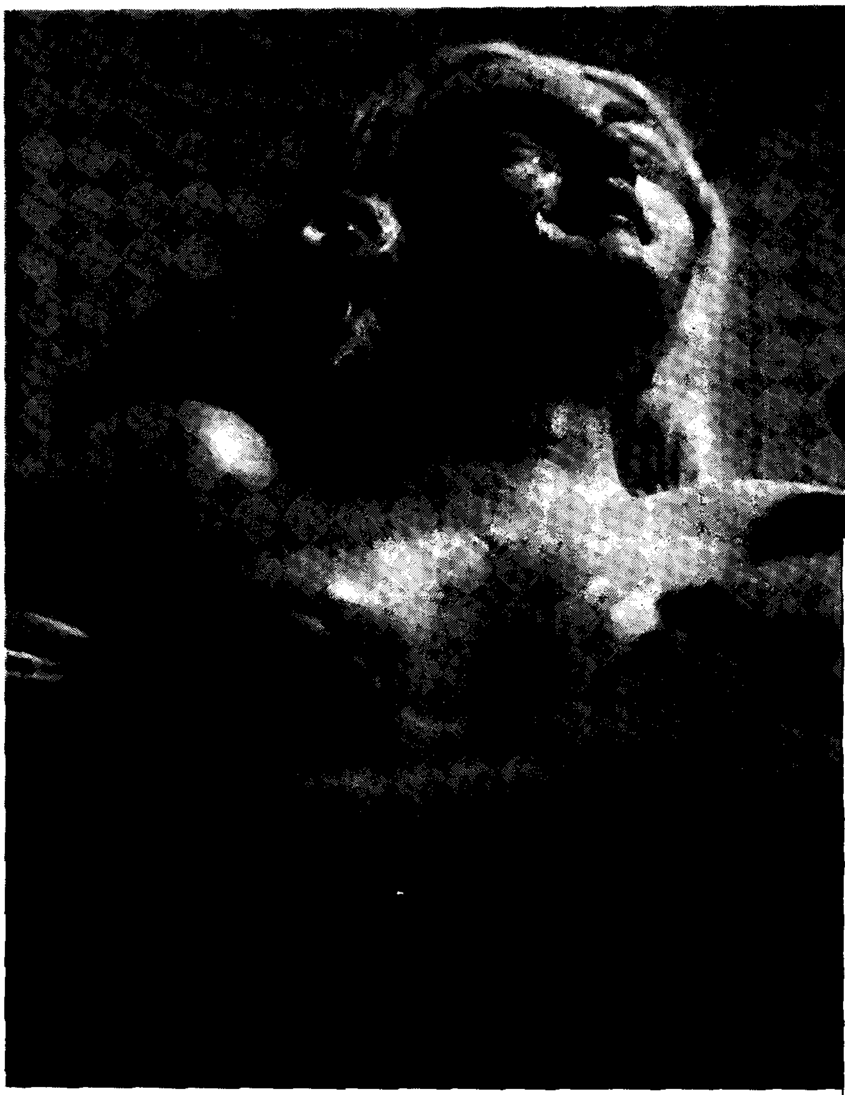
"I was inaugurated as governor in January, 1971," he replies, and he continues, "And during the election year of 1972, with Atlanta being a crossroads, a lot of the Presidential candidates came through there, and I would invite them to stay at the mansion. They'd bring their wives, and we'd talk for four, five hours—about foreign policy, everything. It wasn't a blinding flash of light; it was just a growing realization that they were human beings. I lost my awe of Presidents. I had never seen one except Truman, when he came to the submarine base in New London, Connecticut, in 1952. I got to know Nixon, I got to know Agnew."

I ask him, not entirely seriously, if those two acquaintances helped him lose his awe of Presidents.

He is even in his response. "Them, and the Democratic candidates," he replies.

Carter continues, "I never thought about running for the Presidency during the spring of 1972. It wasn't until after the Convention that anyone first mentioned running for the Presidency. Dr. Peter Bourne wrote me an eight-, ten-page letter about it." Dr. Peter Bourne is a thirty-six-year-old psychiatrist who ran a drug-rehabilitation program for Carter when Carter was governor and has become a close friend. In 1972, Bourne

"*Yeah? And who the hell do you think* you *are*—King Kong*?*"



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moved to Washington to establish the Carter front here. "That was the first anyone put it in writing. My wife and I discussed it privately. Then I talked about it with my staff, and then we started meeting, examining my strengths and weaknesses. I thought my opponents would be Kennedy and Wallace, so we started on that basis."

Did they later, I ask, change strategies?

Carter has been talking softly and easily, as if he really wanted to be helpful. But at this question he flashes, for just a moment, that sharp, hard look that he does when he gets a question he does not like. He knows that I am referring to a story in the Washington *Post* that the original campaign was to have made a more direct appeal to the Wallace vote.

He says, "We had mixed emotions when Kennedy withdrew. It changed the prospect from one new fresh face against Kennedy and Wallace to an indeterminate group of candidates. But we didn't change strategy, no. The strategy remained the same: the time allotted to each state, the determination to go in all the states. I haven't gone back and read those early papers in a long time."

There is reason to speculate that what Carter had in mind at the outset was not the Presidency but the Vice-Presidency. As a Southerner, he would be a good running mate for Kennedy, and as a Southerner who beat Wallace in Florida and ran well in other primaries he would have to be considered.

I ask him when the decision to run was made.

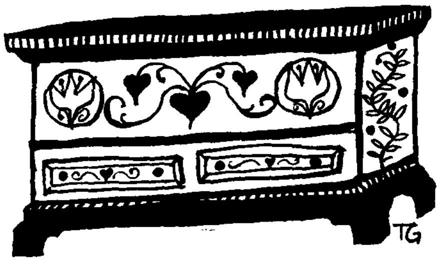
"In September, '72," he replies. "The first person we told outside the inner group was Senator Talmadge"—Herman Talmadge, the senior senator from Georgia. "That was because there was all this speculation I was going to run against him in '74."

Carter breaks off to take a telephone call, in another room, from Hamilton Jordan, his thirty-one-year-old campaign director. When he returns to the room, I ask him what he thought were his special advantages in running for the Presidency. Almost every candidate, in working up a rationale for running, figures out not only why he is qualified but why he is uniquely qualified.

Carter replies, "I've always felt at ease in approaching voters directly. I've never felt any constraint. Also, I had two or three things that I knew about. One was a full, solid year of intense campaigning for the governorship." In his book, Carter says that he and his wife shook the hands of six hundred thousand Georgians in the 1970 campaign—he had lost the Democratic nomination in 1966. He tells of how, in an earlier campaign for the State Senate, on election night he "went to bed sick and exhausted." He continues now, "And a full commitment to go all the way with a certain degree of tenacity." When Carter says that, I give him a look—a tenacity-understates-the-case-and-you-know-it look—and again he grins. It seems to be a natural grin by someone who might, after all, have a sense of humor about himself. It is odd to spend time considering whether a grin just might be natural. To conclude that someone may be grinning naturally and may have a sense of humor about himself should not, of course, be an event, but in the case of Carter it is.

Carter continues his list of his particular assets for a Presidential campaign. "Second," he says, "a superb staff, able to work together. Third, a knowledge of government, of the ineffectiveness of federal programs assessed by my people and by me as governor." And then he refers to factors listed in the book. "I am a farmer," he wrote, and he pointed out that that is a political advantage because "being a farmer makes one willing to face apparently insuperable difficulties and still take a chance even though the future . . . may seem just one big gamble." Also, he went on, "I can claim with credentials to be an engineer, a planner, a nuclear physicist, a businessman, and a professional naval officer. So, for those who might have an aversion to farmers, for whatever reason, there are some alternative ways of looking at what my candidacy has to offer."

Continuing our conversation, Carter says, "Those gave us a degree of confidence. We couldn't know and don't know now whether we can be sure of winning"—a changed tone from the one he strikes before audiences—"but we've never lacked confidence." Not so changed a tone. He then says, "Also, the sequence of the primary elections would seem to play in my favor. We could see three years ago that the first crucial election would be when I met Wallace in Florida." This would play in Carter's favor, as he puts it, because of Florida's proximity to Georgia, easing the problems of organizing and campaigning there, and giving Carter a good chance to compete against Wallace in northern Florida, and because of the drama that a race against Wallace in Florida would hold.



In his book, Carter says that "four or five of the major opinion pollsters worked closely with me, and helped to delineate the most important issues among the American electorate as the elections approached." I am interested in how he arrived at the theme he is using in his campaign—the combination of trust, love, integrity, open government, and anti-government that is working so well for him, and so I ask him what the pollsters told him.

He replies, "All Democratic candidates—congressional, governors—have available to us polls showing broad thematic studies. The polls showed us the post-Vietnam feeling, the feeling of exclusion, the embarrassment at lower ethical standards, at Watergate. Those were available."

Carter continues, "My relationship with wide-ranging groups of voters has always given me a sense of assurance about my feeling for their aspirations and hopes. I feel at ease with farmers; I feel at ease with blacks; I feel at ease with workers; I feel at ease with businessmen; I feel at ease with environmental, conservation groups. This is a *very* important political attribute."

Does he, then, I ask, base his campaign in large part—as it seems he does—on his ability to relate to groups he is speaking to?

"It's not something I think about," he replies. "It's not something I contrive. When I go to a college campus, I never feel ill at ease. I feel like one of them. It's just there. It is a very important attribute."

I then ask Carter about the increasing charges that he is vague on the issues. Wanting to move on from his standard answers—that he answers any question he is asked, that he cannot work out in advance a detailed plan for reorganizing the federal bureaucracy—I tell him that I understand the latter point and agree that some proposals can be worked out only after a President is in office. Given all this, I ask, how much responsibility does he feel for spelling out his positions during the campaign?

"I don't have the time to work it all out," he replies, and he continues, "And I don't know the answers to some of those complicated questions. I don't feel under any constraints to spell out everything. I spell out what I know." But Carter is taking steps to

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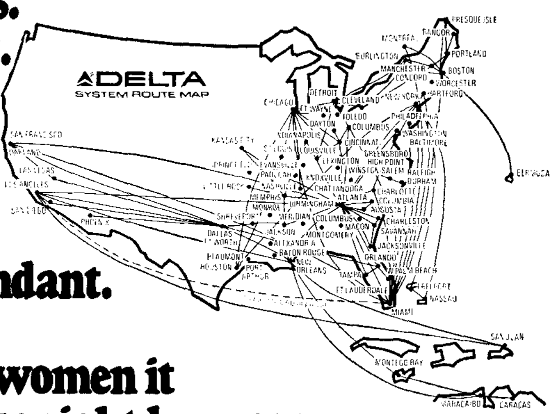
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try to meet the criticism. “Take the speech on foreign policy I gave in Chicago yesterday”—a thoughtful, if general, speech to the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations. “I read books and books and books and articles and talked to several advisers. In April, I'm going to give a speech on health. In May, I'm going to address a U.N. group about nuclear proliferation. But the demands on candidates for specificity at this particular stage of the campaign are much more advanced than they were in earlier campaigns. It's hard for candidates who work full time to get off and work on these things.”

I ask Carter if he may, then, change the balance in how he spends his time.

“Inevitably,” he replies. “I'm going to cut down the travel in the next few weeks to five days”—Carter grins again, seeming to recognize that to suggest that this is a leisurely schedule is absurd—“and spend a day and a half at home with my advisers.” He continues, “But I don't feel intimidated. I won't be pressured into making rash statements.” That's the point. He intends to be careful, and would prefer to be criticized for saying little than say something that might offend a group to which he does not wish to give offense, or that he would have to spend the rest of his campaign days defending and explaining. He knows what happened to McGovern in 1972. (In his book, Carter says that “in order to avoid mistakes” he “studied the campaign platforms of all the unsuccessful candidates for President since our electoral process began.”) “Originally, I would spend a day and a half at home,” Carter continues, referring to a period earlier in the campaign, “and I found that that time's vulnerable. Everyone looks on it as fair game: one more speech to be made, one more cover story with long interviews and photographs. My staff is very enthusiastic—but then they work as hard as I do. I was going to take last weekend off. I needed it badly. Then ‘Face the Nation’ came up, so I flew back here for that. This weekend, I still have two days intact—and I need them.”

I bring up the problem of how competing interests can prevent change, and ask him how he thinks he can deal with this.

He replies, “There, again, the campaign experience, and the wide-ranging affinity I have with those groups—blacks, unions, farmers, businessmen. I think I know very clearly and certainly, or will when the campaign is over, the order of priority of their concerns. It will be up to me as President to determine the priorities among groups. I don't have any fear about my ability to do that.”

This gets to the question of governing—as opposed to the candidates' stated positions on this and that issue—and a question that is even harder to gauge them on, but a crucial one. Carter seems to understand the point behind the question, and, from his answer and from other things we know about him, seems to have the sense of power that is necessary to deal with the problem. In fact, if one takes him at his word, he has no doubts about his ability and authority to arbitrate among competing interests. What some see as a “chameleon” quality—of identifying with whatever group he is before—can also be seen as not just politicking but accumulating power to govern. A candidate who can win the support of a variety of segments of the public has a chance, once in office, to use that support to bring about real change. Whether a politician will use the affirmation of the groups whose support he solicits to get things done, or will be paralyzed by it, we don't know until he is in office. But we can watch and listen and see if he seems to understand the difference. And Carter is equally confident of his ability to rally the public. If Carter is elected and does some of the things he says he will, this would amount to strenuous use of power. Power is out of style now; it is considered not nice to talk about it or seem to covet it. Thus, so many of the candidates strike a humble pose and talk about serving the people, returning government to the people. If they want to do even these things, they will have to exercise power, for they will have to wrest levers from the grip of the interest groups. If they want to make changes, if they do not intend a passive Presidency, they will have to exercise power. So that even if Carter understands this—and it seems that he does—there are certain things that he, or any candidate, cannot say in the midst of a campaign for the nomination. He cannot talk about his intention to assert more control over the domestic side of government (which is different from reorganizing it); he cannot say that he will not permit George Meany to get in the way. And so even the candidate who understands something of the nature of the paralysis the country has been suffering from cannot let on that he does. The question is whether he has the courage and the wit to take this problem on after he is elected President, or whether his hopes and promises will sink in the same bog where those of so many of his predecessors lie buried.

“A lot of members of Congress are ready for change,” Carter continues. “There are many fine people in Congress. Congress as a body is in very low esteem, because of its inability to act in harmony either with the President or, very much, on its own. I think Congress is looking for strong leadership in the White House, and I'm willing to give Congress credit for everything that it does that is beneficial to the public.” Carter did not get on at all well with the Georgia legislature. And since Carter's stubbornness is rather well known—Carter talks about it in his book, quoting someone who called him “as stubborn as a South Georgia turtle”—I give him a skeptical look, and he grins again.

“It's not an impossible hope that the conflicting special interests' desires can be correlated,” Carter says. “If there is disclosure of what they are trying to do and expression by the President to the public of what is involved, then I think you can accomplish a lot.”

Aides bustle about to signal an end to the interview, and I ask if I can raise one more question, and I tell Carter that it is about his religious beliefs. He nods, knowing that this is a matter of increasing attention. I ask him to tell me what he meant when he said, as he has been quoted as saying, that he was “twice born.”

“I never do raise the question myself,” Carter begins. “Sometimes it comes up. I know I was quoted as saying I was ‘twice born,’ but the expression I use is ‘born again.’ We believe that the first time we're born as children, it's human life given to us; and when we accept Jesus as our Saviour it's a new life. That's what ‘born again’ means. I was baptized when I was eleven years old. I never did have a personal feeling of intimacy with Christ until, I'd say, ten, twelve years ago, and then I began to see much more clearly the significance of Christ in my life, and it changed my attitudes dramatically.”

I ask him how.

He replies, “I became much more deeply committed to study and using my example to explain to other people about Christ. I did a lot of missionary work.”

I ask Carter in what way his religious beliefs might guide his political career.

He says, "It has no particular political significance. It's something that's with me every day."

MARCH 17

PRESIDENT FORD easily won the Illinois primary yesterday, with fifty-nine per cent of the vote to Reagan's forty per cent. Among the Democrats, Carter won. Carter's victory in the popularity contest was not a surprise, but his success at winning delegates—somewhere between fifty and sixty—was. In the popularity contest, Carter won forty-eight per cent of the vote, Wallace won twenty-six per cent, Shriver won eighteen per cent, and Harris won eight per cent. Even allowing for the deliberate understating of their objectives by candidates and their aides, Carter's delegate collection (he had predicted about twenty-one) was a surprise—and therefore will have an impact. It may be that once voters vote for a candidate, they do not then vote for someone else's delegate slate. Why should they? In any event, the results may suggest that favorite-son slates do not do well against real—and especially against popular—candidates.

MARCH 18

IN following the events of this year, I make a point of trying to step back from the swirl and talk with people who have cool, clear minds, and an ability to make sense of what is going on around us. There are such people, even in chatter-filled Washington, and they are of particular value at a time when politics tends to crowd out reason and perspective and any sense of what the real questions before us are. Today, I talked with Paul Warnke, who was an official in the Defense Department in the Johnson Administration and is now a Washington lawyer. As Assistant Secretary for International Security Affairs, Warnke was instrumental in changing the attitude of Johnson's Defense Secretary, Clark Clifford, from one of support of the Vietnam war to opposition. Clifford, in turn, became one of those who were most instrumental in persuading Johnson that his policy must change. Warnke is now Clifford's law partner. A cheerful man, with a ruddy complexion and straight gray hair, Warnke has one of the clearest minds around, so he is consulted by all sorts of people on international questions, and remains a man of some influence.

I asked him what he thought were the most important international ques-

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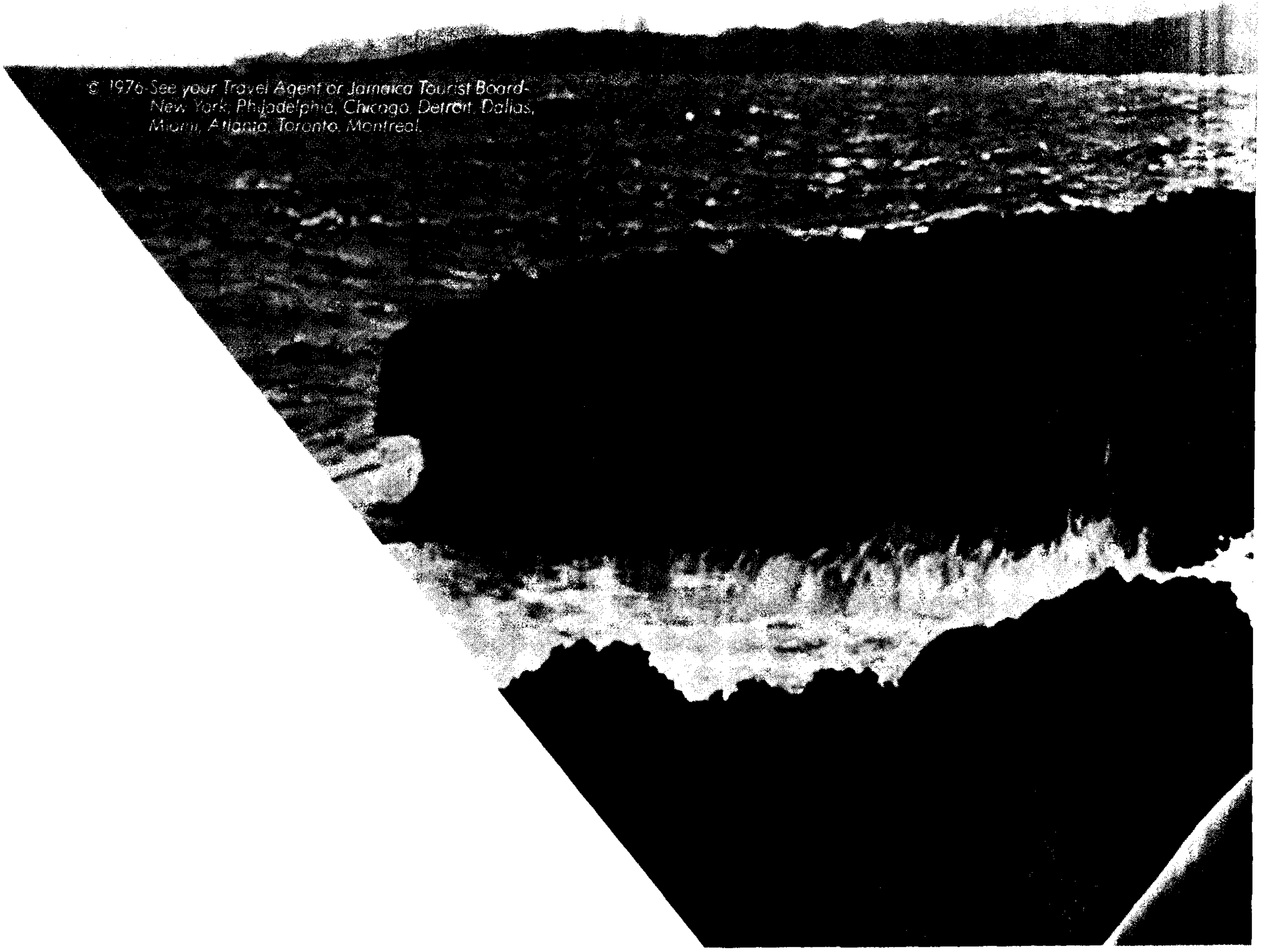

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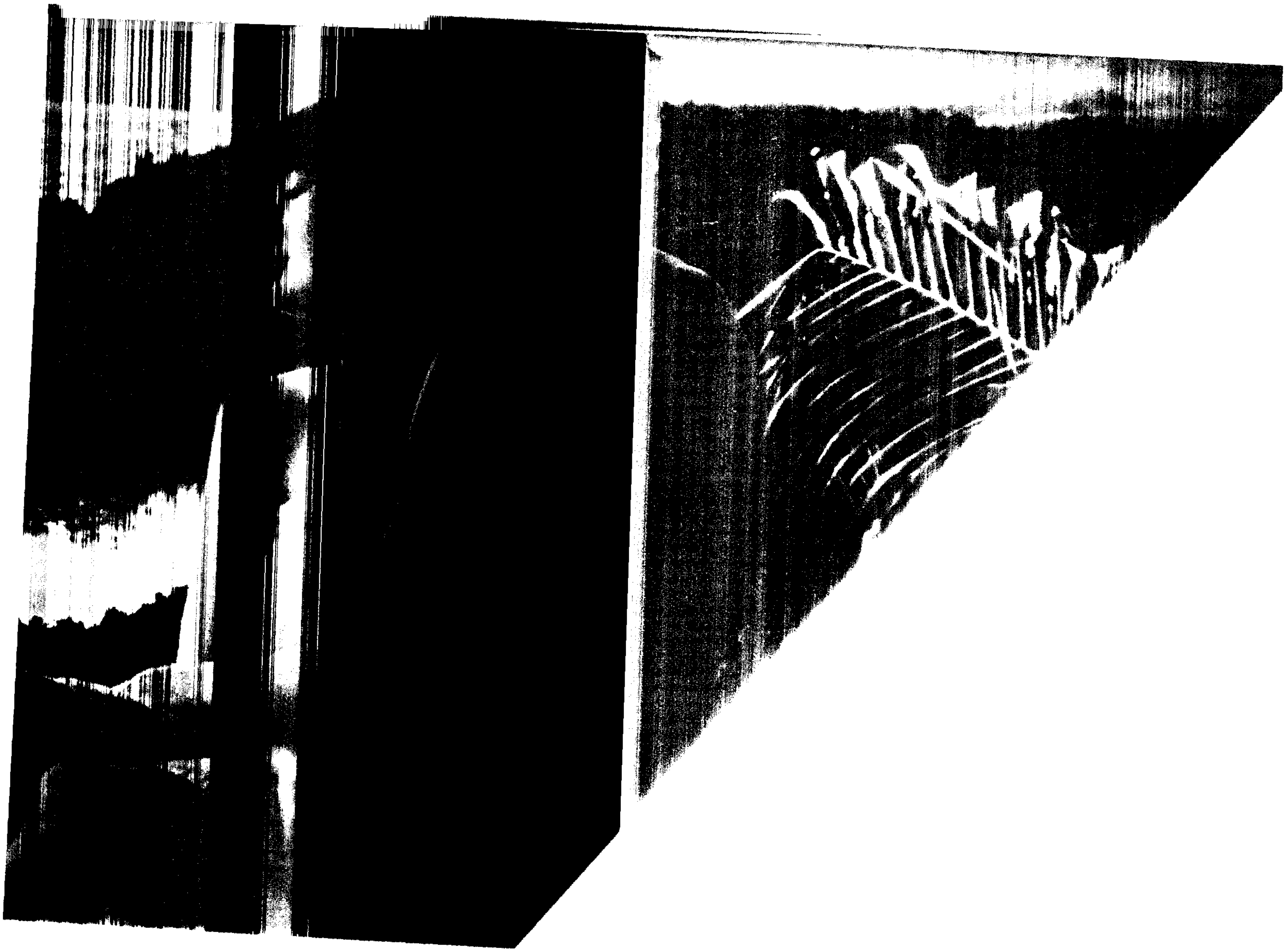
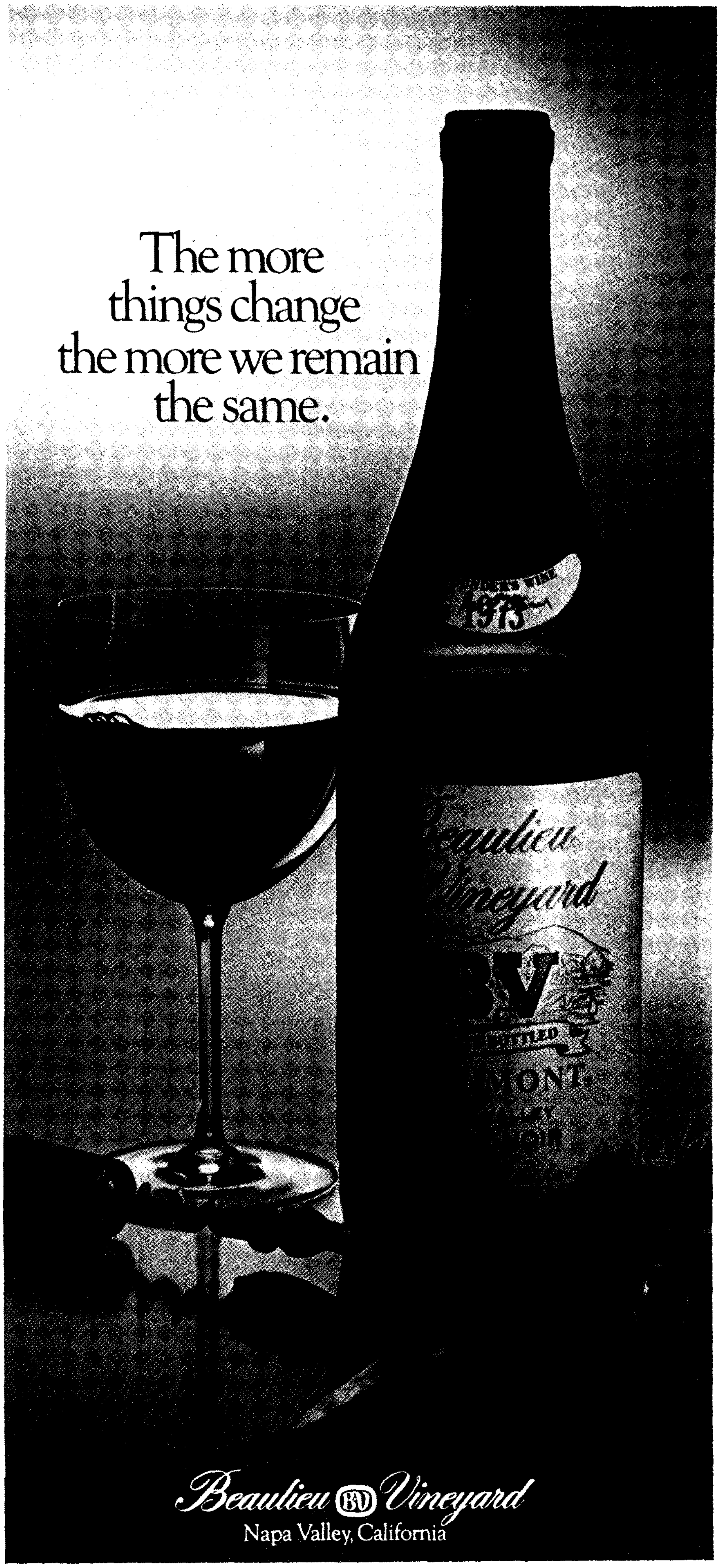




tions we were, or should be, facing. I was somewhat surprised by where he began his answer.

"I think maybe the number-one issue is how you go about restoring your alliances," he said.

I asked him whether he meant alliances based on the old Cold War assumptions.

"No," he replied. "Based on some old and some new considerations." He continued, "Economically, there is a great deal of interdependence between us and Western Europe, and between us and Japan. And there is still a risk of the Soviet Union's trying to gain some of what the Chinese call 'hegemony' in Europe. I don't think either the Nixon or the Ford Administration has appreciated the importance of our allies, and the difference between their attitude toward us and our attitude toward them. They are much more concerned about us than we are about them. I don't think Kissinger or Nixon or Ford has done enough to keep the alliances repaired. Remember the 'Year of Europe'—in 1973. Why did there have to be a year of Europe, and what happened in it? Not very much. If you think, as I do, that there is going to be a hard time bringing about a new economic order, you need the kinds of relationships that make it possible for those on whose coöperation you count to have an understanding of what you're doing. We've done a very poor job of it. The Third World thinks it's going to be easy. It isn't. They want equality—meaning that they come up close to the existing level of wealth in the world or we come down. The question is: How do you adjust the system to bring a better return for those who have been outside the system?"

I asked Warnke if he thought that our government was giving enough recognition to the needs, or demands, of the Third World.

"No," he replied. "And you can't resolve the questions until you get the proper relationships with the countries that have to be involved. It's a major problem, if you look at the possibility of mischief—you can't have a constant condition of stress with the bulk of the human race. The industrialized world has never been able to live without the unindustrialized world. They used to rely on it economically through colonization. If you can't do it through exploiting their raw materials and people, you have to have some kind of economic interchange. What kind of economic interchange can you have with a pauper? Besides, if you assume, as I do, that the proliferation not of nuclear weapons, then of nuclear weapons material is inevitable, the cheeky little bastards, if they get sufficiently annoyed, may blow us up."

But can we ever satisfy them, I asked Warnke.

He replied, "I'm not sure. The population problem may mean that we're always behind the power curve."

Where does one draw the line, I asked him, since there are those who think that the Third World is profligate with our aid and insatiable in its demands?

"It's really an instance of how do you know until you try," Warnke said. "Kissinger, testifying before the Senate Finance Committee, asked how you can deal with these people when they're behaving badly and not in our interests. Maybe you turn that around and ask how they can deal with us when we don't act in their interests. The answer to the argument about profligacy is that that's not the way to give them aid. You should work through international institutions. You don't give them money; you give them trading preferences, commodity-stabilization agreements, so that you get them to do something useful. The Administration says it won't go ahead with the good ideas Kissinger proposed along these lines in his U.N. speech until they start behaving better at the U.N. Christ, that's a non sequitur. As long as they're in a parlous economic situation, they aren't going to behave better at the U.N."

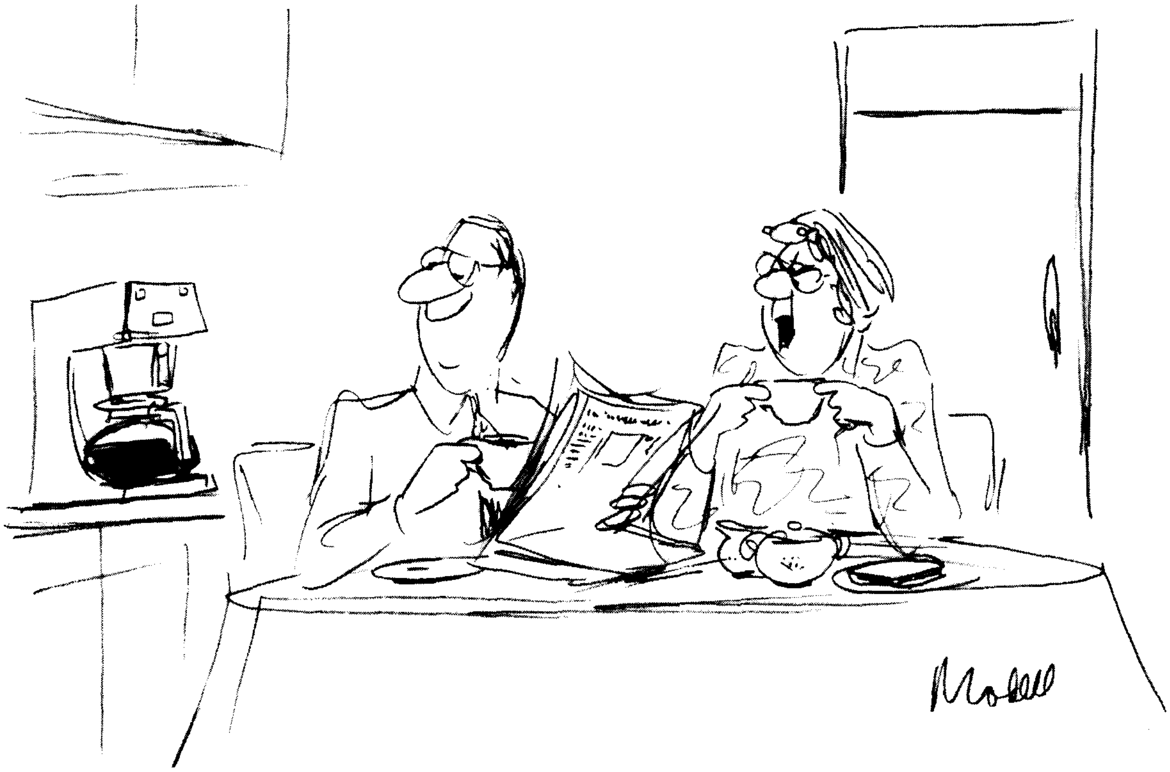
I asked Warnke about our present military budget.

"That's another problem," Warnke said. "What the hell do you do with the military budget at this point?" He had been consistently critical of the size of the military budget, but now he was saying something slightly different. "Anyone who is realistic feels that you have to be concerned at the amount the Soviets are putting into theirs," he said. "Much as you'd like to, you can't make drastic cuts. But I still think we ought to see who is driving whom—how much of what they're doing is in reaction to what we're doing. You have to hope for genuine, effective arms control, and you have to decide what it's best to spend your money on. The two efforts ought to be going on simultaneously."

I asked him if they were.

"I don't think the Administration's trying hard enough on arms control," he replied. "I think we are spending too much time on the non-military side of arms control. Kissinger is overly concerned about the domestic implications—instead of taking on the military, he's assuming he can't get a certain degree of control, because he can't get domestic support. And that is buttressed by our approach to SALT: we say if you don't do *x*, we'll build anti-ballistic and cruise missiles, and we go ahead and build them. The impetus for the cruise missile came out of the first SALT agreement, in 1972, when the Soviets were allowed one thousand six hundred and eighteen intercontinental ballistic missiles to our one thousand fifty-four. One of the ways the agreement was sold to the military was to leave them room to speculate about what else they could do. And one of the things announced by Mel Laird"—then Secretary of Defense—"shortly thereafter was that we could build cruise missiles. So there's not that much cutting to be done unless we get serious about arms control and use détente to demilitarize the competition that is going to continue between the Soviet Union and the United States. Maybe neither one of them is possible, but you never know until you try."

Warnke continued, "And that's my fundamental quarrel with our Angola policy. You're going to have a continuing competition between the United States and the Soviet Union, with differing views about the world structure each wants to see. That always comes as a great surprise. People say, 'See? Despite détente, they still want the world to be Communist.' And the Soviets say the same thing about us and capitalism. The world is dynamic, and you have a lot of situations that are fluid—Portugal, Italy, France, Yugoslavia, even Eastern Europe. The driving force on both sides is the feeling that you have to be in a position to affect the decision by the use of arms. So our two budgets are not based just on defense. We both continue to equip ourselves to influence political decisions on a worldwide basis. You have to assume, when you get an Angola, or a situation in Latin America where those in power decide they are tired of urban guerrillas and a wealthy north, that they will make decisions on both internal and external policy that we won't like. I think we ought to use détente to work out with the Soviet Union an understanding that neither of us is going to try to affect a political decision in an emerging or



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changing nation by the use, or the threat of use, of military power. People say that such an understanding won't work, but you never know until you try. Neither side has tried it. Why not, for example, try to work out some agreement with respect to bases in the Indian Ocean?"

I asked Warnke if he thought that Angola was symptomatic of what we were doing in relation to a number of larger questions, and he said that it was. I asked him what he would have done differently.

He replied, "I never would have put myself in a position where I was contributing arms in a civil war. I think I would have to start out with the proposition that if Angola is Marxist, I can live with that, and support by other means the forces for good. I should avoid blotting my copybook by supporting the Portuguese there. And I strongly suspect we encouraged South Africa to intervene. Wouldn't we have been a hell of a lot better off if we had tried to convince the Soviet Union that we should both keep hands off?"

But, I asked him, what if it wouldn't agree to such an arrangement?

"You have to decide that on a case-by-case basis," he replied. "On Angola, I'd have let it go, because we'd clearly have been coming in on the losing side. I'd feel the opposite in Portugal—if as Gonçalves went down the drain the Soviets came gunboating into the harbor, I'd respond. It seems to me it's our obvious willingness to use the military route that makes it impossible for us to marshal opinion against the Soviet Union when it does. Take Angola. It's an egregious thing to have Cubans there, but our objections get nowhere when the other side can say, 'For Christ's sake, the United States brought in South Africa.' The point is, I think we've got to take the chance that people will opt against us, and we ought to start doing some of the non-military things that may lead them to opt with us. The alternative is that the Soviet Union will continue to build up its military force and we will have to match it."

I remarked that over the past few years Warnke had been saying our strategic military arsenal was insanely overbuilt, and now he did not sound the same way.

"I still believe it," he replied. "That gets you down to specific weapons systems. If you proceed on the assumption that the Soviets may intervene anywhere, you have to go on with a massive military structure to act as a deterrent. But why proceed on this assumption? I don't think you can get anywhere with the argument 'Look at them—they're building up this enormous force for intervention.' But we're doing the same thing. If we try to get them to stop, even if we fail, we put the onus on them. More people might like us. And it would help the domestic debate—carping critics like me would have to keep quiet if we tried. But you have to make one decision. Are you willing to allow some countries to go sour on their own? So far, for our government, the answer is no."

We turned to the subject of arms transfers, by sales or by credits, to other countries. Military sales had been under Warnke's jurisdiction when he was in the Pentagon, and the subject has disturbed him.

"What we're doing is to expand our arms transfers very substantially," Warnke said. "Since 1968, when I was the chief 'merchant of death,' arms sales have gone up more than ten times. There you have to start with deciding what it is you want to transfer arms to foreign countries for. I suppose the answer is 'common defense.' But the reasons involved in that can be very different. Another reason we do it is the balance of payments. A third one is to preserve influence and prevent others from getting influence. Fourth, it's a form of rent for the use of foreign bases. In the first instance, you have to decide what will contribute to the common defense. Perhaps the standardization of equipment—our buying European equipment—would lead to the strongest NATO. Some of the transferring of arms goes into setting up a regional power—filling a vacuum because the British have left. That's lousy. Why should we sit down and decide who should be the regional superpower? That's going to aggrieve the ones who weren't chosen and the ones who don't want a new suzerain. And you have to assume that whoever it is you give arms to will last and be a permanent friend of the United States. What if the Shah wanted to use them to take over Bahrein or Abu Dhabi? Even if you have some strings on him, you don't know who will be in control in ten years. You could end up with a Colonel Qaddafi as commander-in-chief of all these American weapons. The influence argument hasn't proved to be worth a damn. Cyprus is the classic example. We couldn't exert influence even though we were the principal suppliers of both the Greeks and the Turks. The result is that Greece is no longer a participant in the military functions of NATO. Part of the problem is that by building up this tremendous business in arms for foreign countries you build up a tremendous interest in our own country to keep it going—and tremendous pressures. It's the same reason you're not going to get a serious review of weapons programs, especially in a recession. If you called for an end to the Trident submarine, you'd see some liberal senators rise in opposition, because it involves too many jobs in Connecticut and Rhode Island. You get too many decisions that are militarily irrelevant. The influence argument doesn't strike me as a particularly valid one. And on the rental argument—you ought to buy them off with money. I think if you did that, you might decide that some of the bases weren't that essential to the national defense. In other words, in order to cut the defense budget you have to make some policy decisions. If you don't, you're not going to get very far. You have to try arms control, try some agreement with the Soviet Union about the uses of arms. I'm afraid that proliferation is inevitable. Can't you see the slogans of the nineteen-nineties? 'If you outlaw nuclear weapons, only the outlaws will have nuclear weapons.' It'll be the gun lobby all over again. That's why it infuriates me when Kissinger loses one with Congress or Congress cuts the budget by a few million and he says this shows the erosion of our will. Some people in other countries will begin to believe Ford and Kissinger when they say this. It's a lie. We have eighty-five hundred nuclear warheads to the Soviets' twenty-six hundred. We have fourteen large carriers; they've got two mini-carriers. We're ahead as far as tactical air capability is concerned. Granted the Russians in uniform outnumber our forces by more than two to one, but, given their common border with China, their military problem is at least twice as great as ours. Where there are imbalances that ought to be corrected—for instance, in tanks—that can be done without massive additions to our defense budget. That should be done, without poor-mouthing our overall defense capability. Yet I read a German publication saying that the Soviet Union is superior and Europe had better develop a nuclear deterrent of its own. Our whole policy for twenty years has been to prevent Germany from becoming a nuclear power. We

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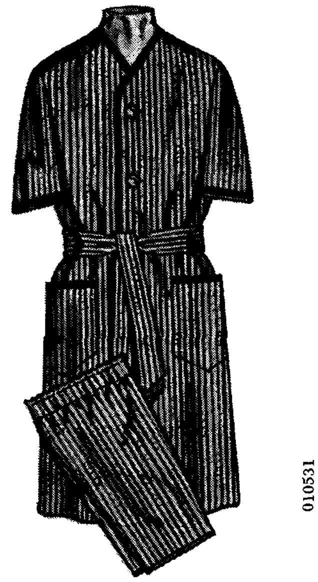

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have to try non-military ways of making it a more compatible world—convince the emerging nations that we're on their side. Continuing to shriek at them at the U.N. and giving them the back of our hand economically is not very compelling behavior. I don't think you could do better than Kissinger's September 1st speech to the U.N., but not much has been done to put his recommendations into effect. From the security standpoint, an investment of a few billion in that direction instead of in military hardware would probably advance the cause. Since proliferation is inevitable, having a lot of people dissatisfied and desperate is going to be more risky in the future than it has been in the past."

MARCH 19

SENATOR FRANK CHURCH, Democrat of Idaho, entered the Presidential race yesterday. Church's entry had been delayed, pending completion of the work by the committee he heads on the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. But the committee's work has dragged on—there is much negotiating among the members over what the final report will say and recommend—and so Church, who has been toying with the idea for a long time, has entered anyway. His strategy is based on faltering by other liberals and on his winning some of the later primaries in the West. Church may or may not think this will come to pass. What seems to have happened is that he considered the race for some time, built a staff and raised money and considered his unique qualifications, and then could not turn it off. A lot of people enter Presidential politics that way.

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RONALD REAGAN, campaigning in North Carolina (with James Stewart at his side), responded with exasperation to questions about whether he would quit the race soon. Ford aides and allies have been suggesting that he do so. Referring to the President, Reagan said, "Tell him to quit." The problem with suggestions that Reagan quit is that they overlook the fact that to quit would leave him without a role. Moreover, it is in the interests of conservatives—as long as they can afford it—to keep Reagan in the race, so as to keep pressure on Ford. Not that, without Reagan, the President would become an unrestrained liberal, but there is no question that Reagan's presence acts as a conservative pull. Reagan's candidacy has always served a dual purpose. The President will return to North Carolina tomorrow. I am going there to see George Wallace.

MARCH 20

THE Greensboro, North Carolina, Coliseum Auditorium. Saturday night. George Wallace will hold a rally here tonight. Wallace is expected to lose the North Carolina primary to Carter on Tuesday—a defeat that will finish Wallace's role as a political force. It seems hard to believe, since he has been with us so long—running for the Presidency, and frightening politicians in both parties, since 1964. Wallace was widely seen as a dark force, a demagogue who stirred anger and hatred. But, like an effective demagogue, he was on to what bothered people, and good at articulating their grievances. This gave him his power, causing more "respectable" politicians to echo much of what he said, and giving him a constituency with which he could upset the calculations of both major parties. Wallace would never be President, but he was a major force. Now another Southerner has set out to finish him off as a force, and appears to be succeeding, and, in the process, may secure a place for himself on the Democratic Party ticket. Wallace and Carter: the one dark, ugly, country, a fomenter; the other blond, well turned out, modern, cool. Carter is what "the new South" likes to think it is. As a friend of mine from North Carolina put it, "We don't want to think of ourselves as breaking into Rebel yells and driving pickup trucks anymore." And so Wallace and Carter are meeting here, amid the mountains and red clay hills and coastal plains of North Carolina. Wallace carried North Carolina in 1972: former Governor Terry Sanford entered the race against him late here that year, and could never quite shake Wallace's charge that he was a stand-in for Hubert Humphrey. Many people used to vote for Wallace in the confidence that he would never be President; he was the vehicle whereby they could, as Wallace put it, "send 'em a message." Now they can send the message through Carter, and, better still, Carter might actually be President—a point that Carter underscores by telling people not to waste their vote. Wallace has retaliated by saying he is a serious Presidential candidate, but that argument hasn't taken hold—especially now that he is confined to a wheelchair. Carter has absorbed much of the Wallace appeal, from the anti-bureaucracy position to the fundamentalism. Carter has beaten Wallace in Florida and Illinois. The political careers of these two men have been strangely intertwined over the years, and Carter's precise relationship with Wallace, and what Carter says about it, has been one of the issues trailing Carter. The polls show Carter far ahead of Wallace, and the confidence seems to have gone out of Wallace's campaign. His crowds have been thin, his speeches have been dispirited, events have been cancelled. Members of his staff are openly criticizing each other. Organizers and Alabama state officials have been brought into North Carolina at the last minute. And, as I learned from talking with him this afternoon, George Wallace is upset.

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I TALKED with Wallace in his room at the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge. Wallace had just attended a reception of the Veterans of Foreign Wars Ladies' Auxiliary. He was dressed in a navy-blue suit; a carnation from the reception was in his lapel. He looked surprisingly well: tan and rested—not the pallid, ghostly Wallace who made that dramatic appearance at the 1972 Democratic Convention. But the flat, broad face was familiar, as were the wisp of dark hair that fell on his forehead, the wide mouth, the tongue smile. Accustomed as we have become to the fact that Wallace gets about in a wheelchair, I couldn't help being startled by the wheelchair and thinking of what life had become for him since he was nearly fatally shot by Arthur Bremer in a Maryland shopping center in May, 1972—what it must be like for this vital man to be paralyzed, and physically dependent on others. And of the grit it took to pull himself—after the shooting and several subsequent operations—back to this point. And now Jimmy Carter was threatening to wreck it all.

I began by asking Wallace how he felt about his campaign at that point.

Wallace does not always speak in sentences—particularly when he is distracted, which he clearly was now. He replied, "I feel good about the campaign. I did so well in 1972 before I was taken out." That is how Wallace refers to the shooting. "There has been quite a bit of organized effort against me this time." He was referring to the support for Carter against Wallace in Florida, and the reports that others were urged to stay out of the race there. "Of course, my wheelchair. The polls showed in Florida two out of five who wanted to vote for me voted against me. I never thought about that matter, because I get around. I operate functional. Governor's office full time, travel to Europe, travel around. I have delegates—in Mississippi, Massachusetts, Florida. In Illinois, I didn't have any organization; didn't expect anything in Illinois. I shouldn't have been in Illinois without organizing. Pretty soon, the people of this country will have learned about— Learned about many of the candidates. They'll learn about those who talk one way here and one way yonder and you can't put your finger on 'em. Maybe they ought to take polls back in the states from whence they come."

Wallace had avoided mentioning Carter by name, but finally his distress over him could no longer stay hidden. For this evening's rally, his staff had assembled newspaper clippings and telegrams, including one from the former Mississippi governor Ross Barnett, to show that in June, 1972, Carter had attended a fund-raiser for Wallace in Red Level, Alabama, and said that Wallace was a great American and would be a good President and that he would try to keep the Georgia delegation in the Wallace column as long as possible. (Carter's staff has said that when Carter spoke to the group in Red Level he "explicitly stated his appearance was in no way an endorsement of Wallace and that his visit was solely for the purpose of joining with them in wishing Wallace a speedy recovery from the assassination attempt only six weeks before.") Wallace picked up the documents and some newspaper clippings from the bed next to his wheelchair and waved them. He referred to an article in the Atlanta *Journal* which quoted Carter as saying, in June, 1972, before the Democratic Convention, that a Humphrey-Wallace ticket would be acceptable and would run well in the South. "This kind of stuff," he said. "Now he's saying he vaguely remembers." Wallace read to me from the clippings, and then he said, "And now he says, 'I never supported Wallace and never would.'" Wallace's contempt and despair were clear. He started speaking with more vehemence, talking about a now familiar part of Carter's second, and successful, campaign for the Georgia governorship, in 1970, when he ran against the former governor Carl Sanders, a liberal. Sanders, during his governorship, had blocked Wallace from speaking before the Georgia legislature, and Carter said that when he was governor he would invite Wallace to speak in Georgia. Wallace said, "He went all over Georgia saying, 'I'll invite Wallace to speak in this state.' Do you know that? He made a big issue of it. If

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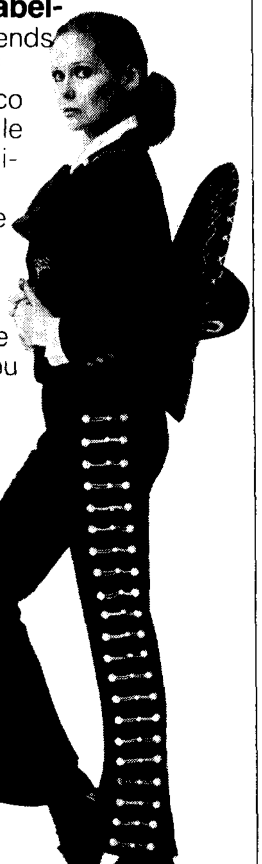

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you go around and use a man's name in an emphatic fashion—'I'll *invite* him to come to this state'— Now, if you're not for him when you say that, you're *misleading* people, aren't you?" He made "misleading" into a very long word. *Misleeeeeeeding.* He paused, waiting for me to agree, and I just looked at him, waiting for him to go on. "Aren't you?" Another pause. "Well, sure you are." Wallace, quite worked up now, continued, referring this time to a news story that on Thursday, in Winston-Salem, Carter, talking about his deep religious beliefs, said, "I spent more time on my knees the four years I was governor in the seclusion of a little private room off the governor's office than I did in all the rest of my life put together, because I felt so heavily on my shoulders that the decisions I made might very well affect many, many people." Wallace said, "That little room where he said he spent all that time on his knees—that's where he made that little agreement with me that I wouldn't run delegates against his precinct delegates in Georgia, and he said he would support me provided I got three hundred or more delegates, and we shook hands. I had no reason to doubt it—he had been so friendly, and used my name running for governor. I went there with four hundred. We asked him to nominate us, and he said, 'I'm sorry, I'm an old friend of Scoop Jackson's.' Maybe someday he'd like to take a polygraph test on that." The Carter staff denies that such an agreement was made.

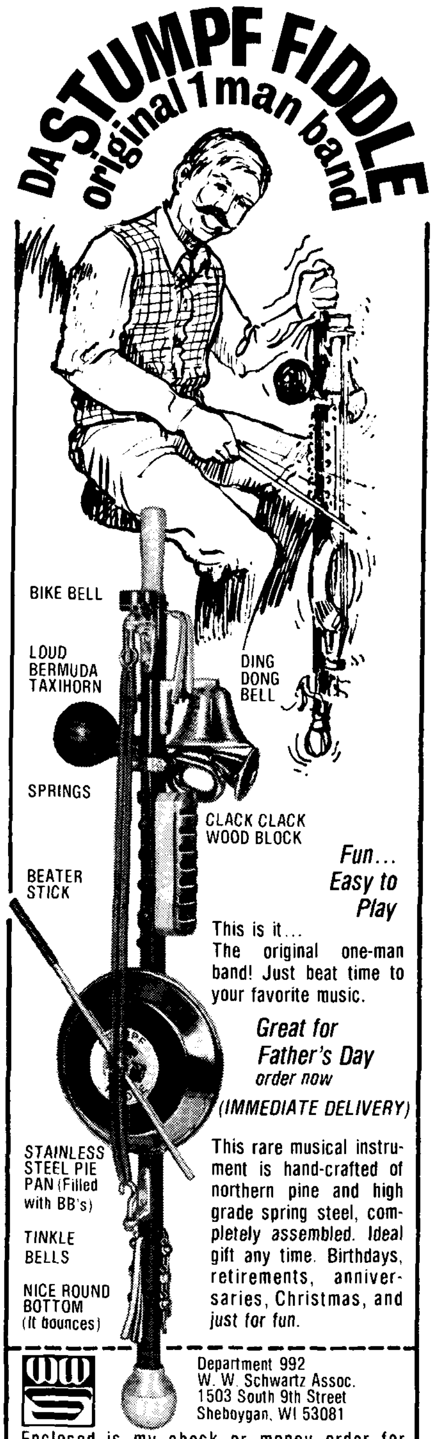
Trying to change the subject, I asked Wallace what effect he thought he had had on our politics. My impression, I told him, was that it had been a profound one.

He replied, "Already the Democratic Party's moved back toward the center. Every one of them is talking about the things I talked about in '72, aren't they? I was talking about welfare; I was talking about foreign aid; I was talking about national defense; I was talking about tax reform. Even Scoop Jackson's talking about busing."

But his mind could not stay off the subject of Carter. He seemed at times nearly distraught. At one point, he fell silent and buried his head in his hands, and I did not think he was acting. "He says he's not going to campaign in Alabama, because, according to the papers, he says he doesn't want to rub my nose in it." One must hear how Wallace says it to get the full effect: he doesn't say "nose," he says "*noooooooohse*," and he says it with deep sarcasm. And then he said slowly, working in a menacing tone for emphasis, "Well, I'm going to run against him in Georgia." Wallace continued, "The other candidates didn't come to power in their states using my organization, my mailing list, and my name. I was very popular in Georgia. They don't owe me anything." He pointed his finger at me and spoke slowly. "But a man who rides your coattails, uses your organization . . . He stayed with me as long as I was popular." Wallace seemed to be getting to what really hurt. "They thought I was dying, that I was through with politics, that I'd be a vegetable the rest of my life, or I'd die. You wouldn't have bet that I'd be in a primary four years later, would you, honey? I wouldn't feel the way I do if he said, 'Yes, I supported Governor Wallace in those days. I didn't support everything he was for, but we were friends. But he understands I'm running for the Presidency.' He has a right to run if he'd still be my friend. He has a right. I'm not the only one that can run for the Presidency; I'm not the only one in my region. I'm the reason some of them are running—because I proved they could do well in other parts of the country."

Trying to change the subject again, I asked Wallace why he had made his races for the Presidency.

"One of the first motivations in the early days was, I believe, people were tired of big government," he replied, and he continued, "I did so well. It wasn't running for President. I wanted to show that people were beginning to tire of government. I also wanted to prove that the people of my region were in the mainstream of American political thought. I was a little tired of the national politicians kicking us around. That was the beginning, and then we did so well in 1968. Many people who didn't feel I had a chance to win wanted to vote for me. I also wanted to help shift the Democratic Party back to becoming the party of Jackson and Jefferson and the great middle class. Not that we should forget those who are unable to look after themselves, but remember explicitly those who are producing, paying the taxes, fighting the wars, holding the country together, and stop paying all the attention to the exotic noisemakers of the left—like they ended up doing at the '72 Convention. I like doing it, because I get a satisfaction out of feel-



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ing we did some good. For me to go in Massachusetts in '76 and win the second-largest number of delegates in the citadel of Eastern liberalism . . . I carried the city of Boston. Did you know that? You wouldn't have bet a dime on that four years ago, would you—that Wallace would ever carry Boston?"

I asked him if the recent losses had been tough for him.

His voice was soft as he replied. "Oh, no, honey," he said. "Nothing's that tough. After you've been shot five times and suffered the loss of walking, what's a loss?" He paused, and then he continued, "Not being able to walk. But I'm living. I thought I was going to die as soon as I was hit. So losing a campaign—my goodness, that's not your life. That's not the right to look at the sky, the trees, your wife and your family, enjoy your friends. Of course I would like to win, but I've lost some pretty tough battles. You don't win every time, but the election is not over yet. This is the first quarter."

Wallace kept talking, returning again and again to the subject of Carter. For a while, his wife, Cornelia, who is a handsome and vibrant woman, was in the room, but then she went out for a walk. Twice, he asked me to get him a glass of water. He apologized for asking for my help. He went on talking about Carter, the fair-haired Southerner who had capitalized on him and made him an instrument of his own success. The acceptable Southerner. Wallace was not acceptable, and he knew it, and now, filled with bitterness and resentment, he sat in this Howard Johnson's motel room facing his ultimate defeat at Carter's hands, not wanting to be left alone. He did imitations of Carter: "I will never lie to you; I will never *misleeeeeeed* you." He talked about Carter's saying in Massachusetts that he was for cutting defense spending and saying in Florida that he was for strong defense. He talked about being in the wheelchair. "He can go out and shake hands and get on television," he said. "I can't do that. He was my friend when I was popular. He said he was for me when he thought I'd die. I don't mind the other ones, because they say what they think. Udall's a true liberal, and he's honest about it. Those other fellows criticize me, but they didn't use me. He talks about spending all that time on his *kneeeeeees*. Well, I'm going to church tomorrow, but I don't go around talking about my religion. I might not get such a big crowd tonight. Saturday night. Not a good night for crowds. I've

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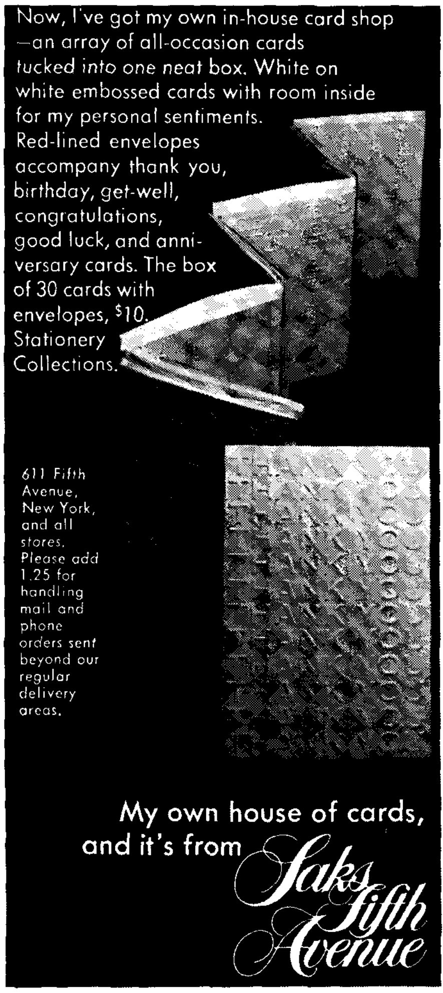

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always said what I believed. You might not have agreed with me, but you knew where I stood, didn't you? When I said I was against integration, I believed that. That's how I was brought up. Even when I stood in the schoolhouse door, that was because we were mad at the federal government forcing it on us. But it would have happened in a few years. Anyway, that's over now. And I made sure those little black children were protected. Did you see, one of them said to Dan Rather on 'Sixty Minutes' recently that they would support me? Anyway, that's all over now."

A half-hour Wallace ad came on the television screen as we were talking. "Fix the color on that, will you, honey?" he asked. "I want to see how I look. Do I look healthy?" Then: "He says he's a *gooooood* Southerner."

After a while, Mrs. Wallace returned to the room and told him that his dinner was coming, so I said goodbye and started to leave. He called after me, "He *yuuuused* me when I was popular." And then he said, "Look out for phonies, honey."

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OTHER politicians make speeches to groups that have been assembled for this or that purpose. George Wallace's rallies are road shows, put on by the candidate and his travelling troupe. Steve Sammons travels with him for the purpose of acting as m.c. Sammons, a stocky man in his late twenties, used to do voice-overs for television commercials, and now produces commercials—one of his clients was Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken—in Montgomery. Steve Sammons' job is to warm up the crowds. Then Billy Grammer, a Grand Ole Opry singer, accompanied by a three-piece band—all of whom also travel with Wallace—performs. The routine seldom varies: Grammer and his group play "Under the Double Eagle," "Gotta Travel On," and "Detroit City"—a song about a country boy who is lonesome in the big city. This week, Wallace and his troupe have already played for rallies in Raleigh, Asheville, Charlotte, and Rocky Mount, and on Monday night, Election Eve, will play in Fayetteville, in the south-central part of the state—Wallace country. The Wallace road show also has its own set. As Billy Grammer plays, one's attention is caught by the low podium—about three feet high, with about another foot of bulletproof glass on its three sides—that sits, empty, at center stage. The podium is on a metal ramp. After the rally, the set will be struck and moved to the next town, for the next performance. Steve Sammons and Billy Grammer get the crowd relaxed, clapping along with the thrumming music. Tonight, Billy Grammer adds an embellishment: in the middle of "Detroit City," he gets the crowd to sing, "We're sending Jimmy Carter home." And then, as Steve Sammons introduces Wallace, Billy Grammer's group breaks into "Alabama Jubilee," and Wallace—as the crowd cheers and claps and screams—is wheeled onstage and up the ramp and placed behind the podium. He sits there, smiling and waving, while the crowd cheers and cheers.

One hand resting atop the bulletproof glass, the other waving in the air, Wallace tells the crowd, "They're well organized against George Wallace this time." He announces, "I'm well. Franklin Roosevelt was elected President of the United States four times in a wheelchair. Maybe you've forgotten that." Wallace says, "I'm tired of all this hypocrisy"—pronounced "*high*-pocrisy"—and he adds that people are "cynical about people who run for office being everything to everybody." And shortly he swings into a denunciation of Jimmy Carter. "These newsmen down there," Wallace says, sweeping his hand toward the press table that has been erected in front of the auditorium, the journalists being one of his props, "whether they like me or not, they know I mean what I say. You can't tell what Mr. Carter means." At that, the crowd stands and cheers and applauds. The auditorium is only about two-thirds full, but the cheering of the crowd—enthusiastic, with him, cheering—fills it. Wallace is clearly pleased. He becomes more fiery than he has been in a long time, he and the crowd feeding each other's enthusiasm, egging each other on. Watching Wallace, one wonders what would have happened if he had been given a handsome face, or even a face in which the hatred did not show. And he goes down his litany of complaints against Carter. "He went all over the state," Wallace says. "He used my name. Did he really mean that he was not for me in his heart but he used it politically? I was very strong in Georgia in those days. . . . Was he misleading people when he said, 'I will invite George Wallace to come and speak in this state'?"

Wallace apologizes, saying he is sorry to have to do this—that he does not like to make personal attacks on his opponents, which is apparently true. Wallace is seldom personal in his attacks. But Jimmy Carter is unlike any other opponent Wallace has ever had. His face twisted in anger, his voice ringing with contempt, Wallace says, "I'm not one who says, 'I'm a Southerner but I'm a *different kind* of Southerner.' What kind of Southerner does he *mean*? I think all Southerners are good." This is not the feigned anger of a speechmaker. As Wallace goes through his list of issues, one is struck with how they have been picked up by other candidates and made a standard part of our politics: big government; regressive taxes; the bureaucracy ("Everybody's talking about it now"). He was a prophet, a populist, and an authentic spokesman for people's grievances. He goes a little further than the others: the bureaucrats (pronounced "beuuurowcrats"), he says, come out of some "upper-repute college;" they're "totin' briefcases around and writin' things for one another." He talks about the "rip-off artists on welfare"—another fixture in our politics. The startling thing is that Wallace has almost nothing fresh to say now. They've all stolen his lines. So he sits there in his wheelchair, his campaign all but over, saying them anyway, because what else can he do? And Wallace is the best orator of them all—his timing and delivery expert, his applause lines perfectly designed. "The judges in the federal system pay more attention to those who shoot you than those of you who get shot," he says. "What we ought to have returned to the United States is the good old electric chair." He talks of "pointed-head" bureaucrats; it would have been as disappointing if he hadn't as it would have been if Jack Benny hadn't gone to the vault. You expect certain things of George Wallace, and he does not disappoint you. He is the effective demagogue, and, like many effective demagogues (the Longs of Louisiana come to mind), Wallace is funny. He has a sense of the absurd, the comic, and he has the timing. And, like other funny performers (again the Longs, or Will Rogers), he uses his accent to advantage. "The New York *Times*," he says, "called Fidel Castro 'the Robin*hooood* of the Caribbean.' I said, 'He looks like a Communist.' I looked at pictures of him in those Cuban hills, and I said, 'Anything that looks like a duck and walks like a duck and quacks like a duck—is a duck.' "

And then he swings into his per-

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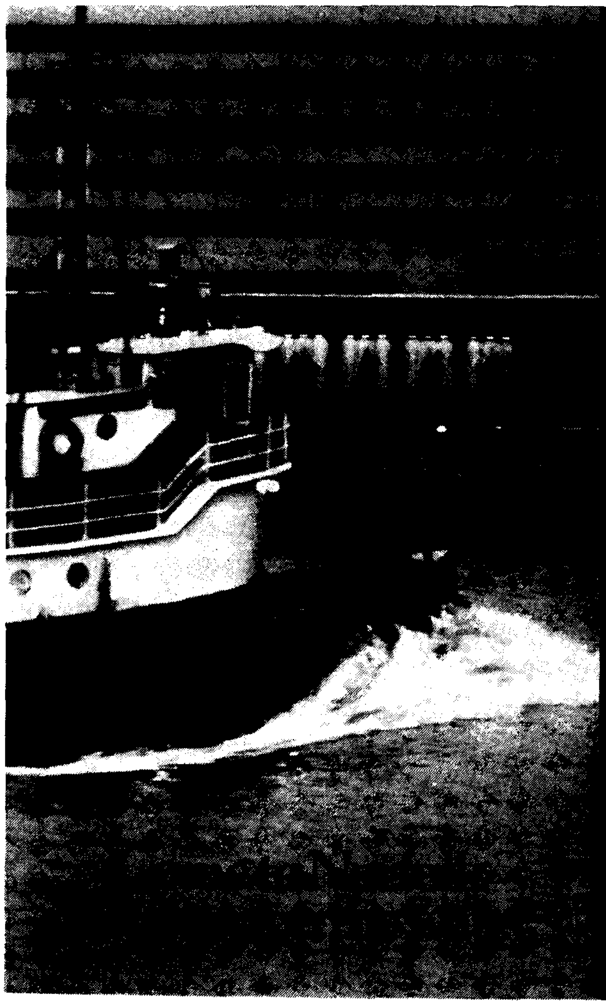

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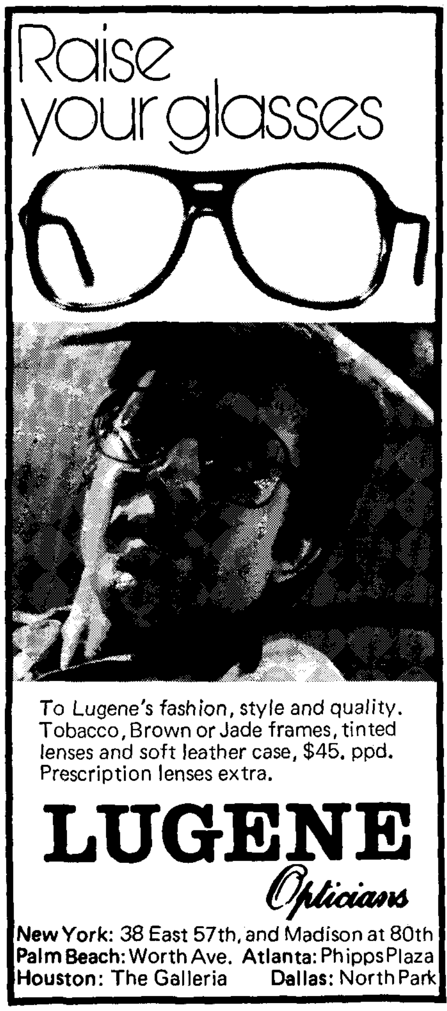

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oration—about Paul Revere riding through towns telling them "The British are coming." He says, "You give me a good vote here in North Carolina and I'll ride to Washington"—George Wallace, now in a wheelchair, will ride to Washington—"and tell them, 'The people are coming.' " The people in the audience are on their feet, applauding and cheering and whistling and shouting. He is still their hero, their spokesman—their message-bearer. Billy Grammer and his group swing into "Alabama Jubilee." George Wallace waves both his fists in time to the music. And then, as the music plays and the crowd cheers, he is pulled away in his wheelchair, waving.

MARCH 22

SARGENT SHRIVER withdrew today from the Presidential race.

•

IN a speech in Dallas, Henry Kissinger said that the United States "cannot acquiesce indefinitely in the presence of Cuban expeditionary forces in distant lands for the purpose of pressure and to determine the political evolution by force of arms." While the United States will not support the white-minority government of Rhodesia, Kissinger's statement also put the United States in the position of opposing any Cuban involvement in bringing that government down.

MARCH 23

TUESDAY. Ronald Reagan, surprising nearly everyone, defeated President Ford in North Carolina today. Reagan received fifty-two per cent of the vote to Ford's forty-six. So much for prognostication. Jimmy Carter trounced Wallace, with fifty-four per cent of the vote to Wallace's thirty-five. Wallace has said he will go on, but, strapped for money, he has dismissed Steve Sammons and Billy Grammer.

MARCH 24

NEW YORK. The Roosevelt Hotel. Henry Jackson is here to address the annual dinner of the Social Democrats, U.S.A., the successor of the old Socialist Party. Surrounding Jackson at two long tables that form the dais are many of the people who, officially and unofficially, are the basis of his support in New York. Jackson expects to do well in New York, with strong support from traditional labor, which likes his big-program domestic policy and his hard-line foreign policy, and from Jews, who appreciate his support of Israel and his efforts to increase the emigration of Soviet Jews. An argument can be made that Jackson's foreign-policy approach is not really helpful to Israel, because it does not encourage Arab-Israeli negotiations and could undermine the more flexible forces within Israel. In addition, his amendment making the extension of trade benefits to the Soviet Union contingent upon an increase in the emigration of Jews was followed by a Soviet rejection of the trade agreement and a decrease in such emigration. Jackson puts the blame for this on a number of other factors, but still this was the one instance in which his approach to dealing with the Russians was put into effect, and it did not work. His support by the old-crowd labor leaders is motivated in part by the fact that they like his policies and in part by their rivalry with the more liberal labor unions. These bedroom quarrels run all through our politics. The unions that are strong for Jackson here in New York are the building trades, the United Federation of Teachers, the Steelworkers, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the Paperworkers, the Maritime Union (Jackson, from the state of Washington, has a record very favorable to the maritime industry), and the Longshoremen (who especially like Jackson's foreign-policy ideology). And while no one knows to what extent union leaders' political preferences can be transferred to the members, there is much that the unions can deliver—as the unions in Massachusetts did. For one thing, these unions, combined, have about two million members, according to Robert Keefe, Jackson's campaign director, and, he says, "Communication with their members is the first thing we're stressing." Some of the union leaders do it through mailings; some do it at the work sites. And then the unions can provide the organization and the manpower to get Jackson supporters to the polls. (These are the kinds of contributions that unions can make to campaigns without having them counted as contributions.)

At one point, Jackson was predicting that he would win New York by a landslide—a prediction that he may regret. Anything less than that, in the way political results are interpreted, would be considered a failure. And any sort of respectable showing by Carter or Udall, or both, would be considered a triumph. Neither is making much of an effort here, and both are playing down what efforts they are making. (Fred Harris's New York telephones have been cut off.) Udall has now been endorsed by Robert Abrams, Bronx borough president and a leader of the New Democratic Coalition, and by Victor Gotbaum, the head of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees in New York, and has received the endorsement of the New Democratic Coalition, which last December, in the interest of being "pragmatic," gave most of its support to Birch Bayh. Now several of the Bayh delegates have signed on for Udall.

This gathering tonight is, like the candidate who is appearing before it, both of history and of the moment. Seated at the head tables are Daniel Patrick Moynihan (who received more applause than Jackson when the two men were introduced), Albert Shanker (president of the United Federation of Teachers), David Dubinsky, Sol Chaikin (president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union), Robert Georgine (president of the Building and Construction Trades Department of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.), Norman Podhoretz (the editor of *Commentary*), A. Philip Randolph, and Bayard Rustin. (The A.F.L.-C.I.O. provides more than half of the funds for the A. Philip Randolph Institute, which Rustin, national chairman of the Social Democrats, heads. Rustin has argued for years that blacks should not fight the unions, even if the unions are not very accommodating to blacks. His argument is that only if the unions achieve their own goal of full employment can blacks be helped. During the New York teachers' strike of 1968, Rustin was the only prominent black leader who would show up at the side of Albert Shanker.) The group here tonight is the Old Old Left, representing a generation of social reformers. But they are well fed now, and the world around them has changed. It is no longer fashionable to be so rigidly anti-Soviet as they became in their fights against Communist infiltration of the union movement and in their maturation during the Cold War, and as they remain. This group has absorbed many shocks in the past decade: the New Left, the Vietnam war, the new militance of the blacks, and the violent reaction of George Meany and many of his allies to all this. Jews who had reason to see themselves as exemplars of the liberal tradition suddenly found themselves hostile to blacks—a feeling that stemmed from the anti-Semitism of some blacks and from the feeling of New York's Jewish teachers that they were being pushed around by the blacks, with their demands for

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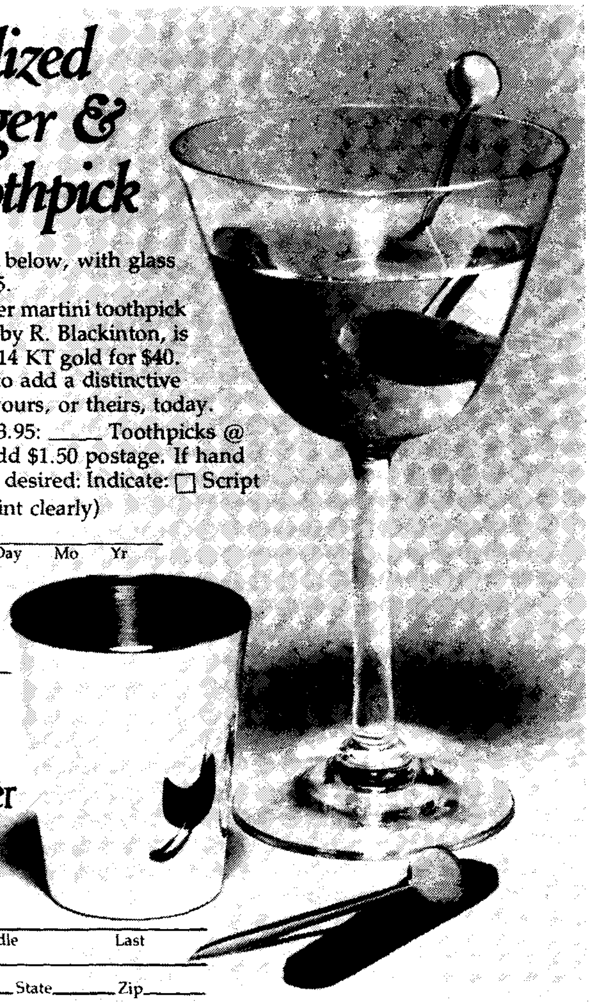

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quotas. Moynihan, the liberal who has to be the maverick, the dissenter, found that his road to power was through the Nixon Administration, and so he made adjustments, uttered interesting phrases, and awaited another wave to ride. The United Nations was a wave waiting for Moynihan. The blacks and the younger liberals will never forgive him. The union leaders who fought for social progress find their achievements belittled and themselves reviled by the next generation.

This gathering is symbolic of the intellectual and political confusion currently surrounding the idea of liberalism. The people in this room are bound together by old ties and new reactions—old fights for social justice and new reactions against the events of the sixties, culminating in the Democratic Party's nomination of George McGovern in 1972. They are reacting (in different ways) to what they see as the liberal excesses of the sixties. They are bound together by reactions against what they see (in different ways) as too much government intervention, too many demands by blacks, too little appreciation of the battles they have fought, too little militance against Communism. They are reacting against social and political changes symbolized by "the kids" and their sympathizers of the late sixties, against practitioners of the "new politics," who push, as they see it, exotic political notions and issues, and who also changed the rules and, of all things—at least temporarily—took over the Democratic Party. And so ex-radicals, ex-Socialists, old liberals, new conservatives, exemplified by the group in this room tonight, have banded together in search of new and common ground. At times they find common ground, at times they are separated by great gulfs. They are on common ground in their anti-Communism: the intellectuals in their writing and the labor leaders in their political action are for strong defense policies and for anti-Soviet policies. (It was unions led by some of the people in this room tonight who beat up "the kids" on Wall Street who were demonstrating against the war in 1970.) They are on common ground against what they see as the spoiled children and their indulgent elders of the late sixties and early seventies—against exoticism. They are on common ground in their shared belief that blacks have gone too far. And they are on common ground in their shared feeling of having been kicked in the teeth. But while the intellectuals set about building a body of

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literature about the supposed failures of the Great Society social programs and the dangers of big government, the labor unions push for more social programs and big government (as long as the programs do not help blacks and the poor at the expense of the middle class). George Meany probably favors the sort of government regulations that would drive Irving Kristol into a frenzy on the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal.* This reactive politics doesn't get you very far, doesn't say very much about what to do next, and may not form the basis for a political movement at all. But many of these are "old politics" people, accustomed to gathering together the blocs of power. Ben Wattenberg, a theoretician and adviser to Henry Jackson, has tried to tell them how to do it through a kind of politics aimed at the blue-collar worker. And into the middle of all this comes the old-politics liberal—the Presidential candidate Henry Jackson. Jackson is trying to reconstruct a coalition that will not coalesce. He is not Franklin Roosevelt, and the year is not 1932. Labor is fractured. Labor and blacks have serious differences. Other Democratic intellectuals have moved on to a different politics and are not attracted to Jackson.

In his speech tonight, Jackson makes a brave attempt to make sense of the whole thing. "Isn't it interesting," he tells the gathering, "that I am the only Presidential candidate who is willing to call myself a liberal?" (Udall uses the term "progressive," and Carter has avoided using any term at all.) Referring to the fact that he supports higher defense budgets than most other Democrats do, and to his criticisms of détente, he says, "Some people have criticized me and criticized the labor movement and said we weren't liberals, just because we believed in a strong America." And now, he adds, they have "stopped calling themselves liberals."

The unions, like Jackson, support new weapons systems. The labor support is based in part on ideology and in part on the fact that new weapons mean new contracts. Like Meany, Jackson was one of the last supporters of the war in Southeast Asia. Jackson's foreign-policy views are fairly consistent, and appear to proceed from a set of beliefs. But yesterday he told a television interviewer, "If you want to get people to their feet in a hurry, you just talk about 'we do all the giving and they do all the taking.'" Last night, at the Bossert Hotel, in Brooklyn, at a gathering to meet him and his local delegates, he said, "What we have is a kind of phony détente, which is a coverup for one series of events after another where we end up on the short end of the stick." Now he continues, "I'm still a liberal, and I still believe, my friends, in a 'human' détente." He says that those who are anti-Washington are echoing the sentiments of those who have opposed the civil-rights movement, the labor movement. He makes a good, strong speech, reaffirming things that they hold—and probably he holds—dear.

It is sometimes hard to tell with Jackson, a man of both deeply held and acquired beliefs. Politics, by definition, involves a certain degree of exploitation, of attempting to convince a certain group that one is with it, so as to gain its support. All politics is a compact of sorts—a compact between the politician and his supporters that in exchange for their support he will do things they want done. The line between the compact and exploitation, as is true of many things about government and human relations, is impossible to define. But, as is also true of many things about government and human relations, one can sense when a certain line has been crossed. And there are times when one senses that Henry Jackson has crossed the line. He had been a stolid, serious, hardworking representative and senator, an unassuming, undramatic, pleasant enough man. And he had, by dint of his seniority, his seriousness, and his hard work, become a power in the Senate. And then something happened to him. He began running for the Presidency. He was one of the numerous people "mentioned" for the Vice-Presidency in 1960, but instead John Kennedy made him chairman of the Democratic National Committee. In 1970, he was reëlected to the Senate from Washington with eighty-four per cent of the vote—a higher percentage than any other Northern Democrat—and at once it was said in the press that this made Jackson a Presidential contender. Jackson believed it. He did poorly in the 1972 primaries but, as most candidates do, he went through the "but fors" and decided to try again. Along the way, people began to notice some things about Jackson: his attacks on opponents often went further than other politicians' (it was Jackson who, in 1972, labelled George McGovern the candidate of "amnesty, acid, and abortion"); he had a certain way of reaching for publicity uncommon even

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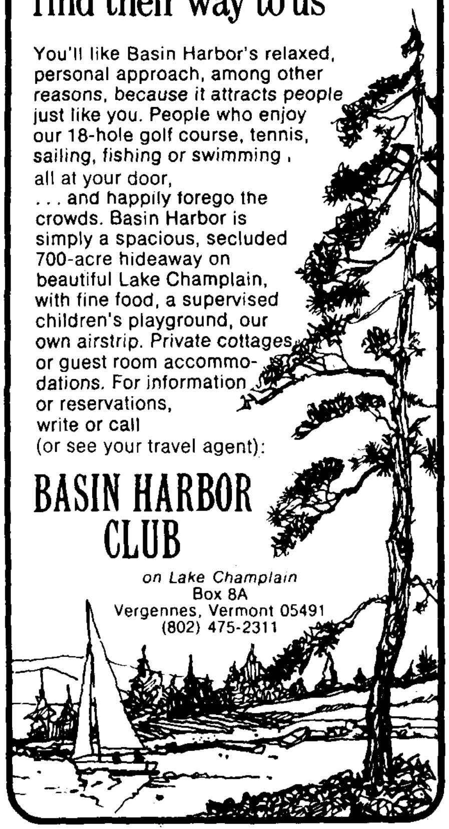


among politicians (he chose to make a point against the oil companies by calling in their senior executives, en masse, to testify, placing them under oath, and then proceeding to castigate them before the television cameras). In 1972 in Florida, where the busing issue was especially sensitive, he talked not just against busing but about a Constitutional amendment against busing. Perhaps he only seems to wear a yarmulke more than other candidates. Perhaps he has been a longtime admirer of Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Jackson is an overdoer. In substance and in style. He does not just defend the liberal programs and suggest that there is more to be done but promises all kinds of big new programs—far more than there are resources to pay for in the foreseeable future. Last night in Brooklyn, Jackson promised federalization of the welfare program (he said that someone can move to New York in the morning and be on welfare that afternoon, which is not true), a national health-insurance program, more hospitals, a "massive program of public works," a fifteen-billion-dollar program of increased federal aid to education, more subsidized housing, a big jobs program. His explanation that all this will be paid for by lowering unemployment does not suffice. "I'm going to lay it on the line," he told the group last night, shouting. He shouts a fair amount. "One of the candidates goes around talking about a lesser America," he said—he was referring to Udall's talk of the necessity of adjusting to the idea that natural resources are not unlimited—and as he said it he clasped his arms to his body and shrank backward. Referring to Carter's pledge to reduce the number of government agencies, Jackson said, "He wants to abolish all the things, I guess, that help people here." And then he dropped his voice and added, offhandedly, "I suppose Social Security." Sometime since the last election, aware that his speaking style was considered dull—the dullness had become a joke—Jackson got coaching in how to speak forcefully. (In 1975, he also had surgery performed on a drooping eyelid.) Now he gesticulates, using gestures that politicians seldom use anymore, and here, too, he doesn't seem to know when to stop. As he makes a point, an arm shoots out, index finger thrust forward, and stays there until well after the point has been made. It's just out there, doing nothing, until Jackson seems to remember that it is there and draws it back. Shortly, the other arm shoots forward, and remains for a similar period. Sometimes he sends both arms at once out to the side and waves them up and down, as if he were imitating a bird. Jackson is a throwback, in his politics and in his style, and he appeals to those for whom the old ways are comfortable. It is still good to be for these things, he tells them, and they feel better. He tells them that they are still liberals, and that that is good.

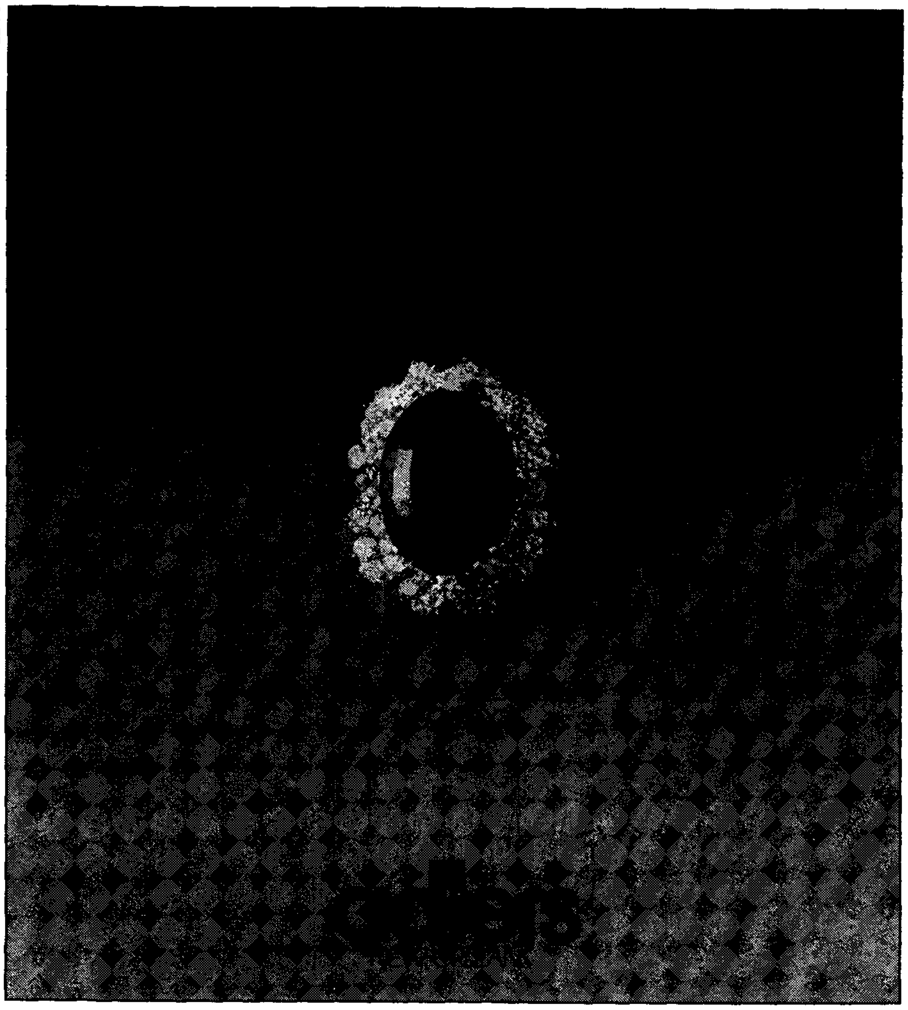
APRIL 4

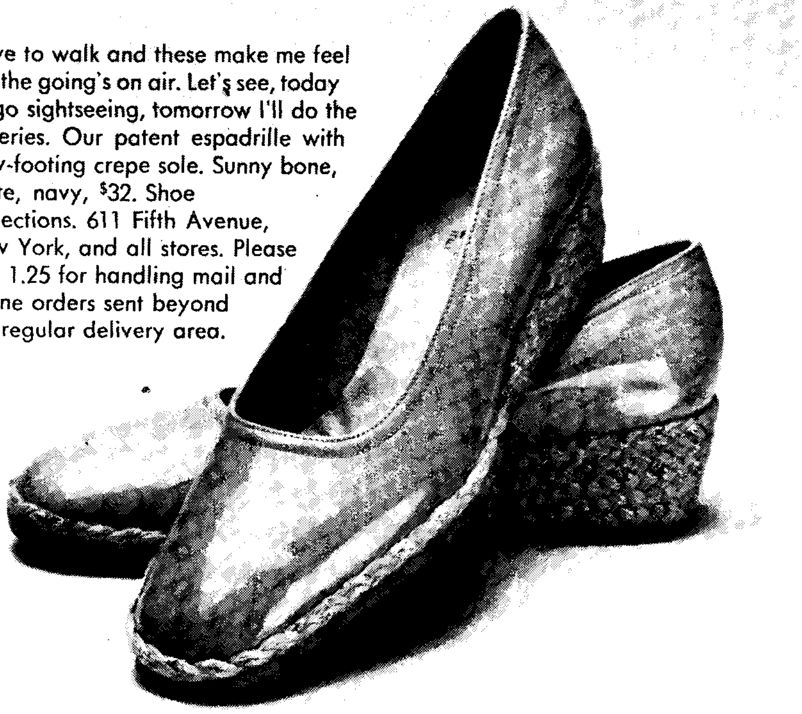
THE première tonight of "All the President's Men," at the Kennedy Center, provided an almost confusing blend of journalism and Hollywood. It was like watching a movie within a movie. In the movie, about Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's work on the Watergate case, Washington celebrity became movie celebrity, real people with whom we were familiar—from reporters and editors to Richard Nixon—became characters in a movie. Most of us drove by the Watergate, and the Howard Johnson's across the way—the lookout spot for the Watergate burglars—on our way to the Kennedy Center, which is next to the Watergate. Figures portrayed in the movie were in the audience. Suddenly Washington was show business. There was a ferocious scramble for tickets to the première, with various people having their various reasons for wanting to be there. Robert Strauss, now the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, with hard work obtained eight tickets. "After all," he said, "they spent a lot of time filming my office." Senators Edmund Muskie and George McGovern were there, being reminded of what they were up against in 1972. Some members of the House Judiciary Committee were there, and so were staff members of the Ervin committee, and so were others who had become, and remained, Watergate addicts. For many, the première had become a major social occasion, a scene at which it was smart to be seen. And it was a political event.

APRIL 6

MILWAUKEE. Wisconsin and New York hold their primaries today. The attention is on Wisconsin, because Carter hopes to defeat Udall here, thereby paring down the effective entrants in the race to himself and Jackson. The polls are predicting a Carter victory, but Udall's polls show the race is getting close. With Udall out of the picture, the theory has it, the liberals will turn to Carter as the man to defeat Jackson. If Carter then goes on to defeat Jackson in Pennsylvania in late April, according to this theory, he cannot be deprived of the nomination; Humphrey will have let his chance go by.

Udall has put more time and effort into the Wisconsin primary than Carter has, Udall having long ago marked Wisconsin—generally a liberal state—as one of the most important in his campaign. But the Udall organization supposedly established here a year ago (it is one of the few campaign organizations ever listed in a local telephone directory) was until about three weeks ago largely phantom. The Udall campaign has therefore suffered somewhat from its own public relations, which have long stressed that Udall had a strong organization in Wisconsin, in an effort to persuade people that Udall would do well. A classic problem for candidates is how to inflate their prospects in order to attract allies and followers without creating a standard against which they can be measured unfavorably. Udall is being backed by the liberal labor unions in seven Wisconsin congressional districts, and Carter in two. Local U.A.W. leaders wanted to go all out for Udall, but Washington union officials were concerned that this would be seen as a decision to back him nationwide. Meanwhile, the liberal unions are bringing pressure on Carter to be more specific on issues of concern to their members, such as budget allocations and economic stimuli. This was strongly pointed out to Carter when he was in Washington recently, and in a subsequent meeting of union officials with Hamilton Jordan, his campaign director. The union officials have to have something to deliver to their members. One union official said, "They don't seem to grasp the fact that there is not only an electoral constituency—they are playing to it *well*—but an institutional constituency that will weigh in at the Convention, perhaps more strongly than it should. We have to have justifications for what happens. They don't seem to have come to grips with this." Carter is now confronting the interest-group politics of the Democratic Party. He is coming under increasing pressure to back the Kennedy-Corman health plan and the Humphrey-Hawkins jobs bill—the liberal touchstones. (The Humphrey-Hawkins bill was recently modified by its sponsors to set a less ambitious target of full employment—three-per-cent adult unemployment in four years, instead of three-per-cent unemployment in eighteen months, thus making it more realistic and less inflationary.) The unions' decisions about whom to back where can get complicated. Car-

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ter is being backed in districts in which the unions were afraid Wallace would run well, and the unions were reluctant to back Carter in any of the six districts whose congressmen have endorsed Udall. Udall's campaign is showing signs of trouble, however. There is discord among the staff members (there may soon be a third change in its management), a seeming lack of direction, poor scheduling of the candidate's time. Last Tuesday, Udall flew all the way here from Pittsburgh in order to go to a small home in southwest Milwaukee to stage an event in which he protested high property taxes, and then he flew to Buffalo. (The event did, however, get on the local evening news.)

Udall's advantages in time and money spent here may well be more than offset by the national publicity that Carter has been receiving. Carter has become a phenomenon now—the phenomenon of this year's election—and he is receiving the most attention. Now he is recognized at plant gates. Carter was the spokesman for the Democrats at the Gridiron Club dinner in Washington on Saturday—where important journalists and their publishers and other public figures gathered. And Carter took the opportunity of his visit to Washington to be photographed in front of the White House with his wife and eight-year-old daughter, Amy. Monday's papers carried the picture, the captions quoting Carter as saying, "I look forward to living there." Carter has had some minor setbacks in recent days, but they have not received much attention. In Virginia's caucuses on Saturday, where he hoped to do well, he got only thirty per cent of the vote. Sixty-two per cent was for "Uncommitted"—most of these apparently Humphrey delegates. In state conventions in Oklahoma and South Carolina, uncommitted delegates remained uncommitted in the face of Carter efforts to win them over. (In Oklahoma, the governor had come out for Carter.)

Carter has been displaying a certain mean streak in his campaigning in Wisconsin. Responding to a comment made by Humphrey to reporters in Washington that there was some "racism" behind the criticism of federal programs—an observation that seems valid, and from which Humphrey specifically excluded Carter—Carter said that Humphrey was a "loser," and "too old" to be President. He brought up the fact that Humphrey's 1970 senatorial campaign manager had been convicted for accepting an illegal cam-

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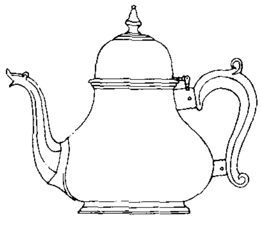

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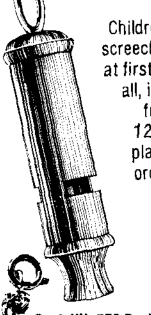

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paign contributions (the case is on appeal), that Humphrey was alleged (by a former aide to Howard Hughes) to have accepted an unreported cash contribution from Hughes in 1972. Carter also said—and this is the point—"I think the American people would react adversely to a Convention awarding the nomination of our party to someone who had not gone to the people." Carter is running against Humphrey now, and showing Humphrey that if he tries to get the nomination things could get rough. Carter uses his daughter, Amy, as a weapon. He tells audiences what a nice, grandfatherly man Humphrey is, and of how when Humphrey came to the governor's mansion in Atlanta, Amy crawled on his lap and smeared a brownie on his face. Or of how Edmund Muskie tried to play with Amy, pick her up, but Amy would not let him, was not drawn to him. He does not say where Amy stands on public-service jobs.

When Carter is asked about the fact that Julian Bond, the black Georgia legislator who was nominated for Vice-President at the 1968 Convention, came to Wisconsin to campaign for Udall, he says that that was because Bond wanted to be Vice-President and knew that he could not run on Carter's ticket. Humphrey himself made an appearance in Wisconsin, as if he couldn't quite stay away from the primaries. Jackson, concentrating on New York, was here for only one day, and Wallace was here for five days. Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan have been here. Ford promised to establish a Cabinet-level committee to investigate the overseas bribes made by American corporations seeking contracts. Reagan broke off his campaigning here two weeks ago to devote his time and dwindling resources (his campaign was in debt, and he had to give up his chartered jet) to a half-hour speech, carried on NBC, in which he reeled off his various complaints against Ford and the Congress and then concentrated his attack on Henry Kissinger and foreign and defense policy. The speech has brought in about four hundred thousand dollars.

Wisconsin enjoys a special place in our political history: Kennedy's victory here was a turning point in 1960, and so was McGovern's in 1972. (In 1968, Lyndon Johnson pulled out before the Wisconsin primary.) And so the candidates have been here, making their obligatory pilgrimages to dairy farms to pose with cows. About two hundred Georgians have flown here at their own expense, as they did to New Hampshire and to Florida, to canvass and pass out leaflets for Carter. The fact that they would do this is believed to impress the voters. The Georgians are staying at the Marc Plaza Hotel, Morris Udall's campaign headquarters.

Today, the weather is beautiful—clear and about sixty degrees—which is said to be "Carter weather." Bad weather gives the edge to the candidate with the better organization. Udall's staff had been praying for bad weather.

•

JIMMY CARTER's campaign organization has prepared a memorandum on how to go about selecting Carter's Vice-Presidential running mate. An announcement about it is planned soon. This is characteristic of the combination of tactical and psychological warfare and foresight which has marked the Carter campaign. Today, I had an opportunity to talk with Carter's top campaign aides—Hamilton Jordan, the campaign director; Jody Powell, the press secretary; and Jerry Rafshoon, an Atlanta advertising man, who is the media director—as they were waiting for tonight's results. They had done their work. Their candidate was in Indiana and would arrive here this evening, so they had several hours this afternoon to sit around and talk. They are young and attractive, and give an appearance of openness and friendliness. They seem almost loose when they talk, and they have a sense of humor that is not apparent in their candidate. But they seem, too, to be people who could be tough if necessary. After talking with them and with a few others, one has a much clearer understanding of the Carter campaign.

No one—perhaps not even Carter—seems to know exactly when the idea of seeking the Presidency came to his mind. But in 1972, when he had been governor of Georgia for only about a year and a half, he did, contrary to his denials, seek the Vice-Presidency. "He's ambitious, you know," said one aide. After McGovern was nominated, Carter, who had placed Jackson's name in nomination, sent emissaries to the McGovern camp. Hamilton Jordan and Jerry Rafshoon and Peter Bourne were in Miami Beach then, trying to obtain the Vice-Presidential nomination for Carter. At one point—and they now recall the story with amuse-

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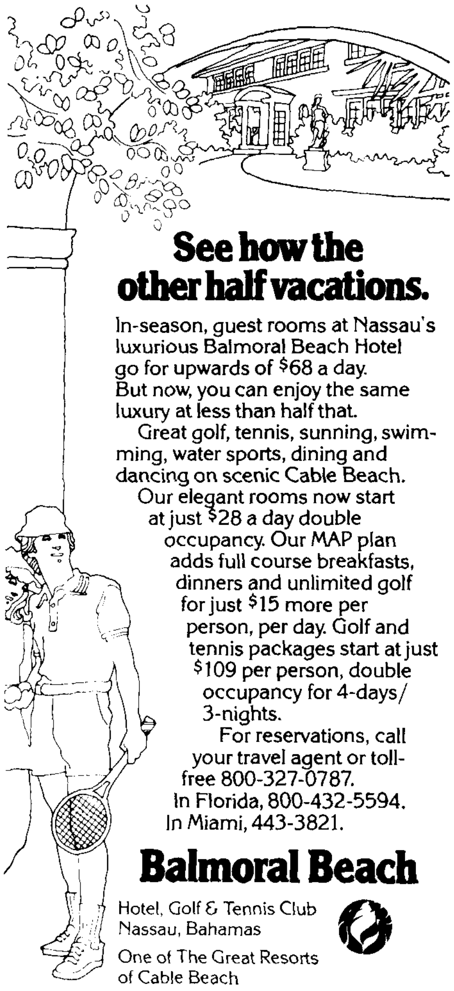
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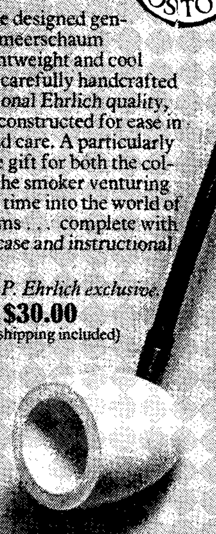

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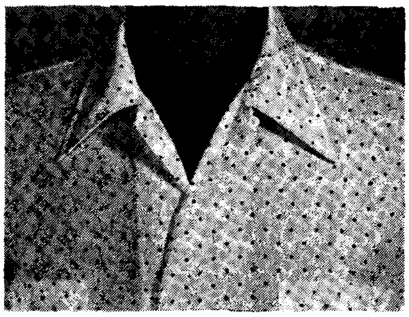

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ment—they went to the Doral Hotel and tried to get a junior McGovern aide to arrange an appointment with Patrick Caddell, McGovern's then twenty-two-year-old pollster. Allowed in Caddell's presence for what now seems to them to have been less than a minute, they showed him an admittedly questionable poll to document the less than compelling argument that Carter would be McGovern's strongest running mate in Georgia. An aide recalled, "We left the Convention and thought how stupid we had been, and we thought, Why hustle around the Convention seeing if we can get the Vice-Presidential nomination? Why not run for the Presidency?"

In late September of 1972, Rafshoon, Bourne, Jordan, and Landon Butler, an Atlanta businessman, went to the governor's mansion to talk with Carter about making the race. "We told him he should think about it," one aide recalled, and he continued, "It came as no surprise to us that he was already thinking about it." Carter was dressed in bluejeans and a T-shirt, and was barefoot. He and his aides and friends talked for several hours about making a race for the Presidency. They talked about how his having been a governor and how his being from the South could be turned to his advantage. Carter asked Hamilton Jordan to put on paper a plan of action, and at Thanksgiving time Jordan gave Carter a memorandum of about ninety pages. This was the beginning of what has come to be thought of as a master plan, but it now seems that the plan was less a single, comprehensive strategy than some recent descriptions—and even Carter's remarks—have suggested. It was a set of strategies, which kept evolving as the political situation did. There were things that Carter and his staff knew they could control, and things they knew they could not. One aide said, "On the things we could control, we did a good job. On the things we could not, we were fortunate." Among the things that could be controlled was Carter's approach, his themes. Among the things that could not were external events, and in the case of one external event—Watergate—Carter was fortunate. As one aide put it, "Watergate made it an advantage for the first time in the history of the country not to be an incumbent." So Carter stresses that he was once a governor, and that that shows he is competent—the Carter campaign group thinks that competence is a big point—and also the fact that he is no longer a governor sets him apart from "the politicians."

The big question that Carter and his staff had to consider was how a former Southern governor who wants to run for President advances himself without letting people know what his purpose is, without appearing too ambitious, and, at the same time, how he gets better known. Various possibilities were studied for 1975, when Carter, who, under Georgia law, could not run for reëlection, would be out of office: a university presidency, a position with a foundation. As it turned out, Carter spent 1975 running for President. Carter's appointment, during the last year of his term as governor, by Robert Strauss to head the Democratic Party's 1974 election campaign was extremely fortunate, and not accidental. Carter was one of the governors who had helped put Strauss into the chairmanship, and several of the other governors were running for office in 1974; Carter, who did not dare challenge Senator Herman Talmadge for his Senate seat, had the time, and saw an opportunity, and so he volunteered for the job. "I have more than once wondered what would have happened without that assignment," one aide said. The assignment gave Carter and Jordan, who moved to an office in Washington, excuses to visit about thirty states and make useful contacts all over America. There is some question how much good their efforts—conferences and position papers and the like—did those who were running for office that year. Carter's efforts did not result in support by members of Congress for his campaign for the nomination. On being asked about this, one aide explained, "I told Jimmy we'd get more help from people who lost," and he named a few contacts. But the assignment, whatever it did for those who were running for office in 1974, served Jimmy Carter's purposes very well.

Meanwhile, the members of Carter's staff read every book they could find on the 1972 campaign, and made their plans. At Christmas of 1974, Jimmy Carter sent Christmas cards to everyone who had written him when he was governor—some seventeen thousand people. The fact that the staff had worked together for several years, and worked out the relationships of each with Carter and with each other, also gave Carter a great advantage.

The staff of just about every other candidate is faction-ridden, as candidates' staffs usually are. Hamilton Jordan went to New Hampshire to find out how George McGovern had managed such a strong showing against Edmund Muskie there in 1972. Early successes and surprise were key elements in Carter's plan. The assumption then being that the other candidates would be Kennedy and Wallace, the idea was to astonish everyone by doing very well against Kennedy in New Hampshire and against Wallace in Florida. Later, it was decided that McGovern could have done better in Iowa, whose precinct caucuses would be the first contest of the year, so that was the place to score the first great surprise. The basic idea was to show early that the Southerner could do well in the North and could beat Wallace in the South. Carter and his staff were not sure that Wallace would run, but if he did, the idea was to beat him without offending his constituency. A great deal of work would be done in 1974, when no one was looking. Organizing for 1976 was begun in some of the states. At that point, the local papers were more important than the national ones, and local TV stations more important than the networks. It was cultivation time. Carter developed the practice—which he still continues—of staying in people's homes, rather than hotels, and thus forming friendships that would be useful. It was also time to work up the themes and the image. During 1974, Carter gave Jerry Rafshoon a list of words and phrases to work with, including "not from Washington," "competence," "integrity," "non-royalist." "Politicians don't create issues," explained one of Carter's aides. "The issues exist in the minds of voters, to be discerned or misunderstood. After Watergate, you found people looking beyond the issues for qualities and competence. They were looking for integrity. Voters can't understand the complexities of energy policy and the Middle East." As the Carter group saw it, the voters were looking for people who could handle the issues, and the qualities that the voters were looking for were the qualities that Jimmy Carter projected. The themes of "outsider" and "executive," they thought, were actually sub-themes, which would reinforce the themes of "integrity" and "competence." The themes were tested as Carter travelled around the country in 1974.

Some themes were almost inevitable. When Carter ran for the gubernatori-

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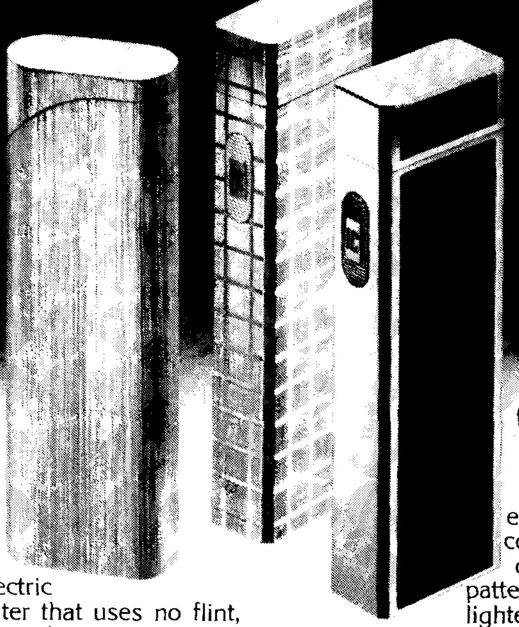

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al nomination in 1966, he ran—although he was a member of the state legislature—as an "outsider" against "the establishment." The theme of love, an aide explained, was never really decided upon—it was simply "vintage Carter." Some aides, however, worried about it—were concerned about how it would sound outside Georgia. "We're dealing with a cultural difference," one said. Some were worried about his bringing religion into the campaign. The theme of competence grew out of hunch, one aide explained—a gut feeling, reinforced by a poll taken in June, 1975, which found that people felt that a governor would make a better President than a member of Congress would. The changing mood of the country both helped shape and coincided with the themes that Jimmy Carter would stress in his Presidential campaign. "When he was elected governor of Georgia, in 1970, he could not have done what he is doing today," said an aide. "The mood of the country wasn't right."

The small-town, rural image was debated long and hard. The prevailing feeling was that although most people did not have anything similar in their own lives, it had appealing overtones of roots, stability—things to which even people in cities would be drawn. The decision to situate the Carter campaign headquarters in Atlanta instead of Washington, another much debated one, was based not just on logistics—the fact that Carter and his staff lived in Atlanta, the availability of volunteers—but also on image. While some aides saw advantages in being in Washington, near centers of power and people of influence, the image of being not-of-Washington prevailed. Even the role of the peanut was discussed. Some argued that it should be played down, because it might seem a little corny. But then it was found that the peanut had a sort of humble quality to it, and this became convenient to a campaign in which, as an aide put it, smiling, "humility was not our long suit."

When Kennedy did not make the race for the Presidency, the plan was only jiggled, not disrupted. Now there would be more candidates to compete against, but the goal remained the same: to do well early, taking the country by surprise. Carter's people say that they have never thought there would be a brokered Convention, perhaps in part because they could not allow themselves to *think* there would be one, because they knew Carter would never be the choice of one. He was "the outsider" only partly by design; he was also a man with strikingly few political allies. So Carter had to do everything through the voters, and this led to the strategy of campaigning everywhere. While the strategy is sometimes painted as a great nationwide communion with the people, Carter and his strategists thought it was also the only way he could get enough delegates to be nominated. As a full-time candidate and an effective one, they figured, he could go into places like Maine, which others wrote off. The prevailing wisdom that trying to campaign in every state is disastrous they saw as a misreading of what happened in 1972. They explained that while some political people say that Muskie's mistake was trying to run in too many states in 1972, the fact is that Muskie's campaign was in effect finished after New Hampshire. They said they figured, moreover, that by running in a primary or a caucus almost every week Carter would get a disproportionate amount of attention from the media. Running everywhere—if it didn't kill the candidate—was a psychological and tactical strategy. Hamilton Jordan drew a chart for me to demonstrate the strategy. It showed the approximate number of delegates that were obtainable in three periods: January through March; April; and May and June. The chart looked like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| J/F/M | 700 |
| A | 700 |
| M/J | 1600 |

"We felt that most of the big confrontations would take place in the first few months, when few delegates were at stake," he explained, "and that if we could survive them and eliminate a lot of competitors, we could pick up enough delegates later."

•

ROOM 630, part of the Udall suite at the Marc Plaza Hotel, shortly before 7 P.M. The beginning of an evening of watching the Wisconsin primary returns. Udall has just given a press interview, saying, "I think we're very much alive with a strong second here. I think a result of forty-one to thirty-nine would be a great victory for us." The polls have all shown him losing to Carter—some by substantial amounts. He talked about how the press built up Carter victories in places like Vermont and Maine, and he pointed out that Carter had been in only two industrial-state primaries thus far—Massachusetts, "where he came in fourth," and Illinois, "where he had no real opposition.’ " As soon as the reporter has left, Udall and a staff aide express annoyance at the press reports that the Udall campaign tonight is, as Udall puts it, "in its death throes." Udall plans to stay in the race even if he loses tonight. For one thing, he may have to, in order to receive the federal matching money that is due his campaign, which is now in debt. For another, he is not yet inclined to drop out. Candidates give a number of reasons for staying in, but they are seldom inclined to drop out until they have no choice. Although much has already happened in this election, it is still early. There are still questions about Carter—about what he is really like and how he will hold up as a campaigner. Perhaps he will continue undeterred in his march to the nomination, but some politicians feel that it pays to stick around and be ready in case he does not. They have not been able to head him off yet, but one must always take into account the possibility that something will happen. Udall's daughter Bambi, a tall, long-haired twenty-one-year-old who has been campaigning in Wisconsin for three weeks, comes into the room. Udall tells her that CBS and NBC are reporting that it's forty to forty. Bambi jumps up and down and says, "We're going to win!" Udall, smiling but saying nothing, puts his arm around her.

Udall was up at five this morning, to make one last visit to shake hands at a plant gate. His wife, Ella, a spirited woman, went with him. Now they are finishing dressing for tonight—they will have to appear on television, whatever happens—and are waiting for the returns. Udall tells me that one of the things he did today was "write a speech on why we didn't win—which I'm now getting ready to discard." He adds, "I thought I ought to have one ready. If I win tonight, I think I'll use that quote 'I've been rich and I've been poor, and, believe me, rich is better.' " He smiles; he likes the line. "Any damn fool can make an acceptance speech." Udall is now beginning to entertain the thought that he will win the Wisconsin primary. "I'm now going on the assumption it's there," he says. "Either a win or a narrow loss. I figure that, with Carter's publicity avalanche, a strong second would not be written off. After tonight, I could end up with more delegates than Mayor Daley."

David Obey, the thirty-seven-year-old Democratic representative from Wausau, Wisconsin, comes into the suite. Obey, along with Henry Reuss,

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the Democratic representative from Milwaukee, was among the first members of the House to urge Udall to make the Presidential race. Udall tells Obey, "I think we have the makings of a win here." Slowly, the suite starts to fill—with staff members, other people who worked hard for him in Wisconsin (his state chairman and a labor leader, among them). Stewart Udall, the candidate's brother and campaign director, and his wife arrive. It is such people who go through election-night vigils. An aide tells Udall that CBS will project a winner at eight-thirty, and that it looks "terrifically good." CBS has told Udall's people that they will be informed fifteen minutes before Udall is "projected" as a winner, so that he can get ready to be interviewed by Walter Cronkite. These days, one wins elections when the networks say one wins. It is hard to remember the time when it was otherwise, and one wonders how else it could have worked.

"A victory?" Udall asks.

The aide waves his hand noncommittally.

Stewart Udall stands rocking back and forth tensely.

David Obey says, "My stomach hurts."

Morris Udall says, "The story tonight, if we win here, is that people began to be troubled by Carter. They think he's too cute and plays both sides."

Udall begins to make one little joke after another—a sign of tension. Then Udall and I talk for a few minutes.

I ask him if he is surprised by what Carter has been able to do.

"Just staggered by it," he replies. "It's incredible. There's no precedent in American political life for someone coming from nowhere and just sweeping it. For a Southern ex-governor, it's amazing. I got to the point last week of thinking there was no stopping him. My intellect told me the gloss would wear off. The figures tonight may show that. This may be his Gettysburg—as far north as he can penetrate."

I ask Udall how he thinks the Carter phenomenon happened.

"Relentless, indefatigable, intense campaigning," he replies. "Skillful organization. He not only wove a hypnotic spell with the voters—his people followed up the next day. He's been masterly at getting Leonard Woodcock to endorse him 'just for Florida;' labor people in Iowa 'just for Iowa.' There weren't other good horses; they were old and tired, like Jackson, or untried, like me."

I ask Udall if he is troubled by Carter. There have been reports that he is.

"Yes," he replies. "If the CBS polls are right, my faith in the American people will be vindicated. I couldn't believe the American people wouldn't turn on somebody who tries to be all things to all people." Tonight's CBS news reported that in its polls of Wisconsin voters high proportions of those questioned said Carter was "too fuzzy" on the issues, and that "the honesty issue" was going to Udall. An argument can be made that the elaborate polls the networks are conducting over-refine the questions, and find more than is there—that people are far less rational and more instinctual in their voting than can be reflected by this sort of polling.

I ask Udall how he feels.

"Good," he replies. "We thought we'd win New Hampshire. We thought we'd win Massachusetts. I thought we'd get beaten here bad. Now here tonight all the dreams may come true. All the hard work may pay off. I always thought if I got well enough known I'd get momentum. Now that may be happening. If we win, we'd get what I've been waiting months to get: the liberals to coalesce, people coming out of their shells and supporting me. This puts us on the threshold of a whole new chapter."

Not likely, but not out of the question. Political history tells us that candidates who look very strong can suddenly look very weak—that the way they are seen, as attractive and strong and capable and all together (winning) or as fumbling and weak and a little pathetic (losing), can change quickly and dramatically. Suddenly Muskie was down, a loser, a fumbler, and suddenly McGovern was up, strong, a winner. Even a candidate's physical appearance seems to change in the eyes of the public. How this happens is one of the mysteries of American politics, but it happens. John Kennedy *looked* different after he was nominated and began to do well in his Presidential campaign. George McGovern *looked* different as he neared his party's nomination—and then he looked different again when he began to make mistakes. Richard Nixon *looked* different when he finally became President. There was a time when Spiro Agnew looked sleek and strong. It probably has something to do with their success and growing confidence and wi[illegible]r reaction to their success and confidence—which reinforce each other, as they do in other human transactions. So it is not out of the question that tomorrow Udall will acquire some of the attributes of a winner and Carter some of those of a loser, that new weaknesses in Carter and new strengths in Udall will suddenly be seen.

At eight-fifteen, people start to drift toward the television set. There is a good bit of hugging in anticipation of the glorious announcement, and people are getting very tense.

"Christ, I want this one," David Obey says.

Stanley Kurz, Udall's fund-raiser, who refuses to get elated, says to me, "We've been here before. We really expected to win New Hampshire. We really expected to win Massachusetts."

"This is it," says Bambi Udall.

It is. It is a moment in and of itself. The people here, enclosed in what is happening right now, are isolated from the realities of what-happens-even-if-he-wins. Right now, either he wins—with whatever consequences that carries—or he loses and he is through, even if he doesn't get out. If he wins, it's also a vindication, a triumph over all those who wrote Udall off. That's why the people in this room are more excited than other victors, in other suites, have been. At eight-twenty, Udall tells Bambi in a soft voice, "CBS believes they are going to predict a win." Then he sits quietly. A labor organizer comes in with champagne. Udall seems to be trying not to smile—to be reluctant to allow himself to be too happy just yet. A staff member comes in and says that CBS says it will not call a winner until nine-fifteen. "I might as well take my coat off," says Udall. "It may be a long night." A staff member bringing in results gathered from a "boiler room" down the hall announces that in one bellwether precinct it's Udall 38.7, Carter 31.6. Cheers.

At eight-thirty-five, CBS says that, with one per cent of the vote counted, it's Udall forty per cent, Carter thirty-four per cent. But CBS does not project. An aide says that CBS has said that it will project Udall. Bambi hugs Udall. Ella Udall kisses him. An aide announces that Udall is beating Carter in the tenth ward of Racine, which Carter was expected to carry. Cheers and applause.

At eight-forty, ABC projects that Udall wins.

David Obey says, "I can't react."

The returns from Kenosha, and

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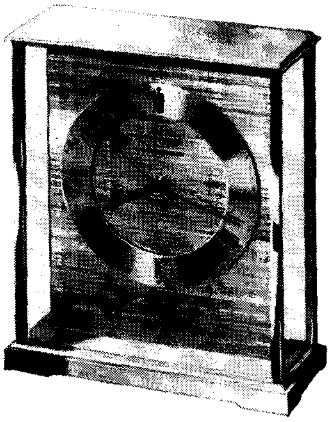

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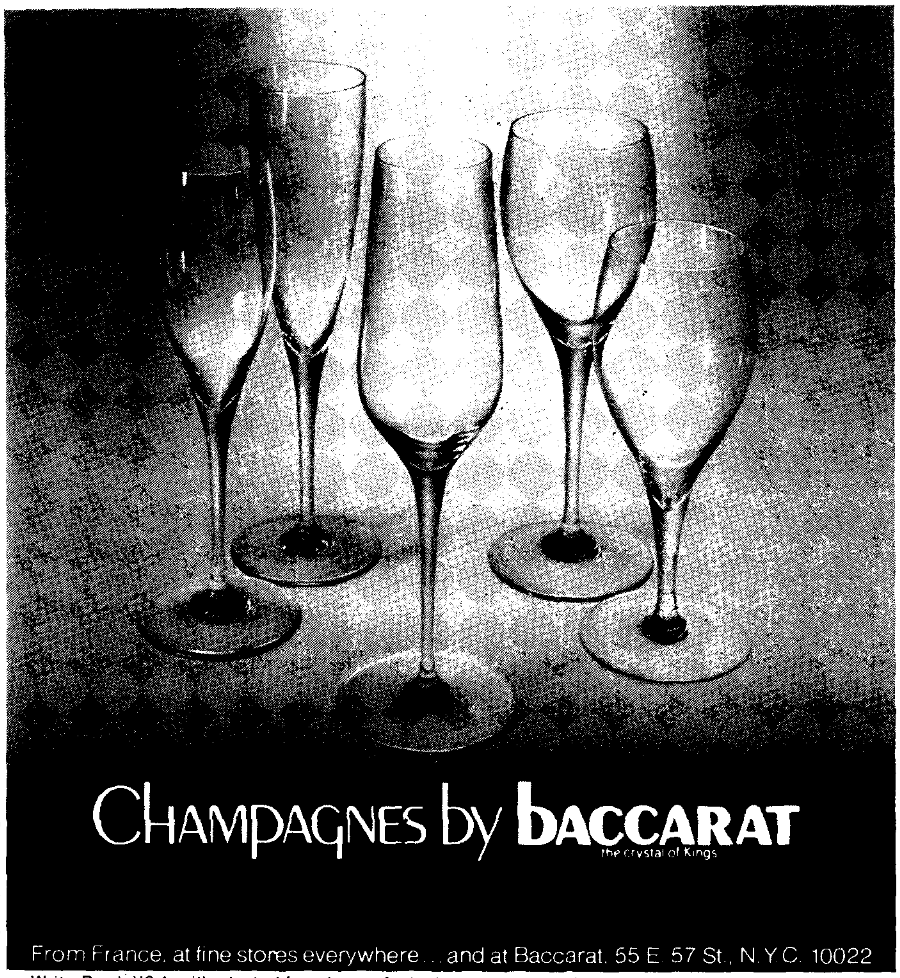

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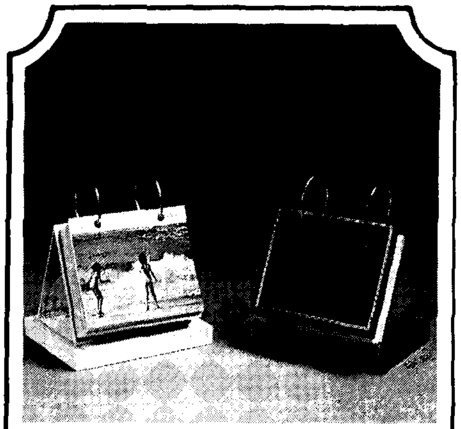

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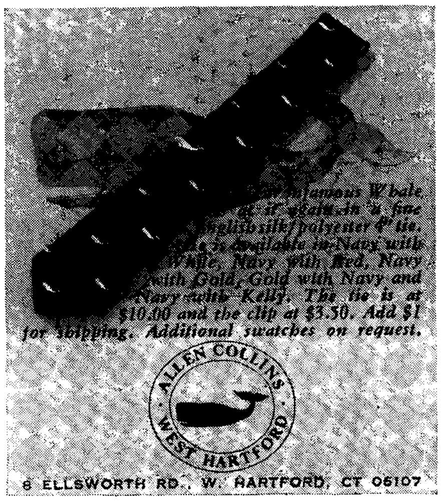

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even the South Side of Milwaukee—an ethnic neighborhood—as relayed by staff members, look good for Udall.

Just before nine o'clock, Udall himself announces to the group that, with twelve per cent of the vote in, it's Udall thirty-eight, Carter thirty-five, Jackson eight, Wallace twelve.

David Obey tells me, "We should be ahead early. Then the small towns, which use paper ballots, come in, and they will be for Carter."

At nine, Udall says, "I wish Walter Cronkite would come around."

A few moments later, Walter Cronkite announces that, with nineteen per cent of the vote counted, Udall is "holding on to a very narrow lead." It's Udall thirty-eight, Carter thirty-five.

Udall, talking to a few of us, says, "There are going to be a lot of red faces tomorrow—all those people who thought he was invincible and wanted to get ahead. How can they back someone who's against the Humphrey-Hawkins bill and the Kennedy-Corman bill?" "How can they be for someone who says he's just for voluntary busing? They say they will go with him because that way they can influence him. Translation: They're thinking about positions of power in the future."

And then he says, "Come on, Walter Cronkite."

The interesting thing is how much difference there is between a victory and a loss. Ronald Reagan found that out with his narrow loss to Ford in New Hampshire. Udall insists that he would have won New Hampshire if Harris hadn't been in the race. Perhaps. Perhaps it would have been different if there had been fewer candidates. It is hard to see how Udall could have capitalized sufficiently on such a victory. There is a cruel arbitrariness to the numbers—either you win or you lose. This year, there are no moral victories. Just victories. So while the "but for"s may be consoling, they are also irrelevant.

At nine-twenty-six, a staff member says that NBC has projected Udall. Bambi says that NBC says the Udall campaign now "has momentum."

The people in the room are overjoyed.

"Jimmy Carter is in trouble," a jubilant staff man tells me. "We'll be able to raise money now. I see the vault door opening. Jimmy Carter is in trouble. The wind has been taken out of his sails."

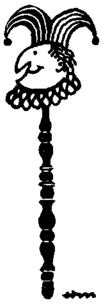
David Obey says, "We got every ward in Wausau. That's incredible."

More precincts come in for Udall.

At ten o'clock, Walter Cronkite announces that, with forty-five per cent of the vote in, it's Udall thirty-nine, Carter thirty-five. The returns from New York show that Udall is doing better at getting delegates there than was expected, and might come in second.

"I've seen elections turn around at the last round of voters," Udall says.

Shortly after ten, the question comes up whether Udall should go down to the ballroom and claim victory. The decision is that he will claim victory at ten-fifteen. A staff aide explains that this is because it is now eleven-fifteen in New York, and they want their time on the networks before everyone goes to bed. The thought that it might turn around has been dismissed. Two networks have projected Udall. The feeling is that Walter Cronkite is just being stubborn.



As Udall's party makes its way down the hall and down a back stairway to the floor below, I ask David Obey if he is letting himself believe it now.

"Yes," he replies jubilantly.

"Happy Days Are Here Again" may be a cliché, but it is a buoyant tune and makes a happy crowd even happier. Its title becomes literal. Like "Hail to the Chief" or "Here Comes the Bride," it is an announcement as well as a song. And tonight it is being played to a very happy crowd, and the drums and the horns and the cheers fill the vast ballroom. This is no routine victory. It is a vindication. And it wasn't expected. And so the crowd cheers—"GO, MO! GO, MO!"—and Morris Udall, on the platform, happy, his face ruddy, beams.

"Oh, how sweet it is," Udall tells the crowd, and they break into a prolonged cheer, and he smiles some more. I have never seen him look so happy. He has won, and the band is playing, and the crowd—as devoted a crowd as a person can get—is cheering for him. Politicians work and work for this moment—a moment when yesterday's fatigue and disappointment and tomorrow's realities and responsibilities are swept away in one brief spell of pure joy.

Udall tells the crowd, "I've been rich and I've been poor, and, believe me, rich is better." He continues, "I've been second and I've been first, and, believe me, first is better." And, to more cheers, he finishes his brief speech, thanks those who [illegible] him win, and then proceeds to give victory interviews to ABC and NBC.

Shortly before eleven o'clock, Carter, on CBS, explains that he could not give Wisconsin the necessary time, because he was busy campaigning in Illinois and North Carolina (where Udall did not campaign). Walter Cronkite says, "It's far too close to call yet." Back in Udall's suite, Henry Reuss, smiling broadly, says that he will return to Washington tomorrow and line up members of the House from Pennsylvania for Udall. "I think I can deliver a package by tomorrow night," he says. And then the suite is largely cleared. Udall must get up at 5 A.M. to fly to Detroit, where he will meet with U.A.W. officials, and then to Pittsburgh, where the state A.F.L.-C.I.O. is holding a convention. Carter and Jackson will be in Pennsylvania tomorrow, too. Everyone agrees that Pennsylvania is the next big test.

John Gabusi and Terry Bracy, two top Udall staff members, and I are talking alone in the living room of the suite. Gabusi, who will take over management of the campaign shortly, explains to me why Udall has done so well in New York—Jackson is getting less than a majority of the delegates, Udall is a strong second, "Uncommitted" (much of it for Humphrey) is third, and Carter is a surprisingly poor fourth—and goes into the intricacies of the delegate-selection system in New York and Pennsylvania.

At eleven-forty-five, Udall comes into the room, holding a beer. He fiddles with the dials on the television set, listens to Gabusi, and, when his aide finishes, says softly, "We've got bad news."

We all know what he means as soon as he says that, but still one of the aides asks.

"CBS is going to project Carter," Udall says. "It's down to thirty-seven, thirty-six."

Gabusi swears quietly.

Terry Bracy says after a few moments, "It's still a victory, Mo."

Udall turns up the television set. A local news broadcaster announces enthusiastically, "Wisconsin tonight handed Morris Udall his first real Democratic victory."

Udall, sitting in a stiff-backed chair, holding his beer, watches and smiles slightly as he sees himself, on a tape replay, saying, "I've been rich and I've been poor, and, believe me, rich is better." —ELIZABETH DREW

*(This is the third of a series of three articles.)*

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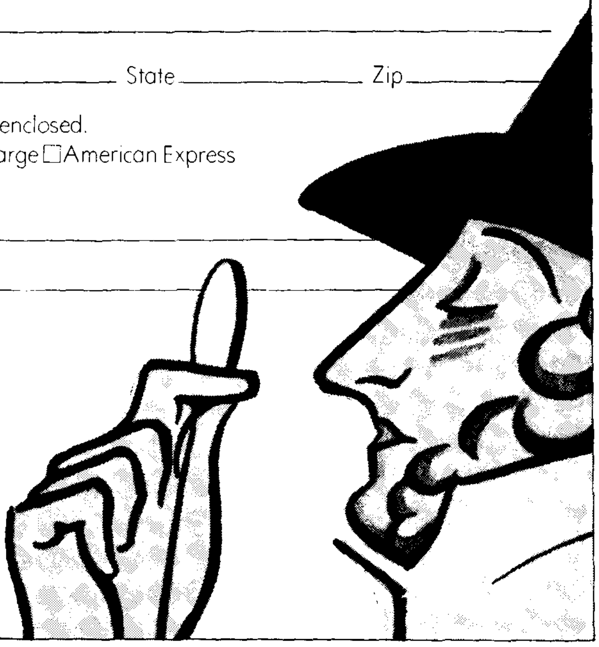

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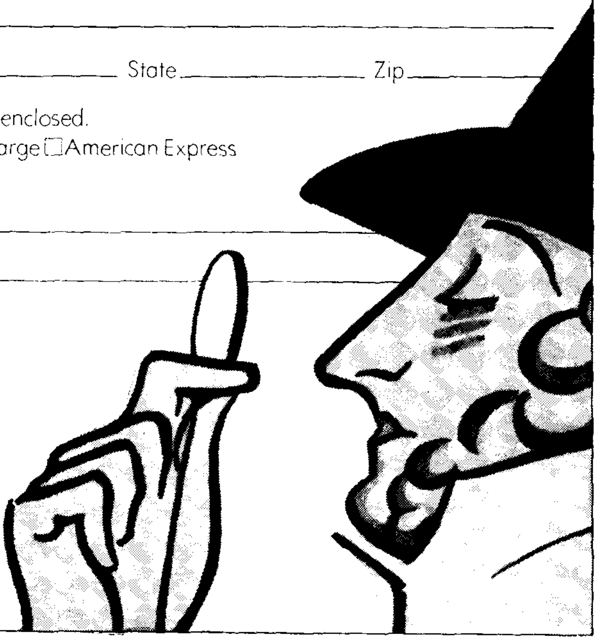


# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## Price

DANDELION clocks are blowing in the light Montana breeze. Arthur Penn's picture "The Missouri Breaks," written by Thomas McGuane and set in the eighteen-eighties, is really about the symbolic end of the frontier time, though it is ostensibly about horse rustling. A man called Sandy is about to be hanged to provide public pleasure in retribution for rustling. "First time I saw this country, it had bluegrass up to my stirrups," says one of the jailers taking him to the hanging tree, a man so near to him in spirit that he seems his fellow.

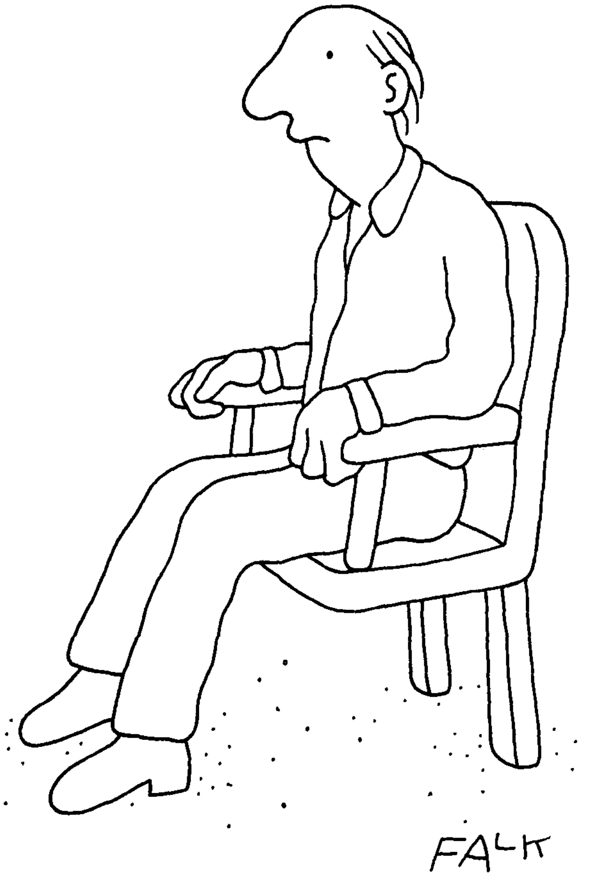
We are in a town run by a despotic sage called Braxton (John McLiam), who asks his daughter to bring him "Tristram Shandy;" he is a gentle-seeming soul, vehement in his hypocrisy, who symbolizes the individualism that has so far made the nation survive. Thomas McGuane also wrote "Rancho Deluxe": a script with much the same varying tone, mixing genuinely felt expression and flippant epigrams rank with the odor of cool. There was something joltingly smart-aleck about "Rancho Deluxe." The fact that this quality has largely disappeared from the film of "The Missouri Breaks" is due not so much to the presence of Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson as to the integrity and seriousness of Arthur Penn.

After the hanging of the rustler—whose long time a-dying takes toll of only one of the avid spectators (Braxton's daughter Jane, played by Kathleen Lloyd)—the story turns to the leader of the horse rustlers, called Logan (Jack Nicholson). The film gives him the silent sardonicism we stupidly appropriate for modernity. Logan opts for vengeance on the autocratic Braxton, who is one of the native-born English-mannered cosmopolitans who have taken many decades to adapt themselves to frontier life. He looks kindly and full of finesse, but he is perfectly ready to hang a man without trial: he would defend his action, perhaps, by the tenet of law and order, which first held the West together, and which right-wingers even now think of as the underpinning of the nation.

Logan's revenge is to buy a nearby ranch, with the purpose of rustling every horse that Braxton has. To get money, the rustlers rob a train. Bills float down from a detached carriage and flow softly away, as they did in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." Enough loot is left to the rustlers to buy the land and to live it up in a bordello, edging past an interested group of old ladies. Later, after meeting Logan, father Braxton and daughter Jane have a family fight about "justice," and as they drive back to their ranch they see a man hanging, whom they at first take to be Sandy but whom they discover to be their own ranch foreman.

The wrongs run in parallel. The unjust rustler is matched by an unjust lord of the manor; Logan's professional dishonesty is matched by the unscrupulousness of a mercenary hired by Braxton, a man called Lee Clayton (Marlon Brando), who first appears on an apparently unridden horse. A piece of trompe-l'oeil. There is an earnest-looking head of a man hanging upside down below the horse's neck. A murderous joke, shockingly on a par with the habit of putting traitors' heads on spikes in medieval England? But the man is very much alive, it turns out. Right way up, he looks like a medicine man, with his shreds of long gray hair swinging down to his shoulders. His accent is Irish. Plausible, but only maybe, the character being the slippery role-player he is. He takes delight in theatre, including androgynous impersonations. He is an expert with a rifle who later turns up as a parson in a dog collar, going by the name of Jim Ferguson. Braxton's other hirelings deride him because they say he smells of lilac. Brando's performance has a lot to do with his opulently witty sense of Restoration comedy, which has never been more evident than in this film—not even in "Mutiny on the Bounty." Clayton says his pistol was made for the President of Mexico. An impostor himself, he can scent an impostor a mile off; it amuses him to call himself a "regulator," just as it amuses him to scold and punish Logan, the horse rustler, who has now set himself up with a background in "farm implements." The Brando character, typically, likes to use field glasses. He uses them to watch birds; likewise, it gives him undue pleasure to catch human beings when they think themselves unseen. It interests him—as if he were to have caught Logan rustling a horse—to spy him rolling with Braxton's daughter in the hay. This man is a sightseer, a character-player, a man who understands loyalty as something to be bought for money, and when he guesses that Logan is fraudulent about his past it causes him no surprise: they are matched player-fools, dandling their lives as if their pasts were toys, knowing no fealty, enjoying a potent ease that they realize will run out at any moment. We see Clayton caught at an instant of deadly danger in a foam bath. A pistol is pointed at him by Logan. Clayton tries the schoolboy trick of double dare: turns his back to the pistol-pointer, and goes on talking to him idly, as if after taking a glass of port. The heavy shoulders and the insouciance bring off the voluptuous risk.

So. Sophistication has triumphed. Logan shoots only the bathtub. Clayton's Rubens back is intact. Perhaps spurred on by humiliation over his lack of courage in the foam-bath contest, Logan then rustles Braxton's horses. Clayton, powered by macho amusement, kills off the members of Logan's gang, one by one: always in situations that tickle him because of his victims' vulnerability. In the end, only Logan is left. The last of his gang is burning alive, in a horrifying scene in which the henchman is finally put paid to by Clayton with the same weapon—two spikes crossed in a lethally beneficient-



looking stare that [illegible] used in an earlier scene to kill a rabbit. After Logan's hideout is [illegible], Clayton lies down to sleep in the [illegible], and there is a violently equivalent [illegible] retribution.

I take it that the film is about mercenaries, and about the tantrums that often arise from lack of belief. None of these men believe in their nation. All of them pin their flag to expediency. But the points are trivially made in the lopsided script, so that the performances of the great Brando and the unfairly overshadowed Nicholson are reduced to actors' tricks. From Penn's admirable career, this film holds our hopes of making clear the contemplative themes embedded in it—about lost souls lashed to the need for money, about a new country where unformulated frontiers seem to mean no moral restrictions—but the plot lines become muddled, and the actors seem to be decking out an otherwise characterless Western marred by back chat. The jauntiness is ominous; it weights the killing of a rabbit but makes paltry the horrendous killings of men.

Penn certainly wanted the actors to light up for us the conditions of opportunism and raw need which govern his antic heroes, who think they will last forever. They kill off the old with the confidence that the murdered are the last of their kind; the victims are losers, maybe, but men whom Penn sees as nobly vestigial products of a new land that would have made a hero of any winner, even a killer [illegible] O.K. So the courtly old are nearly finished. But where are comparable men to come from? The self-appointed head of the frontier town has a stroke and must be fed from a spoon. "He sort of left himself. He came unravelled," says his daughter. We are in a world of people of no background, hacking out something for themselves from the earth. Books are respected by the religious and the nearly illiterate as if they were the Dead Sea Scrolls; hospitality thrives. The villainous, bookish, somehow venerable tyrant who is to die of a gunshot wound knows that he personifies an America in the days of its uncrowded youth. Time goes by fast in a swiftly made country. It seems to be only the old who have time. These are Arthur Penn's questions, as they have been in his films for years: What next? Who follows? What act will have what consequence?

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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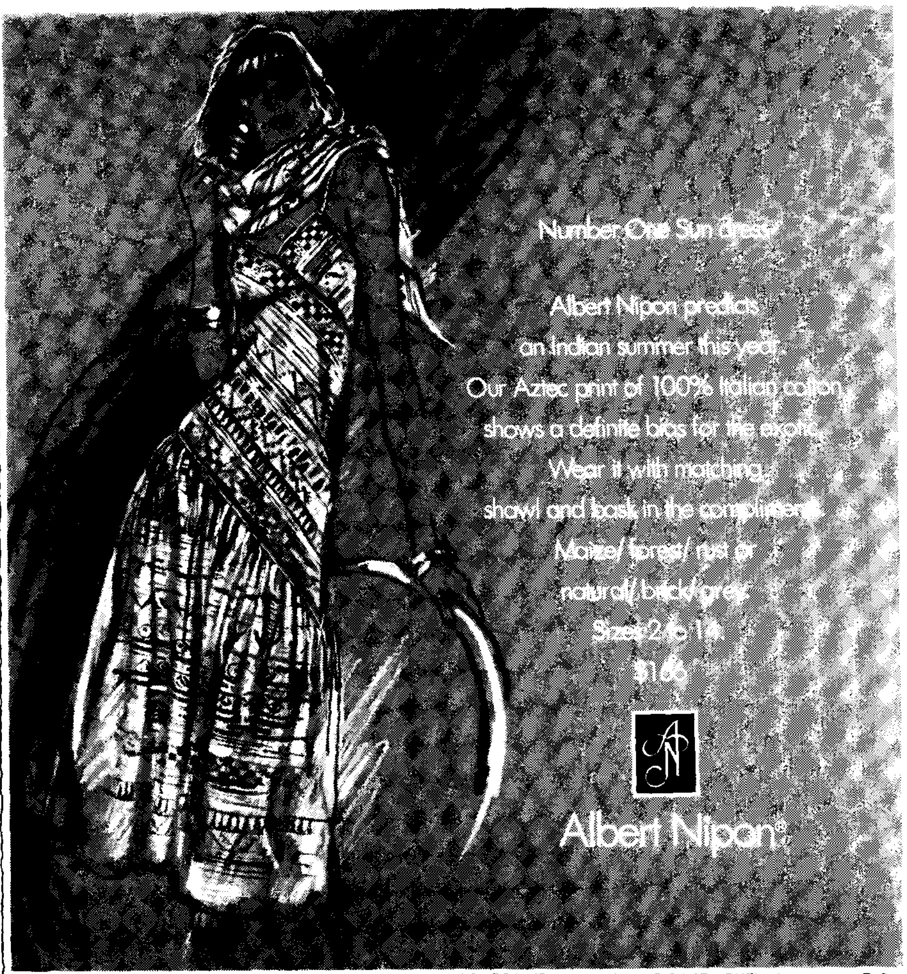

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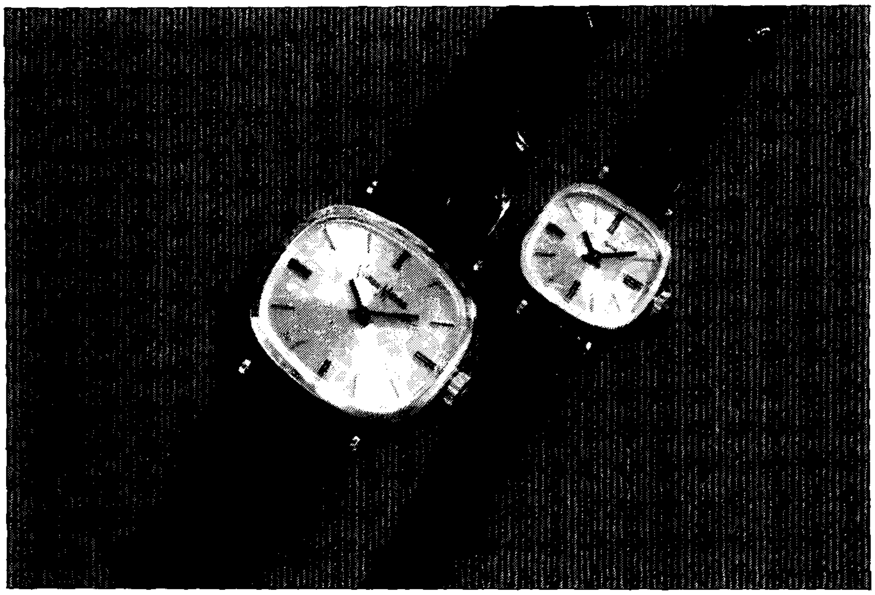

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# U.S. JOURNAL: ANNAPOLIS, MD.

## THOUGHTS DURING A FILIBUSTER ON SUBWAYS

IN New York, the final separation between a native and what Walter Winchell always called an out-of-towner is the subway. Outlanders on brief visits to the city are notoriously reluctant to go underground. When I suggest to a visitor that a direct subway ride is by far the fastest and most convenient way to proceed from where he is to where he wants to be, the usual response is a mute shaking of the head, occasionally followed by a mumbled "I don't think so" or "Not this time." To out-of-towners—out-of-towners from Detroit or Los Angeles, as well as out-of-towners from rural villages—subways are terrifying. The terror is not limited to those citizens who have been led to believe by years of Johnny Carson jokes that their chances of encountering a violent criminal in New York vary significantly from their chances of encountering a violent criminal in Detroit or Los Angeles. Even if subway stations did not conjure up shadows of muggers hiding in foul-smelling corners, and subway trains were not grotesquely defaced with spray paint, there would be something frightening about being whisked around underground by a horrifyingly noisy conveyance that is not visibly in the control of a human being. The subway offers no opportunity to employ the cautious bus passenger's device of standing with one foot in the bus and one on the pavement, prepared either to block the door or flee, while asking the driver to interpret the cryptic sign over his windshield. Underground, in the dark, there is no way to tell from street signs and the sun whether the train has inexplicably made a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn and is heading toward a place that no one wants to go—with no stops in between. The out-of-towner's sense of direction—a rather important sense in those parts of the country where a lost stranger looking for the airport is told to turn east or west rather than left or right—is of no use at all. It is no wonder that some people I know from small towns in the Midwest would rather face an East Side French headwaiter than the I.R.T.

Out-of-towners who have tarried in Manhattan for a couple of decades—I include myself among them—realize that mastery of the subway is the final test of a true New Yorker. Mastering the subway is not merely a matter of conquering an irrational fear that any train we take toward Penn Station will deposit us in Washington Heights. There are mysteries to be unlocked. Someone who comes to subway transportation late faces the sort of frustrations faced by someone who applies himself diligently to studying French with the realization that no matter how many hours he spends in the language lab there are thousands of words like "diaper pin" or "grape scissors" he will probably never know. The subway system seems designed to prove that some knowledge can be attained only incrementally, starting at birth. When I first came to New York, I thought that irrelevant train designations and unreadable subway maps were a product of urban bloody-mindedness; now I know that they are ways to keep the secrets. (Irrelevant bus designations and no bus-stop maps at all, on the other hand, are a product of urban bloody-mindedness.) We out-of-towners sometimes imagine that we have conquered the subway, but our conquest, upon close examination by a native, usually consists of nothing more than some straight shots on the West Side I.R.T. or some rather clumsy combinations put together with the Forty-second Street shuttle. There are out-of-towners who have cornered the market in one thing or another in Wall Street and there are out-of-towners who command attention in Sardi's, but I have never met an out-of-towner who has broken the code of the B.-M.T.

IF a subway is what makes rubes of us all, the Maryland state senate would merely be fulfilling a traditional role by filibustering, as it did this spring, at the prospect of paying part of the cost of building one for Baltimore. Traditionally, state legislatures have been dominated by rural types who looked upon sabotaging any urban appropriations as a satisfaction comparable to late-night bourbon drinking, and who responded to complaints about malapportionment by warning that purely proportional representation would lead to the takeover of the state by the wily and probably foreign pols of the wicked big-city machines. Forty years ago, mass transit was already a symbol of big cities; in Georgia, where a device called the county-unit system extended rural overapportionment from the state legislature to any gubernatorial or congressional election, Governor Eugene Talmadge's most widely known campaign boast was that he never bothered to campaign in a county that was large enough to have a streetcar. (These days, he could just about run for President with that policy, suburbanization and other factors in a quarter century of automobile worship having reduced the number of American cities with any rail-transit system at all to ten.) Not many years ago, the good-government people were saying that correcting the malapportionment of state legislatures would go a long way toward curbing their hostility toward large cities. Reapportionment eventually came by court order, of course, but not before the cities had begun to lose population to the suburbs. In the senate of Maryland, there are now fewer of the old-fashioned gallus-snappers who would oppose a subway for Baltimore practically as a matter of pride, but there are plenty of suburbanites from places like Baltimore County, and they provided the leadership for the anti-subway forces. Around the statehouse in Annapolis, the modern crop of suburban legislators are thought of as considerably better behaved than the old-fashioned types—or blander, as bored statehouse reporters tend to see it—but not necessarily as any more sympathetic toward the needs of the city. In fact, after I had spent a couple of days at the Maryland legislature it occurred to me that the result of reapportionment in many states may have been a horde of suburbanites who hate the city worse than the Claghorns or the appleknockers ever could—not with the detachment of rural or small-town people who live in a different world but with the bitterness and dread of recent escapees.

AMONG legislators in Annapolis, the Washington, D.C., Metro, whose first phase was recently completed, is better known as a source of cost overruns than as a subway system. Even in Washington, opinion is divided between people who are awed by its flashiness and people who are appalled by its books. As an out-of-towner looking for new worlds to conquer, I had taken advantage of a Washington visit to go for a short ride on the Metro. A short ride is the only sort of ride now available on the Metro, but so many people have been taking it that the ridership of the system is something like three times the original predictions—a figure that pro-subway people in Annapolis occasionally try to work into conversations that are otherwise dominated by figures showing how many times more than the original predictions the first phase of Metro has cost to build and operate. Compared to the New York subway, the Metro is constructed more like a deep cavern than a

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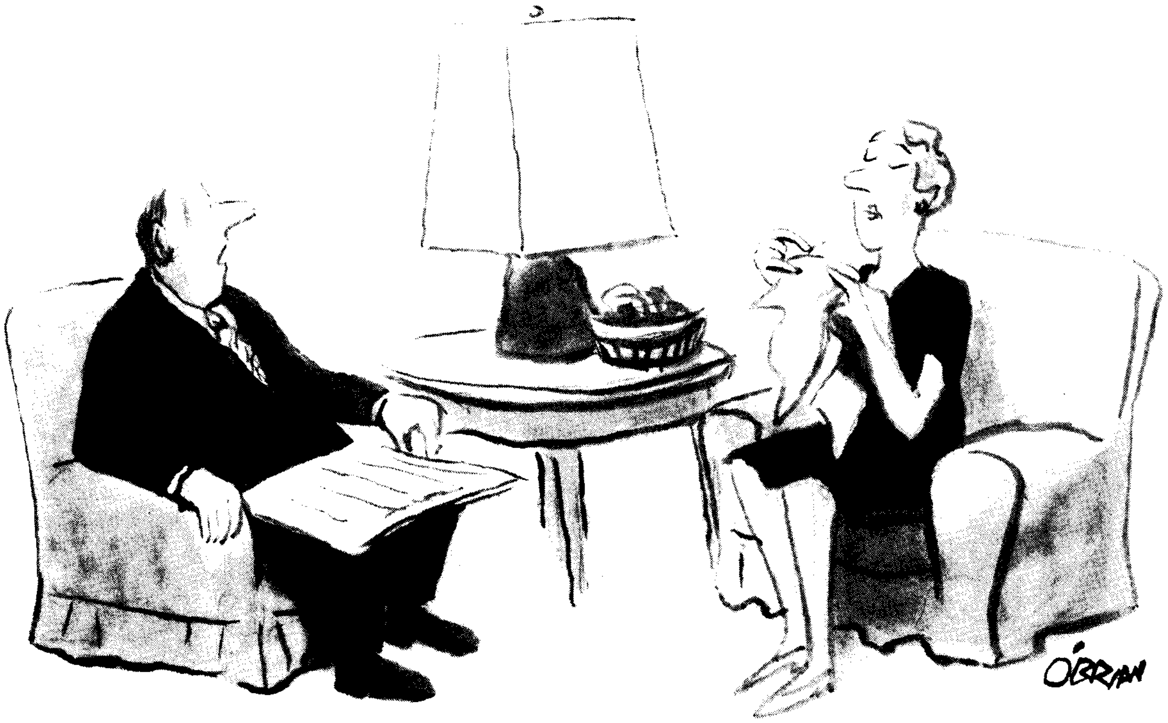
inappropriately benign. Then I handed a dollar bill to the smiling man in the orange uniform and he informed me that I would have to get my change "outside the system." That was a bit more like it, I thought, but once I had secured the change and reëntered the station I found myself assaulted by acts of institutional courtesy and consideration. One brightly illustrated map presented Metro's route clearly enough to be understood by the slowest delegate to the 4-H Club convention. Another map showed the neighborhood above the station, with an overlay of concentric circles indicating the average walking time to various points. Well-modulated voices on the public-address system kept making speeches like "Good morning. Welcome to Metro Center. We at Metro thank you for riding Metro Rail. And have a pleasant day." Except for the speeches, the Washington Metro had what a New York subway rider would have to regard as an eerie silence. Just before the train doors close, the riders hear what sounds like the doorbell chime of a rather large house. The trains themselves seem to make hardly any noise at all. I realize that a veteran of the B.-M.T.—even a veteran who is normally lost while on the B.-M.T.—may have a latent bias against a subway system in which a train coming into the station has the sound one normally associates with an approaching skateboard. But is a subway that has no noise and no secrets truly a subway? I was not surprised to read in a Washington paper that riding on the Metro has become a popular activity for out-of-town visitors.



"*Is this the best we can do? Incompatibility without violence?*"

• •

DURING the Maryland senate's filibuster over funds for the Baltimore subway, virtually every senator from the suburbs of Baltimore was anti-subway and virtually every senator from the Maryland suburbs of Washington was pro-subway. In most cases, the support of senators from suburban Washington was based simply, and unenthusiastically, on the fact that the state of Maryland's continued financial support of the Washington Metro system—a system that is designed to include, eventually, suburbs in Maryland and Virginia as well as Washington itself—is predicated on equivalent support to mass transit in the Baltimore area. That still leaves the question of why Washington suburbanites were enthusiastic about the prospect of having their own areawide mass transit and Baltimore suburbanites are not. A large part of the answer is undoubtedly a matter of timing: the Washington system came first, in time to provide horrifying examples of cost overruns for Maryland legislators to study during a period of relative austerity. The potential cost of the Baltimore system—the potential for a long-term burden on the taxpayer, the potential for draining funds from state transportation resources that might otherwise go for highways in other areas—was undoubtedly the most important factor in both rural and suburban opposition to it. But part of the answer, some people in Annapolis say, has to do with race.

The Washington suburbs are hardly known for enthusiasm about low-cost housing projects, but they have been partly integrated by the large black middle class in the area; one Washington suburban county, in fact, sends a black senator to Annapolis. Baltimore County (which does not include the city of Baltimore, a noncounty governmental entity unto itself) is, on the other hand, a collection of various types of suburbs bound together by the strong bond of overwhelming whiteness. It is ninety-five per cent white, and over the past years a lot of its public policy, whether ostensibly on the subject of zoning or education or housing, has been interpreted as having the underlying goal of making certain that it remains ninety-five per cent white. Baltimore's other suburban counties tend to be organized with a similar regard for what its residents may by now be calling ethnic purity; Baltimore City, as it is known around the Capitol, is more than fifty per cent black. What big cities represent to rural and suburban legislators these days is less likely to be wily machine pols than poor black people. Black senators from Baltimore interpreted opposition to the subway from both rural and suburban legislators as being based partly on a disinclination to spend state money for a project that would result in jobs and, eventually, transportation mostly for black people. Their suspicion of opposition from the Baltimore suburbs, though, went further: they suspected suburbanites of opposing the subway partly out of fear that it could someday make penetration of white neighborhoods easier for black people.

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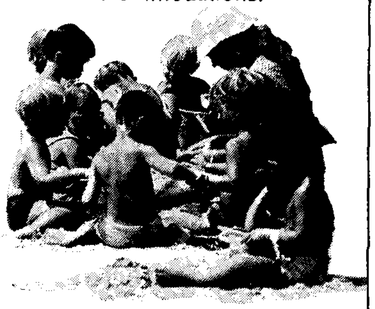

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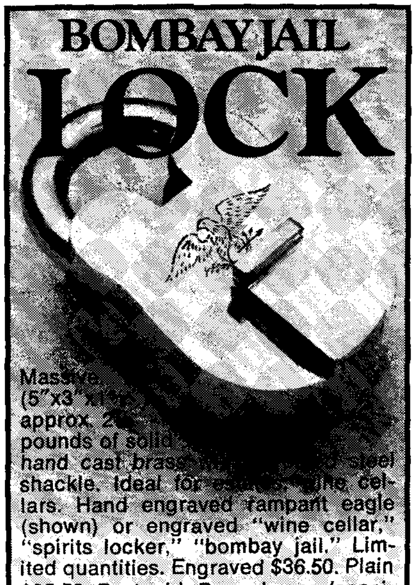

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brought on a wave of planning for new mass-transit systems around the country eight or ten years ago, one of the rationales was the possibility that mass transit would, as Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel put it, help in "unlocking our inner cities." People who followed the anti-subway filibusterers closely believe that fears of integration played a significant role in the opposition of only two or three suburban senators. But any black legislator who has followed the politics of Baltimore County in the past decade or so has an understandable inclination to believe that one underlying motive behind any stand of Baltimore County representatives on any issue is a desire to keep the inner cities locked up.

THE federal government will pay eighty per cent of the Baltimore subway's building costs—beginning with a grant of five hundred and seventy-seven million dollars for the first phase of construction. Serious money for mass transit first started coming from Washington in the late sixties, at a time when the federal government had already spent enough money on the interstate highway system to send twinges of envy through a defense contractor. In fact, by the time the government started handing out money for mass transit its policies and its money had for a quarter of a century encouraged the growth of suburbs that seemed designed on the assumption that anyone so inept as to be left at home without a private automobile could either hitch a ride to the shopping-center supermarket with a kindly neighbor or starve to death. In an article in the New York *Times Magazine* this fall on San Francisco's Bay Area Rapid Transit, Robert Lindsey wrote, "One of the lessons of BART is that, all things considered, it seems so far to be an expensive, inflexible and relatively ineffective way to reach and serve the low-density sprawling communities that are typical of American urban expansion since World War II." In the suburbs surrounding many American cities, including Baltimore, a lot of the commuters no longer commute to the commercial center of the city but to any one of a gaggle of other suburbs. In other words, it may be too late for even the federal billions to build a sensible mass-transit system in some metropolitan areas—partly because of the sprawl federal billions have helped to create.

IN the Maryland senate, the pro-subway forces had collected what amounted to a shallow majority—a majority composed largely of senators who were willing to support the subway because of one sort of commitment or another but who did so without passion. The filibuster leaders believed that with only two more votes they could have achieved not just some concessions but their main goal—the elimination of the subway tunnel in favor of a surface system that used some sort of light-rail rather than heavy-rail equipment (more like trolleys than railroad trains), or even buses. In any legislative body, what seems like a technical discussion—the relative merits of light-rail and heavy-rail mass-transit systems, for instance—can be interpreted in a number of ways. For several years, the argument over the subway in the Baltimore City Council seemed to be steel wheels versus rubber wheels, but it was an argument normally interpreted as being Bethlehem Steel versus Westinghouse. There is said to be a bloc in the Maryland senate who would be for light-rail if Governor Mandel's prestige was strongly committed to heavy-rail, or vice versa. What a lot of the arguments about both costs and technical options came down to was the degree of commitment, if any, the senator concerned had to the future of Baltimore City. Some rural and suburban senators said that the Baltimore subway amounted to nothing more than a public-works project for Baltimore, and some Baltimore people said that if a state's leading city—its port and its mercantile center—suffered from high unemployment, a public-works project would not be a bad idea. The disagreement was partly about whether the state was risking millions on a mass-transit system for a city that could eventually lose the population and economic strength that justified such an expenditure or was investing millions in a mass-transit system that would help assure its leading city of maintaining its population and economic strength. One of the criticisms suburban senators had of the subway tunnel was that it was permanent rather than flexible—which, as it happened, was one of the characteristics that Baltimore boosters find particularly appealing.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

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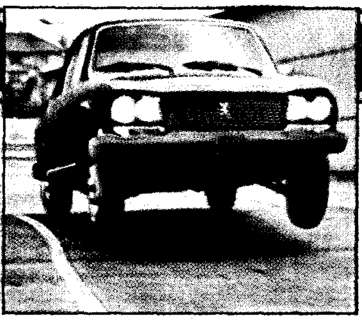
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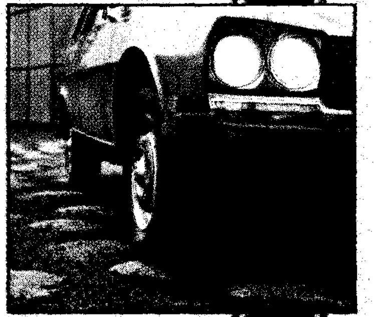
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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Flour of Wyfly Pacience*

EVEN the most assiduous operagoer is unlikely to have seen more than a handful of pieces by Alessandro Scarlatti. "Mitridate Eupatore" (1707) and "Il Trionfo dell' Onore" (1718) are the works of his most often staged, since of them modern performing editions—abridged and unsatisfactory, but handy for a director unwilling to prepare his own material—are available. Giuseppe Piccioli's "*riduzione scenica e strumentale*" of "Mitridate" appeared at the Piccola Scala in 1956, with Victoria de los Angeles and Giulietta Simionato as its heroines (the opera was heard in New York last year), and Virgilio Mortari's "*riduzione scenica, elaborazione e adattamento*" of "Il Trionfo" was published back in 1941. Both works hold the stage easily. During the last decade, there have been revivals, with mixed results, of at least seven other Scarlatti operas, and the trickle may soon swell to a stream now that a careful edition of the scores, under the general editorship of Donald Jay Grout, and published by the Harvard University Press, is under way. Three volumes have appeared so far: "Eraclea" (brought to the stage, by Cornell University, in 1970), "Marco Attilio Regolo," and "Griselda" (staged this month at Berkeley, California). The first and third were edited by Mr. Grout himself. In addition, Scarlatti's earliest opera, "Gli Equivoci nel Sembiante," edited by Frank A. D'Accone, was staged in Los Angeles last year.

Scarlatti is worth hearing. Though he rates only a passing mention in Charles Rosen's "The Classical Style," he formed the language in which that style could be developed. As Edward Dent put it, in the closing pages of his 1905 study of the composer:

> Before 1700, he had gathered up all that was best of the tangled materials produced by that age of transition and experiment, the seventeenth century, to form out of them a musical language, vigorous and flexible as Italian itself, which has been the foundation of all music of the classical period.

And elsewhere:

> Thematic development, balance of melodic phrase, chromatic harmony—all the devices which the seventeenth century had tentatively introduced, are by him woven into a smooth and supple texture, which reached its perfection in one who, although he never knew his true master, was yet his best pupil—Mozart.

Scarlatti, it is true, left opera in need of the reforms that Gluck and Mozart were to introduce. In his earliest pieces, we find bold experiment, traces of roughness, and something of the direct quality that makes earlier seventeenth-century opera so fresh to modern ears. His "Statira," of 1690, is more formal but short-breathed. "Rosaura," later that year, begins smoothly, almost glibly, and then in its third—so far unpublished—act embarks on brave formal innovations. "Eraclea," at the turn of the century, sounds to us Handelian in its brisk stride; Bononcini has been proposed as the originator of this vigorous, easily enjoyed manner, varied by melting movements in 6/8 or 12/8, and the little Bononcini I have heard does suggest that he left his mark on both Scarlatti and Handel. "Mitridate Eupatore" is in an altogether grander and more passionate vein. "Griselda," of 1721, Scarlatti's last surviving opera, represents effortless mastery. Nothing now remains to be "solved." Form, harmonic control, balance of melodic periods, and beauty of expressive line conspire; the delicate intimacy of his chamber cantatas and the emotional force of his earlier dramas are united. But in lesser hands his forms became formula. Anyone could write an opera along his lines, and many did.

"I DO not know—there's something in that Rural Cottage of *Griselda*, her forlorn Condition, her Poverty, her Solitude, her Resignation, her Innocent Slumbers, and that lulling *Dolce Sogno* that's sung over her; it had an Effect upon me." Indiana, the heroine of Steele's comedy "The Conscious Lovers," is talking specifically about Bononcini's "Griselda," which in 1722 at the King's Theatre ran in competition with Handel's "Floridante," but the subject seems to have had an effect upon people for six centuries and more. It's an odd tale. The lordly Gualtiero married the shepherdess Griselda, who showed herself in every way worthy of a throne. But then her husband decided to test her: he pretended to have their two children executed; he sent her back to her rural cote; later he recalled her to serve at his forthcoming wedding to a more worthy bride. Patient Griselda bore all her trials without complaint and did not waver in her love for and submission to her lord—whereupon Gualtiero at last embraced her, declared that she had shown herself a model wife, and revealed that his new "bride" was in fact their daughter, not killed after all but brought up at another court in ignorance of her origins. And everyone lived happily.

Most tellers of the tale have felt some qualms about Gualtiero's behavior. Dioneo, introducing it as the last story of the "Decameron," remarks on the fellow's "senseless brutality." Petrarch retold Boccaccio's version in Latin, and thence it passed into the mouth of Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford. The Clerk draws a pious moral: "nat . . . that wyves sholde/Folwen Grisilde as in humilitee,/For it were importable [unbearable], though they wolde," but that we should all bear the things God sends to try us with a meekness equal to hers. Chaucer, however, adds his own spirited envoy, urging women to stand up for themselves and let husbands do the wailing. Hans Sachs, Thomas Dekker, Goldoni, and Lope de Vega all made versions of the story. In an operatic treatment by Massenet, it's the Devil (a high-spirited, elegant Devil, originally played by Lucien Fugère) who causes Grisélidis's troubles. In a play by Gerhart Hauptmann, the husband turns nasty because he refuses to share Griselda's love with their newborn child. Some authors point parallels with Abraham and Isaac, and with Job. Others tell it as a kind of Cinderella story in which the shoe pinches very hard before goodness can triumph. Few commentators are as forthright as was Boccaccio's Dioneo, who ends by remarking that while high virtues may on occasion descend into the dwellings of the poor, there are some rulers in palaces who would be better employed as swineherds. Scarlatti's "Griselda," like Bononcini's, depends from a much-set libretto by Apostolo Zeno, in which an attempt is made to justify Gualtiero's actions. In the cast there is a villain—called Ottone in Scarlatti's opera, Rambaldo in Bononcini's—who desires Griselda for himself and stirs up the populace against their lowborn queen. So Gualtiero devises the trials to make public demonstration of her merits and end the murmurings against her.

The recurrent operatic situations are Gualtiero's public harshness and private pangs; Griselda's tender compliance and, in solitude, her plaints; Ottone's wooing of the cast-off queen and her steadfast refusals of him; and lovers' tiffs between Costanza, the daughter of Griselda and Gualtiero, and Roberto, the prince who won her heart before she was summoned to be Gualtiero's bride. The individual moments of drama, to each of which Scarlatti rises superbly, occur when Griselda, told that Gualtiero has ordered the execution of her infant son and that her acceptance of Ottone's hand alone can save him, is torn—in a vehement aria—between maternal love and wifely submission; when Griselda and Costanza, their relationship still mutually unknown, are drawn by natural affinity to embrace, in duet, as if the one had found the lost daughter, the other the lost mother, she longed for; and when Griselda, catching Costanza in Roberto's arms, chides her for thus betraying the noble Gualtiero. The work reaches its climax in recitative, when Griselda, ordered by Gualtiero to wed Ottone, is driven at last to passionate disobedience. Scarlatti's recitative, said Burney, "is, in general, excellent," and Griselda's long recitative, starting "Mio Re, mio Nume, mio sposo un tempo, e mio diletto ancora," is excellent indeed. It moves most beautifully between string-accompanied and *secco* (supported only by harpsichord and string bass) declamation, and crowns the drama most movingly. After it, the loose ends are quickly tied, and there is a brief, happy ensemble.

"GRISELDA" was written for Rome at a time when women were not allowed to appear there on the stage. So in 1721 it had an all-male cast—five castrato principals, and a tenor in the subaltern role of Corrado (Roberto's brother, privy to Gualtiero's plot). Griselda was sung by Giacinto Fontana, alias Farfallino, the little butterfly. Three of the other performers are well known to Handelians. As Gualtiero, there was Antonio Bernacchi, renowned—also reproved—for his "instrumental" virtuosity; past his prime, the critics tell us, when Handel wrote "Lotario" for him, in 1729; and, according to Mrs. Pendarves, "in person not so good, for he is as big as a Spanish friar." The great Giovanni Carestini, Handel's primo uomo from 1733 to 1735, made his début in "Griselda," as Costanza; he was then a youth of about sixteen and, as his music makes clear, still a bright soprano, not the deep, noble, heroic mezzo for whom Handel composed Teseo in "Arianna," the title role of "Ariodante," and Ruggiero in "Alcina." Andrea Pacini, Scarlatti's Ottone, was three years later Handel's first Tamerlane. These details are worth recall, since individual singers play a more than ephemeral role in musical history. In all ages, they have helped to determine what kind of music was written. Bernacchi and Carestini left their mark on "Griselda" as decisively as Giuditta Pasta and Giovanni Battista Rubini did on several of Bellini's scores, as Gaetano Fraschini on several of Verdi's, and as Cathy Berberian and Jan DeGaetani have done on many contemporary works. The "*vocalità*" of individual pieces—the part played in their "composition" by the timbres, range, technique, and personality of their first interpreters—is a fairly new field of musical study, and the Scarlatti edition will help in its tilling. One's only complaint about Mr. Grout's score of "Griselda" is that, Carestini apart, it makes no mention of the original cast.

Anyone who now revives an eighteenth-century opera seria must choose between using for his heroes women in breeches, countertenors with highly developed falsetto voices, or tenors and baritones who growl out the music an octave or so too low. There had been four modern revivals of "Griselda" before Berkeley's. Franco Zeffirelli directed the opera in Catania in 1960; Rina Gigli was its heroine. In Bielefeld in 1962, and in Kiel two years later, there were productions of an edition by Christoph Bitter. A Naples concert performance in 1970 achieved wide currency through broadcasts; the eminent cast included Mirella Freni, Sesto Bruscantini, Luigi Alva, and Rolando Panerai. All four used women in the two female roles (which seems reasonable enough) but a tenor Roberto and a baritone Gualtiero and Ottone (which involves unacceptable octave transposition). At Berkeley, Roberto was sung by a female soprano, and Gualtiero and Ottone were countertenors. There is no simple right in the matter (though octave transposition can quite simply be deemed wrong); it depends on the singers available. In my experience, alto castrato roles have been most notably filled in our day by dashing female mezzos—Janet Baker, Marilyn Horne, Yvonne Minton. Countertenors who sound comfortable, act convincingly, and do not shriek or hoot their high notes have been rare. When Alan Curtis conducted Cavalli's "Erismena" at the Holland Festival two years ago, he assembled four countertenors of markedly different type: the mellifluous Paul Esswood as his hero; the incisive, fluent, sometimes unpleasantly pungent Daniel Collins as a rival prince; René Jacobs, who has a firm, virile, precise voice of a kind to cure anyone's possible dislike of countertenors, as a young servant; and John Ferrante in the drag-hag role of a bawdy old nurse, making comic capital of his squawks and booms. They were well directed. The result was excellent. At Berkeley, Mr. Collins, as Gualtiero, and William Zukof, as Ottone, hardly seemed to have had any dramatic direction at all. Moreover, they both looked ridiculous. Gualtiero postured in a salmon-pink costume topped by a red wig; Ottone was hangdog in two-color tights, a long cape that he never shed, and a long brown straggle-wig. Neither of them played, or enacted the dialogue, with any theatrical force. This was no way to solve "the castrato problem." But Judith Nelson, as Roberto, representing the other solution, was similarly unhelped by director and designer: her slight frame was weighed down by a mane of white powdered curls; she was made to sit on the floor during one of her arias.

The production was a joint effort by the Departments of Music and of Dramatic Art on the Berkeley campus of the University of California. It was disappointing in that the conventions of eighteenth-century staging, and the numerous twentieth-century essays in reproducing, approximating, or finding acceptable alternatives to them, did not seem to have been carefully studied. (Since just about all the possible mistakes have already been made, they need not be made again.) Henry May's décor was a row of lumpy chandeliers hanging from the proscenium, pastel-flecked side panels, some columns of tangled liana, and, suspended in midair at the back, enlargements of some real eighteenth-century scenic sketches. George House's stage direction was fumbling. Movements and stances were gauche. The house curtain came down between scenes. For some arias, the stage was darkened while a follow spot prowled after the singer. The opera was sung in Italian: a bilingual libretto was printed, but the house lights were turned out, so it could not be consulted during the performance. Warren Travis's costumes flattered only Carole Bogard, in the title role. An orchestra of modern instruments, with modern (not gut) strings tuned to modern pitch, and horns an octave too high, was perhaps inevitable. (Berkeley has a Collegium of players trained in baroque practices, but maybe there are not enough of them to make up an

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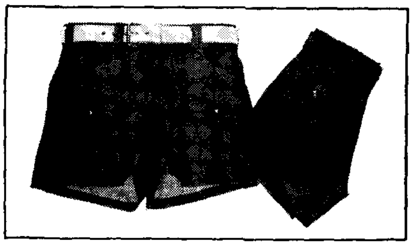

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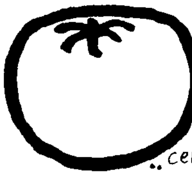

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orchestra calling for flutes, oboes, horns, and trumpets as well as strings.) Lawrence Moe, who conducted, did not inspire secure playing; every night there were fumbled entries. I make it sound pretty dire, but in fact I went back, and back, and back again, and each time enjoyed the performance more keenly. For mingled reasons.

First, the music itself. Scarlatti's score does not yield all its secrets at once, and there are things in "Griselda" that one can hardly hear too often. For example, in a trio Gualtiero proposes a two-bar phrase, Costanza sings two bars in balanced reply, leading to the dominant, and then Griselda enters with a six-bar utterance staying the swift impetus of the movement and leading the harmony along a poignant path. Each night, Griselda's entry was a moment one waited for with bated breath. Second, the music was written for singers to shape, and as the performers learned what could be done with it, they became more and more eloquent. Griselda opens the second act with an aria, "Mi rivedi, o selva ombrosa," whose middle section ends with a long-sustained note that must be joined seamlessly to a reprise of the opening melody. Miss Bogard spun the sustained note ever more exquisitely, made the join ever more tenderly, until by the last performance (of six) she inspired her listeners to rapture. In the same act, Griselda has a "sleep" aria, accompanied by strings and flutes (recorders), whose beauty of line depends on an alternation of dropping sixths, small steps, and motifs outlining the harmony; this, too, was something that Miss Bogard sang ever more affectingly. After a performance or two, it was easy to stop minding about the stage production and just enjoy what the singers, and their increasingly confident accompanists, were doing. And easy to understand why eighteenth-century audiences could happily go repeatedly to the same opera, with the same cast. Number after number was brought to fuller life during the run. (Rough luck on those who heard only the first night; it's a pity that critics usually attend only first nights.) Besides, the singers varied their ornaments and cadenzas, so there were always surprising new feats of bravura as well as awaited favorite moments to enjoy.

Miss Bogard is a vivid, appealing performer, with charm in both her timbre and her appearance. Sometimes she let rhythms grow slack; sometimes her tuning strayed; but always she "made something" of the music—and often something wonderful. Costanza was Kari Windingstad, warm and appealing in tone, smooth yet precise in passage, and mistress of a well-turned trill. Miss Nelson provided a good contrast—trim, light, clear, very exact of voice and shapely of phrase. Miss Bogard and Miss Windingstad in one of the two duets, Miss Windingstad and Miss Nelson in the other, produced that happy combination of sounds in which the ingredients match yet keep their distinct characters. Mr. Collins' virtuoso prowess in divisions made him a worthy successor to Bernacchi, and his decorations were the boldest of all. Mr. Zukof was happiest in his Handelian (or Bononcinian?) air "Mi dimostra il tuo bel dono." On the first night, Miss Bogard alone seemed to act, and to utter recitatives as if they meant something. But by the last all three ladies were acting, and the men were at least making sense, not merely sound, of the words.

THE opera is long. It has thirty-seven arias (all in da-capo, or ABA, form), two duets, a trio, a quartet, just eleven measures for three-part chorus, and a final "coro" for the principals. At Berkeley, all the ensembles but only twenty-one arias were retained. What numbers were done were done whole; there was no disfiguring recourse to A-section-only. Good. In preparing the abridgment, Joseph Kerman and Gary A. Tomlinson shifted three arias to new positions but otherwise—as far as one can judge without having heard "Griselda" in full—kept violence to a minimum. I was sorry to lose Roberto's rather grand-looking entrance aria, a pompous affair with horns and oboes. Among the numbers omitted were most of those with thin accompaniments (such as Costanza's "Un affetto," where the singer is supported only by violins, generally but not quite all the time in unison with her). By comparison with Handel, or with Bononcini's "Griselda," Scarlatti's piece lacks variety of instrumental textures—but in fact there is rather more variety than we heard in this Berkeley edition.

Between the acts of the opera seria, a comic intermezzo was played, in true eighteenth-century fashion. I was glad to encounter it; a little sorry that the work chosen should have been, once again, that most familiar of all intermezzi, Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona;" and captivated by the sweet, witty, most musical singing of Marlene Rozofsky as the "maid made mistress" of this English-language version.

—ANDREW PORTER

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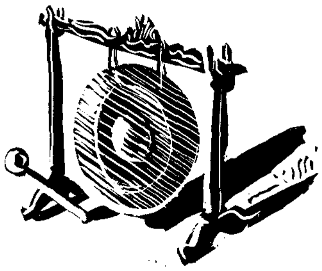
# DANCING

## *Put Out More Flags*

"UNION JACK," a new ballet by George Balanchine, is an hour-and-ten-minute salute to the ritualistic folk theatre of Great Britain. Part I consists of Scottish military tattoos and dances performed by seven "regiments," of ten dancers each, in clan regalia; Part II is a fragment of Cockney vaudeville ("Costermonger Pas de Deux"); and Part III brings back the dancers of the first section in Navy whites and blues for an extended hornpipe festival in the form of a musical-comedy revue. Although he's used Scottish folk dances and musical-comedy dances and military marches in other ballets, Balanchine has never done anything like "Union Jack" before. He's "classicized" many of the steps in his customary fashion, but it would be difficult to call "Union Jack" a classical ballet in the same sense as "Scotch Symphony" or "Who Cares?" or "Stars and Stripes." It has the impact of a forthright character ballet. Working with traditional folk and popular dance forms, Balanchine has this time exalted them through a process of scrutiny rather than of adaptation. We have the feeling of seeing things in deep focus, and of only now and then seeing double: two dance forms, classical and vernacular, in mutual exploitation. In the first section of "Union Jack"—"Scottish and Canadian Guards Regiments"—Balanchine, through devices of isolation and repetition, fastens our attention to certain fixed formal values: the hypnotic drag-step walk, the suddenly struck pose with a foot profiled in piqué position and balanced by one upflung arm, the drag step resumed, or taken up by the entrance of another regiment. The values are not Balanchine's invention, but the emphasis on them is. He extracts the essence of a form and gives it expansion. He prepares us for its expression in dance. Scottish dancing opposes the liveliness of the feet to squared shoulders and "dead" arms, but when Balanchine gives us the flashing, slicing footwork of a Highland fling executed by two competing male regiments, Scottish feet seem livelier than ever before.



Everybody, both men and women, wears kilts in "Scottish and Canadian Guards Regiments" (the clan designations are based on the authentic tartans that are worn), and at the outset—a succession of long, slow entries to a sustained tattoo—everybody does the same steps. But the women, who wear toeshoes, do them very differently from the men, in their character shoes and regulation gaiters. With wider turnout and flexed arches, the women's feet look more selectively placed, more cultivated, than the men's; they're like a feminine melody set against a masculine drone bass. The distinction, absolutely mesmerizing, is something you will see on no parade ground in the world. So is the calculated difference between the swaying walk of the women and the massive tilt of the men. Another difference is that the men, led by Helgi Tomasson and Jacques d'Amboise and Peter Martins, are in their evenly measured tread only somewhat the same, while the women, led by Sara Leland and Kay Mazzo and Karin von Aroldingen and Suzanne Farrell, are precisely the same. (An extra-calculated sway in Farrell's movements underlines the fact.)

Such rudimentary elegancies make the close-order drills of the seven regiments spellbinding, and the drills themselves—the marching and countermarching—are as magical as card tricks. Balanchine has anatomized the mythological power of parades. His changing of the guard, which happens differently each time, is like a series of incantations. There is some obligatory taskmasterishness in what he changes it *for;* the individual dances that the regiments do once they're on are not of equal strength. The weakest is the "ballet" of Sara Leland's regiment, the first of the women's dances. After the modulated thunder and flash of the marches and flings, the wispy toesteps look like a retraction of graven testimony. Theoretically, they build on what we've seen, but in reality they niggle and spread false sentiment. The music that Balanchine's arranger, Hershy Kay, has used here is a set of three variations on the ballad "Caledonian Hunt's Delight." Balanchine goes doggedly through all the changes of rhythm, but the variety accumulates no drive of its own, and the stylistic unity of the piece is impaired. (So is the unison of the ensembles, which the girls, on point, can't hold to strictly.) What should have looked like "Scotch Symphony" turns out more like "Irish Fantasy." The mixed ensemble that follows, a combination of the Martins and Mazzo regiments in an elaborate Scottish reel and running set, is a partial recovery, a return to folkloristic roots. The dance has a droll formality, and, as a sample of ballroom etiquette, it reminds us of the intrinsic variety of the folk material. But the next dance, which is sheer invention, is the most persuasively folklike of all. "Regimental Drum Variations" is the wild-warrior number, and Balanchine has set it for von Aroldingen's group—entirely for women. A mélange of hammering points and thunderbolt leaps, it takes the house by storm, stops dead, and adds one more tornado twist before a final dead stop. After this, a more sedately girlish number, full of large shapely hops and kicks, can only be anticlimactic, even if the music is by Handel and the dance led by Farrell.

"Scottish and Canadian Guards Regiments" has a formula Balanchine ending for which the State Theatre stage is too small: all clans but one melding, composing themselves into male-female couples, and steadying themselves for a mass grand adagio to the anthemic "Amazing Grace." The excluded clan, or regiment (Mazzo's), joins in time for one last fling; first the seven principals dance it alone, then they're echoed by the chorus ("A Hundred Pipers"). The recessional, set to a reprise of the opening tattoo, looks as stately as the grand défilé of the introduction, but it is accomplished in about half the time, with rank upon rank half-stepping to the footlights, swerving, and moving off row between row. The stage blacks out into silhouette.

Seventy dancers have come and gone, having given us a great spectacle the secret enchantment of which has been its regularity of pattern and fastidiousness of detail. Balanchine's theatre sense has told him that these quintessential elements of folk art have to be developed and featured in some organic relationship to his own genius for pattern and detail, and it's here that one can fault his collaboration with Hershy Kay and with the designer Rouben Ter-Arutunian. Kay and Ter-Arutunian miss the organic connection between Balanchine and his subject matter about fifty per cent of the time. Ter-Arutunian seems more intent on expressing the connection between "Union Jack" and "Stars and Stripes." (The

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two are, of course, related, and, with a ballet on French themes to be added next year, will form a trilogical program called "Entente Cordiale.") He has designed stationary borders and two backcloths—one depicting the Tower of London and the other some sailing ships, water, and sky—all in a characterless hard-edged and hard-colored pop style that screams "Made in U.S.A." Kay's arrangements, too, sometimes sound like a pop-concert "fantasia," particularly in the Scottish section. With the lighter-weight music-hall songs, hornpipes, and marches of Parts II and III he does better. And Ter-Arutunian's costumes for these two sections are first-rate. (The kilts for Part I were provided by military tailors in Toronto.) Originally, there was no scenery for the "Costermonger Pas de Deux," but at the third performance Ter-Arutunian's red-and-gold-painted curtain for "Harlequinade" was lowered behind the action, and, while it isn't right for the raffish music-hall atmosphere Balanchine evokes, it does give us some semblance of a locale. ("Harlequinade" is designed after Pollock's "penny plain, tuppence colored" toy theatres. Diaghilev first used the style fifty years ago for a Balanchine ballet based on traditional British pantomimes, called "The Triumph of Neptune.")

The "Costermonger Pas de Deux" is danced through an implied reek of tobacco and stale beer. Patricia McBride and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous mimic a couple of music-hall entertainers, a husband-and-wife team (it is further implied) who have immortalized themselves playing the Pearly King and Queen on the stage. The pearlies were the legendary street people of Cockney London who covered their clothes with pearl buttons, and Ter-Arutunian's costumes, suitably decorated, are the baggy street clothes, in satin, of the Edwardian era. McBride wears a large feathered hat, Bonnefous a cap. Balanchine, who evidently spent time in the music halls in the days when he was devising revues for Charles Cochran, has given us a character-mime picture of just such an act as he must have seen then. And the Pearly King and Queen appear to us much as the music-hall performers must have appeared to him, a foreigner whose command of English was less than complete and who had to divine, from dance step and gesture, what song and story had to say. There's a bustle-on entrance with plenty of time for greeting friends in the audience. (It looks ad lib.) There's a sentimental

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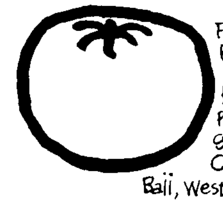

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adagio in which m[illegible] made of three props—a rose, a h[illegible] and a bottle of gin. Bonnefous's [illegible] imploring mime is all staccato burs[illegible] extension of his performance [illegible] in "Harlequinade"); McBri[illegible]sn't believe a word of it. There [illegible] two soft-shoe solos: one for Bonnefous, with his brolly (which sprouts buttons when opened), the other for McBride, with "talking" mime that is like a hail of patter. The coda brings on the children of the act and a real donkey and a cart and anything that may ensue from donkeys on the stage. As yet, the act is too loose. The gag material needs some filling out, and both of McBride's exits should be repaced. But this chummy limelit interlude, unlike anything ever seen before on the New York City Ballet stage, is so quick to establish its own highly particularized world that we're immersed before we know it, and by the time it's over we've become part of it. "Good old Mavis and Alfie," we say. "They've done it again."

Part III, "Royal Navy," is yet another set of customs, curiously reflective of the first two. It combines anecdote and spectacle in a stream of pell-mell motion. The first dance, a hornpipe trio, sets the pattern: chattering, razor-like feet, vivid splashes of pantomime (swimming, hauling rope, tying rope, peering through spyglasses—the lot). While the band bangs along with "We'll Go No More A-Roving" and "The British Grenadiers" and "Colonel Bogey," the dancers keep hurdling the four-bar phrase, landing on different beats, so that the pattern never grows monotonous. From toytown scale, a few simple dance shapes billow to a flood of hilarious images. In "British Grenadiers," sailors swarm in the shape of a Navy bean; then they link hands and make waves. Somewhere in the backwash, Peter Martins appears as a matey bos'n, a pipe between his teeth; Suzanne Farrell leads a flock of Wrens in yachting caps and shorts. Balanchine polishes clichés till they shine like certitudes, and he's economical, too. For the finale, which has the full company wigwagging "God Save the Queen" in maritime semaphore, he uses the hand-over-hand rope-hauling gesture as a way of equipping the dancers with hand flags without having them leave the stage; the flags are just spirited on from the wings with a few rhythmic heave-hos. The semaphore is set, a letter a bar, to "Rule, Britannia!" The sixteenth bar is a salute. "Union Jack" is that kind of show—grand, foolish, and full of beans.

—ARLENE CROCE

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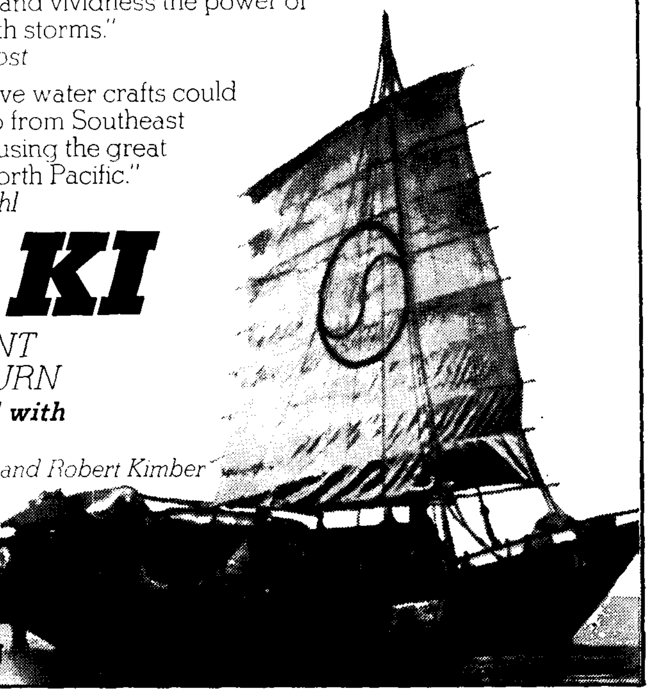

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# BOOKS

## *A Primal Modern*

FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX'S commendable reissue, in new translations, of the works of Knut Hamsun may have run onto thin ground with the new volume—two autobiographical novellas titled together "The Wanderer" (translated from the Norwegian by Oliver and Gunnvor Stallybrass). The wanderer is Hamsun himself, called by his real name, Knut Pedersen, and his two interrelated tales (first published in 1906 and 1909, when the author was turning fifty) take to a point of extreme attenuation Hamsun's willful way of subjecting plot to the vagaries of impulse and incident. In "Under the Autumn Star" the narrator wants to tell us about the fine weather that autumn brings to the Norwegian countryside, about a pipe he carved embodying a real human thumbnail, about his success in planning and digging a well and piping system for a country parson, about his attraction to two respectable married women, one of whom (the pastor's wife) sleeps with him, about several fellow-wanderers whose colorful charm comes across dimmer than he appears to realize, and about his abortive invention of a woodcutting device that translates vertical action to horizontal: "With such trivialities as these, my mind was soothed and salved." There is a pattern in the casual weave, a cycle of venturing out onto the "island" of aloneness and final return to the city, and the prose shuttles with Hamsun's usual feathery, sometimes quite magical lightness of phrase, but the materials feel too purely atmospheric, and the characters seem as evanescent as the weather and the days and the hero's whimsical moods. Pedersen is moody without the intensity of Hamsun's younger heroes—Nagel and Glahn and the underground man of "Hunger." Clouds come and go without thunder and lightning; there is instead a harmless heat lightning: "A serene and mystical mood flickered within me." The people glimpsed amid this flickering and along the way of this wandering are oddly hard to visualize. The book's closest approach to a heroine is most vividly seen in an image of startling vagueness:

> Mrs. Falkenberg was standing in the yard: a human column, light in color, standing free in the spacious courtyard, without a hat.

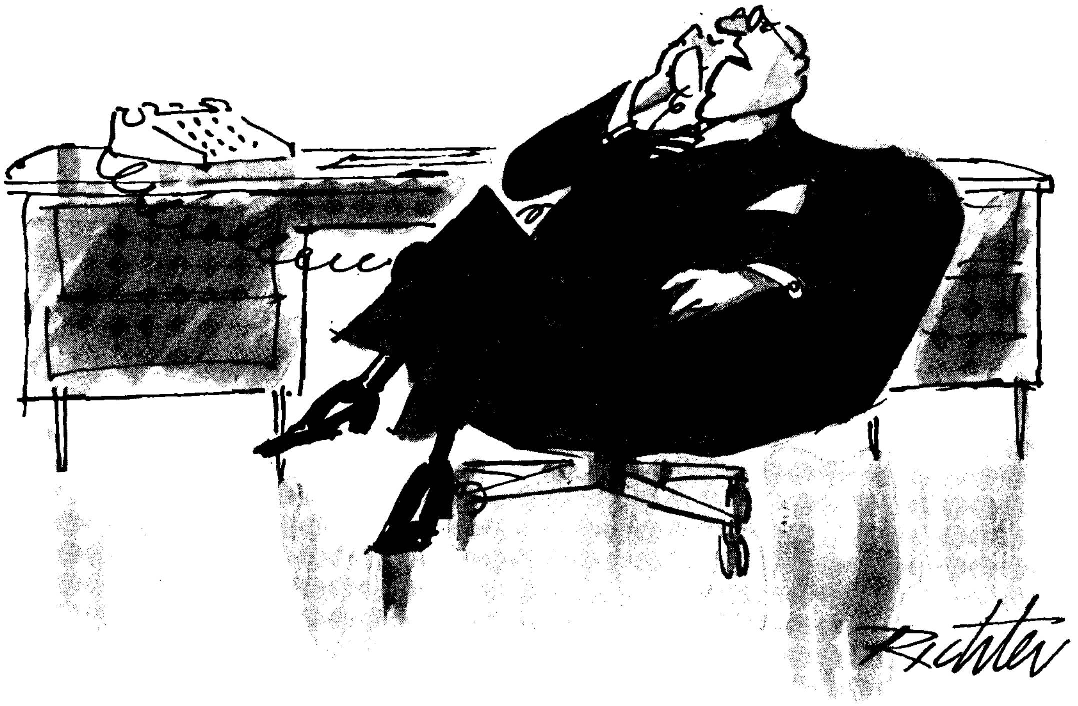
Otherwise she (also called, vaguer still, "Madame") vanishes in a haze of rhapsody: "Ah, that voice, those eyes, that tender womanly expression . . ." "Have you ever in all your life seen such fair hair? No indeed. Born glorious from top to toe, mouth ripe and lovely beyond words, shimmer of dragonflies in her hair." At the book's emotional climax—Pedersen, hired as a woodcutter for the household, drives Madame home from a visit to the pastor's house in a storm, and lends her a blanket that is his—it is difficult to remember which woman is present, for the differentiation has been so delicate, and the hero's attraction to Mrs. Falkenberg and the pastor's wife and the pastor's daughter Elizabeth and the various Falkenberg maids has been so casually indiscriminate. Surpassingly distinct among these female apparitions, and perhaps overtly embodying the menace emanating from them all, is the female ghost who shows up now and then to demand her nail back:

> A female corpse visited me up in the loft and held out her left hand to show me: the thumbnail was missing. I shook my head: I had had a nail once upon a time, but I had thrown it away and used a shell instead. But the corpse continued to stand there, and I continued to lie there, ice-cold with terror.

When one looks back, to refresh one's memory about how the hero acquired the thumbnail, the incident is as cloudy as the book's erotic climate:

> Before leaving the churchyard I found a serviceable thumbnail, which I pocketed. I waited a moment or two, peering this way and that and listening, but all was quiet. No one cried: "That is mine!"

That this bit of a corpse evidently lay on the ground, waiting to be picked up, instead of needing to be dug for, may shed light on the deplorable condition of Norse cemeteries, or it may serve as a symbol for the manner of this indifferent little fiction, in which the author picks up his own name and what incidents he finds strewn on the surface of his mind, and no revenants of buried significance cry out, "That is mine!"



*"I am perfectly aware, Operator, that I may dial that number directly. I have no wish to do so, however."*

THREE years later, Hamsun revisited these scenes and personae, as if redoing a watercolor sketch in the deeper and faster colors of an oil. "On Muted Strings," despite its title (literally, "A Wanderer Plays with the Mute"), is a richer, sharper, less muted, and more objective work than "Under the Autumn Star." Six years have passed in fictional time. The wanderer returns to the Falkenbergs' household, having grown a beard so that no one will recognize him (a likely story). His tone is more relaxed and ruminative; he seems to know who he is now. Implicitly, he is a successful middle-aged writer in search of material: "I had been corrupted by the refinements of many years, I must take a refresher course in being a peasant." Hamsun is reaching out, that is, from the scarcely controlled subjectivism of his youthful novels to the more deliberate and selfless objectification of rural life that is to be perfected in his popular, Nobel Prize-winning "Growth of the Soil" (1917). Though "Growth of the Soil," with its naïve exclamations and cumbersome mock-Biblical grandeurs, rather asks a reader's indulgence now, in a way not true of the defiantly fresh youthful effusions, it shows that Hamsun possessed two modes; his introspection could become observation. Knut Pedersen, on his second visit to the Falkenbergs', is more witness than protagonist. With the help of an eavesdropping maid, he observes and records the marital crackup of the master and mistress of the house. The single page (166) wherein the two agree to separate is a gem of psychologically laden yet plausibly impetuous dialogue. Madame's subsequent confusions, retractions, and final submission to disaster are felt with an electric empathy, though without the proprietorial compassion of a Tolstoy. Hamsun has succeeded in getting away from his capricious, half-demented alter egos and in transferring the charge of his passion onto a woman, a triangle, a social situation. The sequel has in every sense more substance than its airy original. A little fjord town is smartly set as a stage for tragedy:

> Our town is tucked away, shut in by mountains; yet it seems to possess its share of female beauty and male ambition, just like any other town. Only it's a queer, mysterious life, the life lived here, with short crooked fingers, mouse eyes, and ears filled day and night with the everlasting roar from the torrent.

The Falkenbergs' house acquires features and furniture, and the conversations within it take on authentic energy, as Hamsun's peculiar sensitivity to the quirky locates itself among the flirtations and withdrawals, bravado and despair of marital discontent. The hoboish cronies of the earlier novel return chastened and deepened by their aging, and things have sprouted names: the Falkenberg estate is called Øvrebø, Madame's first name is Louise. Incisive images abound:

> A narrow-gauge railroad . . . ended here, it went as far as it could, then stopped, like a cork in a bottle.

> Here was no defeated man: for a time he had kept open house for foolishness and debauch, but his own resolution

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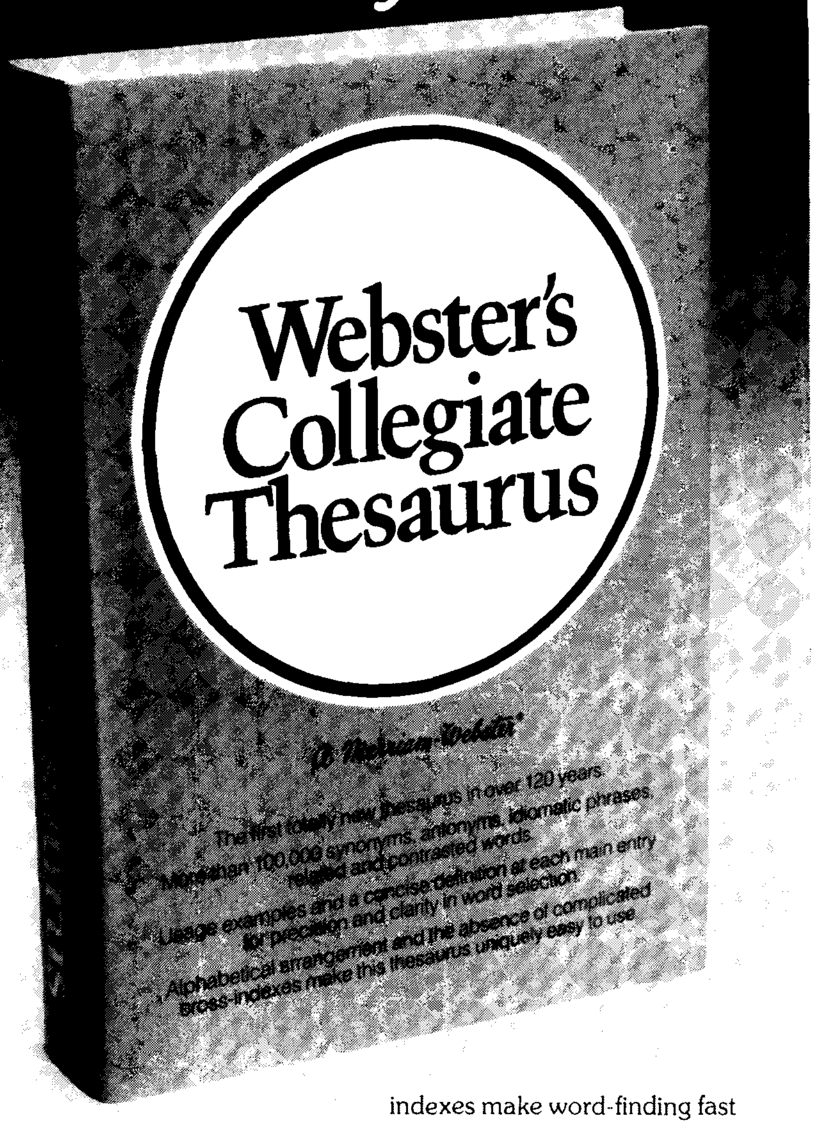
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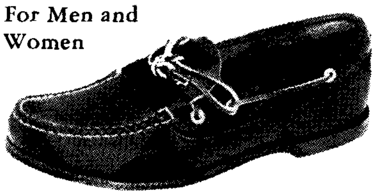

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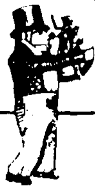

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would put an end to that. An oar in the water appears to be broken; but it is whole.

> And if a song thrush sings so that his voice soars God-how-high, and if while poised up there on the topmost note he suddenly makes a right angle in the pitch, the line as clear and as clean as if cut with a diamond; then he sings down the scale again, softly and beautifully.

Nature, a kind of loved solvent in "Under the Autumn Star," in the later book is crisp and graspable; the farm operations make sense, and the assured rhythms of earthly process pointedly contrast with the vexed and restless human events, a busy futility pinched off by death. Madame Falkenberg is awarded an epitaph:

> She had no mission, only three maids in her home. She had no children, only a grand piano. She had no children.

Yet, relatively firm and sporadically impressive though it is, the second portion of "The Wanderer" wanders, as does the first, through a mental terrain of exhausting desolation. Hamsun, like so many American writers, placed all his bets on energy and honesty, and found in middle age his energy sagging and honesty scarcely worth the effort. "A wanderer plays on muted strings when he reaches the age of two score years and ten," his epilogue begins, and it rambles on with a disarming brutality:

> Age confers no maturity; age confers nothing beyond old age . . . God preserve me from growing wise! Yes, I intend to mumble toothlessly to my deathbed bystanders: God preserve me from growing wise!

Knut Pedersen, plainly Hamsun now, attacks Ibsen and dismisses "Literature;" he harks back to a bishop of Bergen, Claus Pavels, whose posthumously published diaries were exemplars of non-literary honesty. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, your duty is clear: translate and publish these diaries, in handsome Hamsunesque volumes!) The epilogist remembers scornfully the heavy, uniform editions the Falkenbergs possessed—"They were all alike, all matching: homogenized poetry, the same novel." The eerie diffidence of the two short novels we have just read becomes explicable; they are novels going through the motions of being novels but at heart rejecting the distinctions, moral and qualitative, that make invented lives dramatic and give "wisdom" a framework. Just as there can be no wisdom in Hamsun's world, so there can be no complaining. "And there it is: the very favor of receiving life at all is handsome advance payment for all life's miseries, each single one." The lack of pity in Hamsun's work produces a tonic clarity but a certain monotony as well. "I saunter onward, slowly and indifferently, with my hands in my pockets. Why should I hurry? It makes no difference where I am." So we read him. Madame Falkenberg's fate seems a schematic miming of that of nineteenth-century adulteresses; we blink in recognition but not with tears. A primal modern, Hamsun perceived in the lonely, sub-arctic valleys of rural Norway that nothing makes enough difference: our quirks and pains come to nothing. That this writer without education or beliefs commanded from first publication the awed attention of his countrymen and of writers across Europe; that his prose with its stubborn aimlessness remains alive on the page; that the ground note of his rude universe of avalanche and flow is one of joy—all this seems, like the actions of many of his heroes, an arbitrary, fundamentally unstable act of will. The literary inheritors of his curious purity (and their name is Legion) are left to stave off despair and silence.

—JOHN UPDIKE

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### GENERAL

PASSION'S CHILD: THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF JANE DIGBY, by Margaret Fox Schmidt (Harper & Row). Rich, handsome, and clever, of lineage as distinguished as any in Great Britain, our heroine (1807-81) devoted herself to the pursuit of love (much to the scandal of her eminent relatives), and ultimately (after three marriages and several affairs) found it as the wife of a Bedouin chieftain. What was the sheikh's allure? Unlike his predecessors, Jane's final husband could devote himself to her, because he had little to do and no place to go. He was, in his own eyes, already *there:* as noble as anyone could be, the head of a tribe that gave him implicit obedience and provided, for his distraction, small seasonal wars with neighboring tribes. The contrast with Jane's men in "developed" countries was notable; for example, her first husband, Lord Ellenborough, neglected her for his political career, and the lover who occasioned the Ellenboroughs' divorce, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, was equally ambitious. (Ellenborough became Viceroy of India, Schwarzenberg Prime Minister of Austria-Hungary.) And so it went, all across nineteenth-century Europe, from London to Athens: Jane's men were often [illegible] and sometimes worried—coping or on the make. Civilization, in short, had discontents that Araby did not yet know. The author has done a remarkable job. Her research is thorough and sensitive, and her writing is witty, entertaining, and understanding.

THE MURDER OF ALLENDE, by Robinson Rojas Sandford, translated from the Spanish by Andrée Conrad (Harper & Row). Although it begins with an hour-by-hour account of the assault on the Presidential palace in Santiago on the morning of September 11, 1973, and describes in detail the "arranged suicide" of President Salvador Allende by the Chilean military, this book is mainly concerned with the military, industrial, and commercial conspiracy behind that event. Mr. Rojas Sandford is a Chilean political journalist—a leftist—and was, he says, a participant in events in Chile from 1970, the year of Allende's election, to the days of the coup. (He left the country sometime after that, under a safe-conduct.) His highly charged book gives an accounting of the part played in the conspiracy by the Pentagon, the C.I.A., the State Department, and the White House, and by American business—Anaconda, I.T.T., Kennecott, the Chase Manhattan and First National City banks. The author does not make a hero of Salvador Allende, or of his political lieutenants; indeed, he finds it hard to forgive Allende and his government for the vacillating conduct that left the Chilean people defenseless against the "Fascist-imperialists." The book is heavily documented, and sources are always given for figures.

THE ROLE OF THE SUPREME COURT IN AMERICAN GOVERNMENT, by Archibald Cox (Oxford). This short work is a somewhat extended version of the Chichele Lectures that the author delivered at All Souls College, Oxford, in 1975. Professor Cox, of the Harvard Law School, served as Solicitor General from 1961 to 1965 and earned national fame as the Special Prosecutor whose dismissal brought about Watergate's Saturday Night Massacre. The lectures are reflective and scholarly. Addressed to a literate English audience, they are a fine introduction for Americans who want to understand how the Supreme Court acquired its broad jurisdiction, what kinds of

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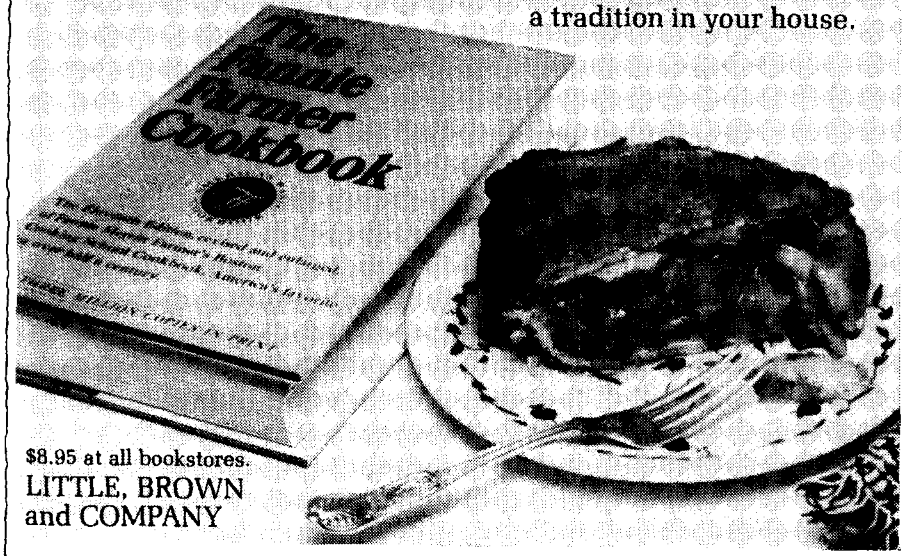

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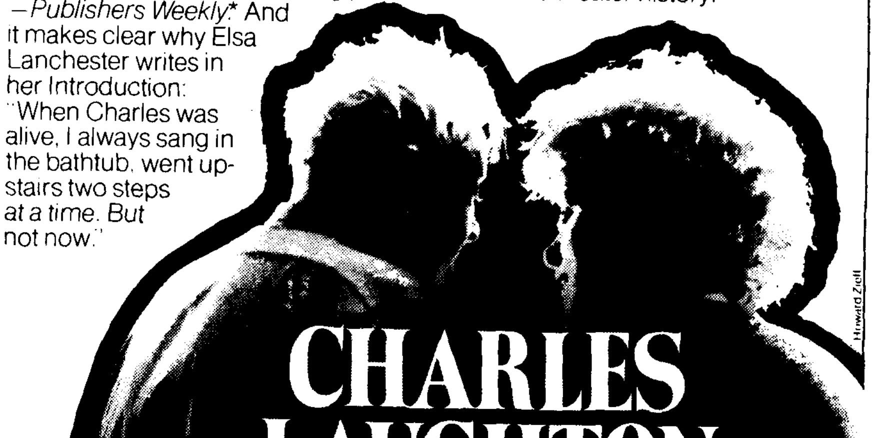

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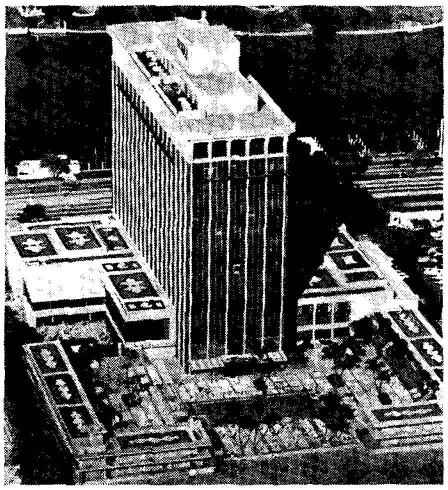

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matters used to come before it, and what kinds do today. The book also raises doubts about the logic behind some recent decisions.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Pontius Pilate Papers, by Warren Kiefer (Harper & Row). The subject of this unusual thriller is anti-Semitism and an equally virulent Semitism. A famous paleographer announces that he has discovered at a remote site in Israel some two-thousand-year-old papyri of conspicuous importance, and is soon thereafter found beaten to death in the museum for which he worked, in Jerusalem. The papyri are, of course, missing. Dr. Jay Brian Marcus, a multimillionaire medical archeologist and head of the Irish-Jewish American family that supports the museum, appears on the scene and is quickly (with the help of an irresistible Italian girl) involved in the trouble. He then tells us—engagingly, shrewdly, and at his own agreeable pace—how he went about tracking down the killer, recovering the papyri, and exposing the shocking reason for the crime.

Swag, by Elmore Leonard (Delacorte). Despite its old-time title, this is a brutally up-to-date crime novel, and a good one. The story it tells is classically simple: a used-car salesman and a former cement-truck driver meet in Detroit and form an armed-robbery team; they are highly successful, and grow quickly accustomed to the conventional good things of life; then their paths cross that of a savvy black entrepreneur and they make the inevitable try for the really big score. Mr. Leonard is more than convincing with his people and their operations, and he also injects a quality of helplessness and feeling that most agreeably recalls Edward Anderson's masterly "Thieves Like Us," of the thirties.

•

The Roman numeral "four" on clocks is usually rendered as "IIII" rather than "IV" so that the figure balances with the "VIII" opposite it on the dial.—*Ithaca (N.Y.) Journal.*

Hell, we're always late, anyway.

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In the pale aftermath, and the drums stilled.

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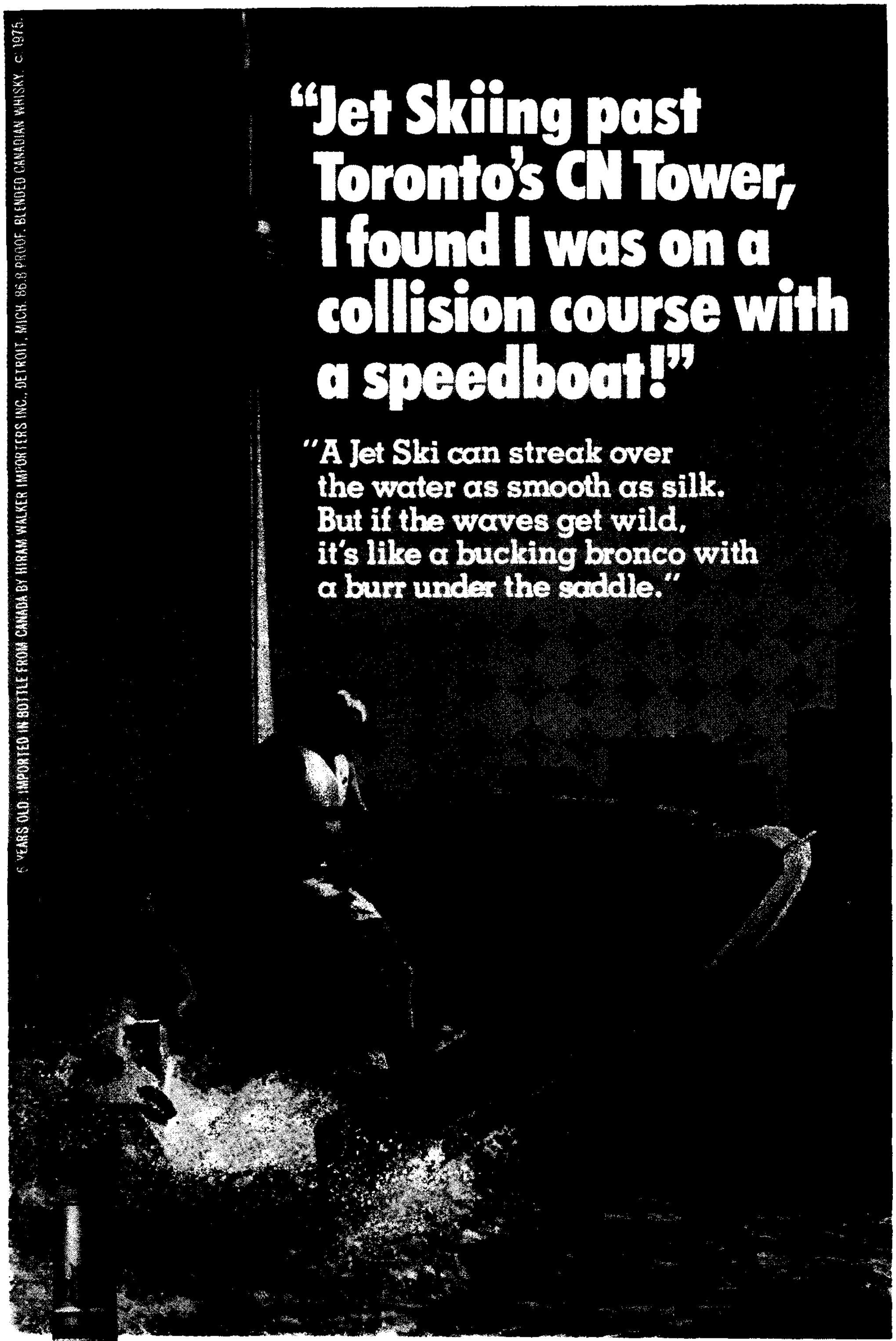

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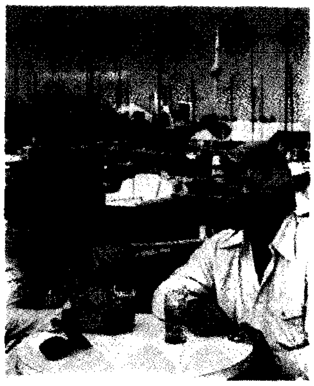

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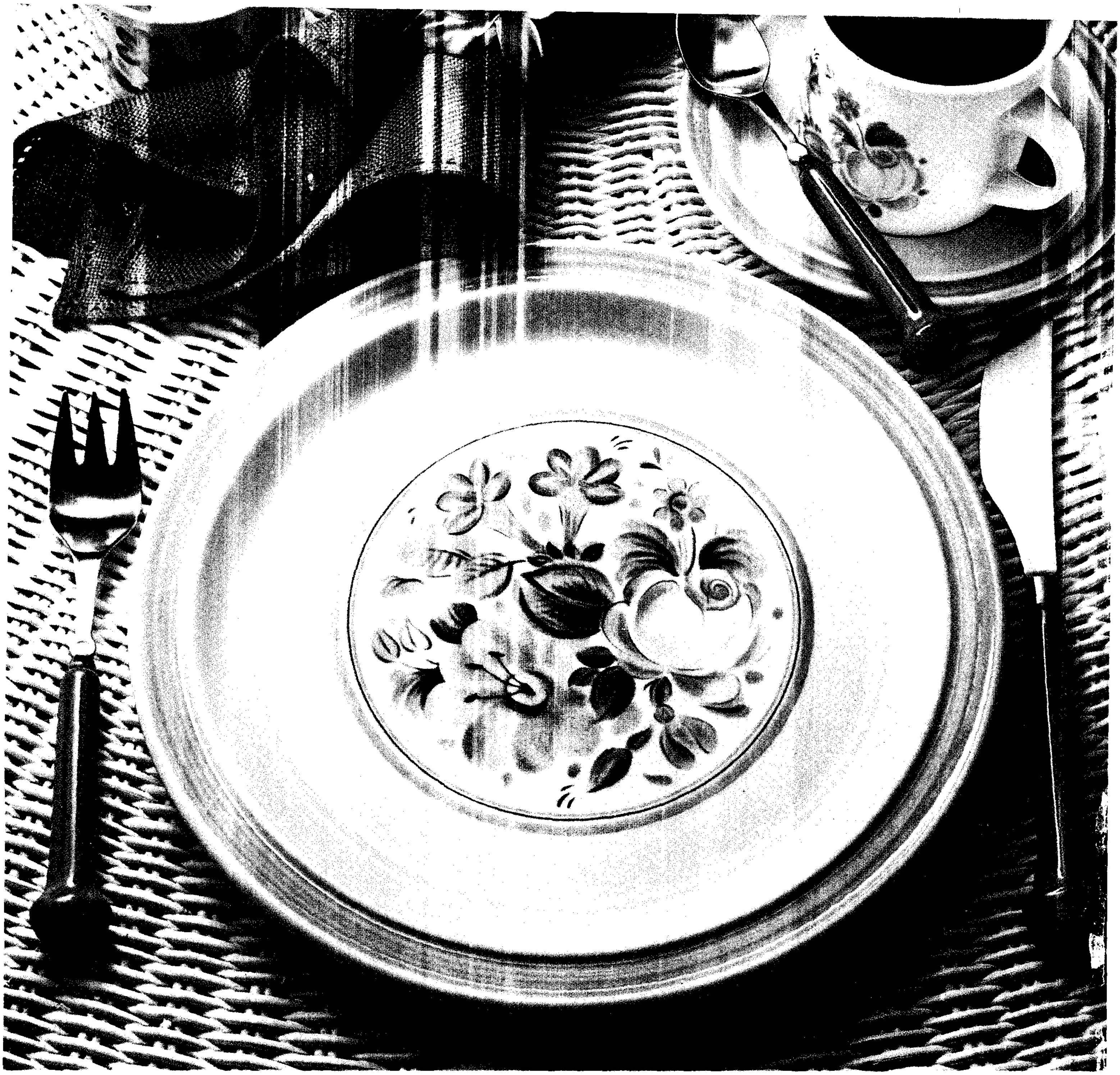

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